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THE WORKS

OF

J.-B. P. MOLIERE

VOLUME IV

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED
THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES
THE FORCED MARRIAGE
THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

THE EDITION

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

ON JAPAN VELLUM PAPER

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No. 51

THE WORKS OF MOLIERE

JACQUES LEMAN

PARIS

CHEZ BARRIE FRERES, ÉDITEURS

RUE SCRIBE, 19

PHILADELPHIA: GEORGE BARRIE & SON

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

ACT I. SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS, IN CORSAGE OF BLACK, SHORT PETTICOAT AND BUSKINS DECORATED WITH RIBBONS, WALKS, BOW IN HAND, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO LARGE GREYHOUNDS, ON THE BANK OF A POND. THE PRINCESS AND ONE OF HER DOGS ARE ATTENTIVELY WATCHING A BOAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POND; WHICH WILL BE THE OBJECT OF HER FUTURE HUNT AND THE PRIZE OF HER VICTORY.

THE WORKS OF MOLIERE

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MM. LOUIS LELOIR MAURICE LELOIR JACQUES LEMAN
EDMOND HEDOUIN

PARIS

CHEZ BARRIE FRERES, ÉDITEURS

RUE SCRIBE, 19

PHILADELPHIA: GEORGE BARRIE & SON

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY IS INSERTED IN A ROUND MEDALLION, ENCLOSED IN A SQUARE FRAME. IN A CARTOUCHE IS THE DATE, "MDCLXIII."

ABOVE, A LITTLE SATYR HOLDS A GARLAND OF ROSES; IN THE UPPER CORNERS ARE THE PORTRAITS OF TWO HEADS OF *PRECIEUSES*. BELOW, IN THE SCROLLS WHICH SUPPORT THE FRAME, ARE THE FOLLOWING: A COMIC MASK, A ROSE, A FLOWER OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN, AND TWO MAGPIES WITH WINGS SPREAD AND PREPARED FOR FIGHT, READY, ACCORDING TO THE AMUSING SAYING OF AN OLD GARDENER, TO MEDDLE, LIKE A FLOCK OF HENS, WITH ALL THAT DOES NOT CONCERN THEM.

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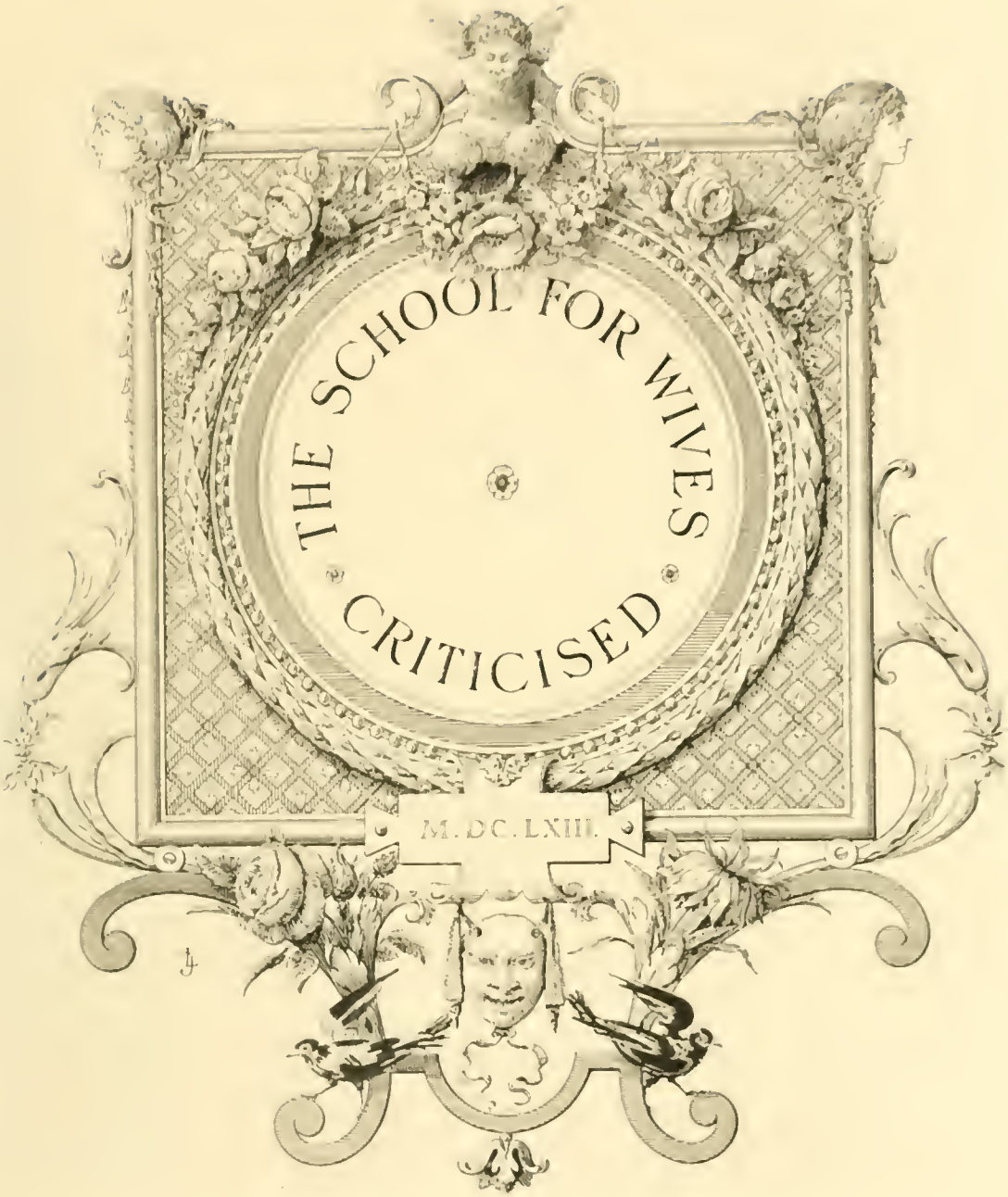
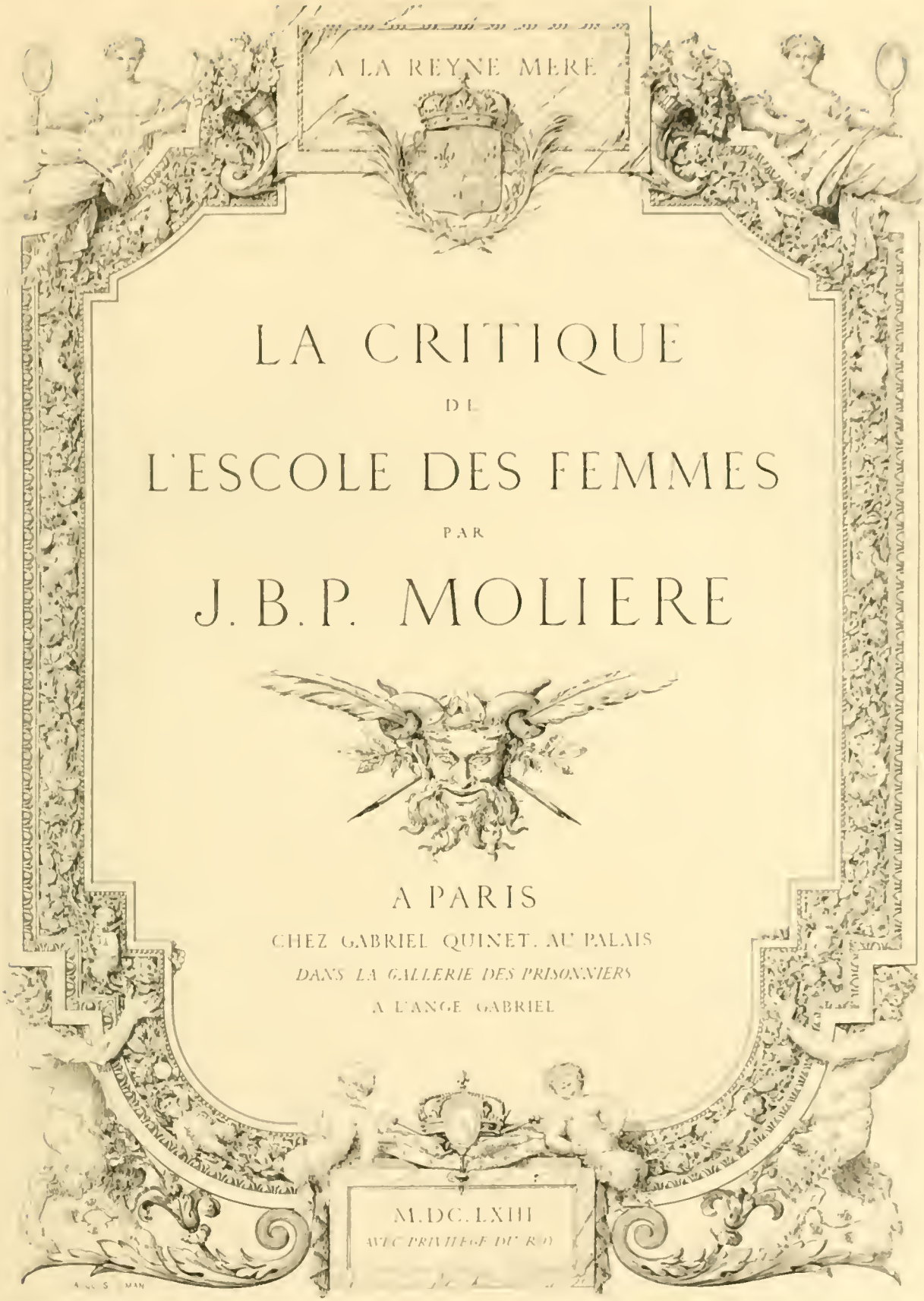

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES
CRITICISED
M.DC.LXIII.

OCTAGONAL FRAME SUPPORTED BELOW BY TWO SATYRS. ABOVE, TO BALANCE THEM, ARE TWO WOMEN, WITH LONG ROBES AND GOATS' FEET, SEATED ON THE CORNERS OF THE FRAME: ONE GRASPS THE MASK OF COMEDY AND A MIRROR, THE OTHER, A MIRROR AND A TRUMPET. THE BORDER OF THE FRAME IS A GARLAND OF LEAVES, FLOWERING ROSE-BUSHES, AND LITTLE SATYRS AND CUPIDS, HOLDING MIRRORS IN THEIR HANDS, DESCENDING FROM TWO HORNS OF PLENTY. ABOVE ARE THE ARMS OF THE DOWAGER-QUEEN. THEY ARE HERE SURMOUNTED BY THE CLOSED CROWN AND ACCOMPANIED BY TWO PALMS AND THE GRAY-FRIARS' CORD. BELOW IS THE MIRROR OF TRUTH, FROM THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, THE ROYAL CLOSED CROWN, THE SCEPTRE, THE HAND OF JUSTICE, AND THE FLEUR-DE-LIS MANTLE PLACED ON A MODAL TABLET, ON WHICH ARE SEATED TWO YOUNG SATYRS, WHO HOLD THESE ITEMS WITH LAUGHTER. IN THE CENTRE, BETWEEN THE TITLE OF THE PLAY AND THE NAME OF THE BOOKSELLER, IS THE BANTERING HEAD OF A SATYR CROWNED WITH LAUREL; TWO LONG PENS ARE PASSED THROUGH THE CORE OF HIS HORNS.

TITLE OF 1663

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

OCTAGONAL FRAME SUPPORTED BELOW BY TWO SATYRS. ABOVE, TO BALANCE THEM, ARE TWO WOMEN, WITH LONG ROBES AND GOAT'S FEET, SEATED ON THE CORNERS OF THE FRAME; ONE CARRIES THE MASK OF COMEDY AND A MIRROR, THE OTHER, A MIRROR AND A TRUMPET. THE BORDER OF THE FRAME IS A GARLAND OF LEAVES, FLOWERING ROSE-BUSHES, AND LITTLE SATYRS AND CUPIDS, HOLDING MIRRORS IN THEIR HANDS, DESCENDING FROM TWO HORNS OF PLENTY. ABOVE ARE THE ARMS OF THE DOWAGER-QUEEN. THEY ARE HERE SURMOUNTED BY THE CLOSED CROWN AND ACCOMPANIED BY TWO PALMS AND THE GRAY-FRIARS' CORD. BELOW IS THE MIRROR OF TRUTH, FROM THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, THE ROYAL CLOSED CROWN, THE SCEPTRE, THE HAND OF JUSTICE, AND THE FLEUR DE LIS MANTLE PLACED ON A MURAL TABLET, ON WHICH ARE SEATED TWO YOUNG SATYRS, WHO HOLD THEIR SIDES WITH LAUGHTER. IN THE CENTRE, BETWEEN THE TITLE OF THE PLAY AND THE NAME OF THE BOOKSELLER, IS THE BANTERING HEAD OF A SATYR CROWNED WITH LAUREL; TWO LONG PENS ARE PASSED THROUGH THE COIL OF HIS HORNS.


A LA REYNE MERE
LA CRITIQUE
DE
L'ESCOLE DES FEMMES
PAR
J. B. P. MOLIERE
A PARIS
CHEZ GABRIEL QUINET, AU PALAIS
DANS LA GALLERIE DES PRISONNIERS
A L'ANGE GABRIEL
M.DC.LXIII
AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le 10 Juin 1663, signé *Par le Roy en son Conseil:* BOUCHARD, il est permis à Charles de Sercy, Marchand Libraire de nostre bonne Ville de Paris, de faire imprimer une Pièce de Théâtre, de la composition du Sieur DE MOLIÈRE, intitulée: *La Critique de l'Escole des Femmes*, pendant le temps de sept années, et Deffences sont faites à toutes personnes, de quelque qualité et condition qu'ils soient, d'imprimer, vendre ny débiter ladite Comédie de *La Critique de l'Escole des Femmes*, à peine de mille livres d'amende, et de tous despens, dommages et intérests, comme il est plus amplement porté par lesdites Lettres.

Et ledit DE SERCY *a fait part du Privilège cy-dessus aux Sieurs* JOLY, DE LUYNE, BILLAINE, LOYSON, GUIGNARD, BARBIN, *et* QUINET, *pour en jouir le temps porté par iceluy.*

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté des Marchands Libraires et Imprimeurs, le 21 Juillet 1663.

Signé: MARTIN, Syndic.

Achevé d'imprimer pour la première fois, le 7 Aoust 1663.

Les Exemplaires ont esté fournis.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The School for Wives criticised was first brought out at the theatre of the Palais Royal, on the 1st of June, 1663. It can scarcely be called a play, for it is entirely destitute of action. It is simply a reported conversation of "friends in council;" but we cannot be surprised that it had a temporary success on the stage. It was acted as a pendant to *The School for Wives*, and the two were played together, with much profit to the company, thirty-two consecutive times. Molière, in the Preface to *The School for Wives*, mentions that the idea of writing *The School for Wives criticised* was suggested to him by a person of quality, who, it is said, was the Abbe Dubuisson, *the grand introducteur des ruelles*, or, in other words, the Master of the Ceremonies to the *Précieuses*. Our author had also just been inscribed on the list of pensions which Louis XIV. allowed to eminent literary men, for a sum of a thousand *livres*.

The happy idea of self criticism adopted by Molière in this piece has been caught at by many subsequent French writers. Thus we find *La Critique du Légataire*, by Regnard; *La Critique du Philosophe marié*, by Destouches; *le Procès de la Femme juge et partie*, by Montfleury. But in none of these is the subject so ably treated as by Molière, who did not scruple to attack the different cabals leagued against him. Climene is an example of those ladies "whose ears are more chaste than all the rest of their body," and is a preliminary study for Philaminte of the *Femmes Savantes*. The Marquis represents the "rôle patron," who judges of a play before he has seen it, who is a critic by virtue of his rank, but not of his knowledge; Lysidas is the envious pedant, who "damns with faint praise," who wishes everything measured according to the rules of Cocker's arithmetic, who employs the little knowledge with which Heaven has afflicted him to hide his own mediocrity, and who afterwards will be farther developed in the *Femmes Savantes* as Trissotin and Vadius. Dorante, the man of sense, is also more fully shewn in the Clitandre of the same play.

A few days after the play was produced, it was reported that Lysidas was meant for Boursault, the ridiculous Marquis for the Duke de la Feuillade, whilst it was said that the Abbé d'Aubignac was also laughed at; but as Molière himself states in *The School for Wives criticised*:—"All the ridiculous delineations which are drawn on the stage should be looked on by every one without annoyance. They are public mirrors in which we must never pretend to see ourselves."

Boursault believed, or affected to believe, that Molière intended to portray him, and hence replied in the *Portrait du Peintre* which was performed at the hôtel de Bourgogne. Tradition mentions that the Duke de la Feuillade took other means to avenge himself. He one day met Molière in one of the galleries of the Palace of Versailles. Pretending to be very polite and courteous he ran towards him smiling, and whilst embracing him, and rubbing all the while the actor's face against the metal-worked buttons of his coat, he shouted out, "Cream-tart, Molière! Cream-tart!" It is said that Louis XIV. banished the Duke from the Court for some time for this offense, and that he ordered Molière to take anew vengeance upon his enemies. There can be no doubt about the order, for Molière states so expressly in *The Impromptu of Versailles.*

The School for Wives criticised may be taken as Molière's general reply to his critics; for it deals as much with the points of good and bad criticism as with the special features of *The School for Wives.* Indeed, the defense raised, through the mouth of Dorante, of certain passages of the latter play which had been roughly handled by the poet's contemporaries, are perhaps the weakest parts of *The School for Wives criticised;* whereas the generalities which deal with the art and practice of criticism are exceptionally shrewd and pungent.

The School for Wives met with a flattering reception, in the sense that the public were greatly divided as to its merits, and carried on the discussion of it with much warmth, and even bitterness. The play was town-talk for many days; and in this sequel, Molière no doubt reflected the principal arguments of his friends and of his opponents. If he reflected them aright, he did well to preserve them in this form, side by side; for Dorante, Urania, and their dissembling ally Eliza, have infinitely the best of the discussion, whether we regard them as champions of Molière only, or as vindicators of the highest principle of dramatic criticism in general. Perhaps the "School for Critics" would better describe the most valuable half of the piece.

Molière dedicated *The School for Wives criticised* to the Queen-mother[1] in the following words:—

MADAM,

I very well know that your Majesty has no need of our dedications, and that those pretended duties of which people elegantly tell you they acquit themselves, are marks of respect with which, to speak the truth, you could very willingly dispense. But yet I have the boldness to dedicate to you *The School for Wives criticised;* and I could not omit this opportunity of testifying to your Majesty my joy upon that happy recovery, which restores to us the greatest and best Princess in the world, and which promises us in you long years of vigorous health. As every one regards things from his own point of view, I rejoice in this general satisfaction, that I may again be able to have the honor of diverting your Majesty. You, Madam, who so well prove that true devotion is not opposed to innocent diversions; who, from your lofty thoughts and important occupations, descend so kindly to the pleasure of our performances, and who do not disdain to smile with the same mouth with which you pray to God so devoutly, I flatter my mind, I say, with the expectation of this glory; I await that moment with the utmost impatience; and, when I shall enjoy that happiness it will be the greatest satisfaction in the world to,—MADAM, *your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most obliged servant,*

MOLIÈRE.

Thomas Brown, of Shipnal, in Yorkshire, so well known for his free and easy writings, wrote an imitation of *The School for Wives criticised*, which he calls, "*The Stage Beaux toss'd in a Blanket, or Hypocrisie a la mode;* Expos'd in a true picture of Jerry . . . a pretending scourge to the English Stage, A Comedy with a Prologue on Occasional Conformity, being a full Explanation of the Poussin Doctor's book; and an Epilogue on the Reformers. Spoken at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, with the motto, 'Simul int Curios et Bacchanalia vivunt,—Juv.' London, Printed and Sold by J. Nott, near Stationer's Hall, 1704." The piece consists of three acts, while the French has only one. It is a satire against Jeremy Collier, on account of his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, and was never acted. It was severely chastised and answered in sermons and pamphlets; amongst others, in "*Serious Reflections on the Scandalous Abuse and Effects of the Stage*, in a sermon preached at Bristol, Jany. 7th, 1704-5, by A. Bedford," at the end of which is printed "a copy of the Presentation of the Grand Jury to Mayor, Aldermen, and Justices of the Peace, asking them to forbid the Acting of Plays," and praising them "for having endeavored to suppress Musick houses, and other Lewd and Disorderly Houses, Tipling, or Idle walking on the Lord's Day;" also in *A Representation of the Impiety and Immorality of the English Stage*, 1704, A. Bedford; in *A Second Advertisement concerning the Profaneness of the Playhouse:* and in *The Evil and Danger of Stage Plays in almost 2000 instances taken from the plays of the last two years*, by A. Bedford, 1706. Again, in *A Serious Remonstrance in behalf of the Christian Religion against the horrid Blasphemies and Impieties which are still used in the English Play House, etc., from almost 7000 instances, taken out of the Plays of the present Century*, 1719, by A. Bedford; and finally, in *The Absolute unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment fully demonstrated*, by W. Law, A. M., 1720. *The Stage-Beaux* is dedicated to Christopher Rich, patentee of the Theatre-Royal, in a humorous epistle, in which Themistocles, Milton, and even Collier himself are mentioned as friends of the Drama, and in which it is stated that "the stage exposes Knaves and Fools, Misers, Prodigals, Affectation, Hypocrisie, etc., and that has provoked some to be its zealous Foes, under the pretended Name of Sanctity and Religion." The Prologue, spoken by "one dress'd one-half like a Non-con Parson, and the other like an Orthodox Divine," opens thus:—

> "My Dress is Odd, but yet 'tis Alamode,
> Invented to unite Mammon with God.
> This Side is Real, and full of Native Spite;
> This I put on to get some Money by't.
> This Side is fill'd with Sanctify'd Grimace;
> This is more Debonair in hopes of Place.
> This Obstinate against Religious Forms;
> This, brib'd by Gain, occasionally conforms.
> Occasional conforming is our Darling,
> Which, if y'Attaque, you set us All a Snarling."

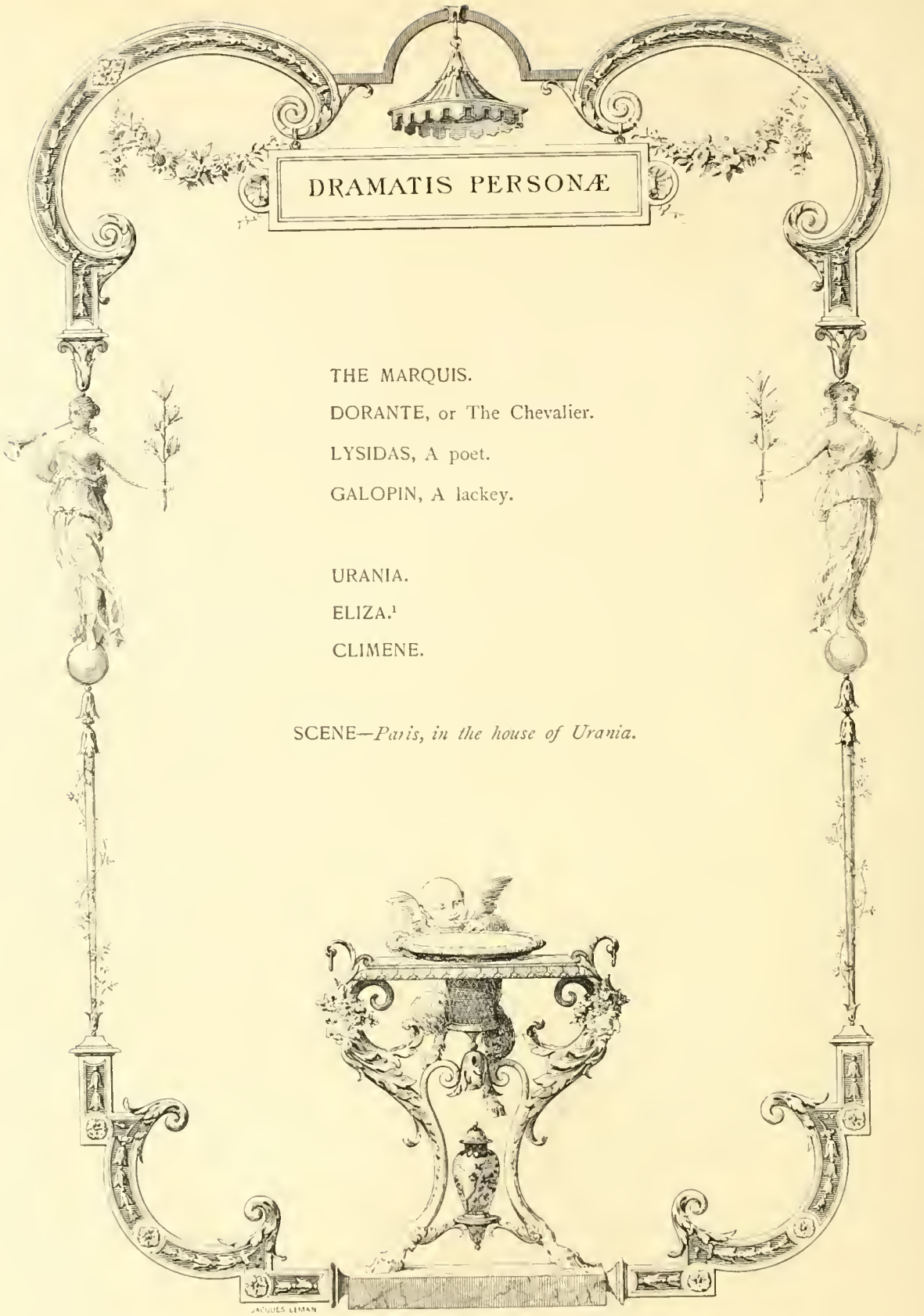
The character in Brown's play which is not in the French comedy is Sir Jerry Witwind, a pert, talkative, half-witted coxcomb, an arrant hypocrite, and a most immoral man,—a

rather free imitation of Tartuffe, whose very words he sometimes employs, and whose worst actions he exaggerates at the end of the third act. The last two acts of the *Stage-Beaux* are chiefly occupied with attacks on Collier, some of which are very amusing; but the first act contains a very fair imitation of a few scenes of *The School for Wives criticised.*

Wycherley has also borrowed from *The School for Wives criticised* a scene of his *Plain-Dealer,* which, as a whole, is partly taken from Molière's *Misanthrope.* In the part thus imitated he tries to defend *The Country Wife,* and boldly states that "a lady may call her own modesty in question by publicly caviling with the poets;" but Olivia's defense of the play is as bad as *The Country Wife* itself. She reminds us of a certain French wit, of the last century, called Duclos, who one day stated in the presence of some ladies that respectable women might hear any story without being shocked; and then he went on relating some, which were bad enough, and was going to tell some which were even worse, when one of the ladies present stopped him by saying, "Monsieur Duclos, you really believe us to be more respectable than we are."

NOTE

[1] Anne of Austria, eldest daughter of Philip III., King of Spain, wife of Louis XIII., and mother of Louis XIV., was born in 1602, and died the 20th of January, 1666, sixty-four years old. She did not long survive the "happy recovery" Molière congratulates her upon.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE MARQUIS.

DORANTE, or The Chevalier.

LYSIDAS, A poet.

GALOPIN, A lackey.

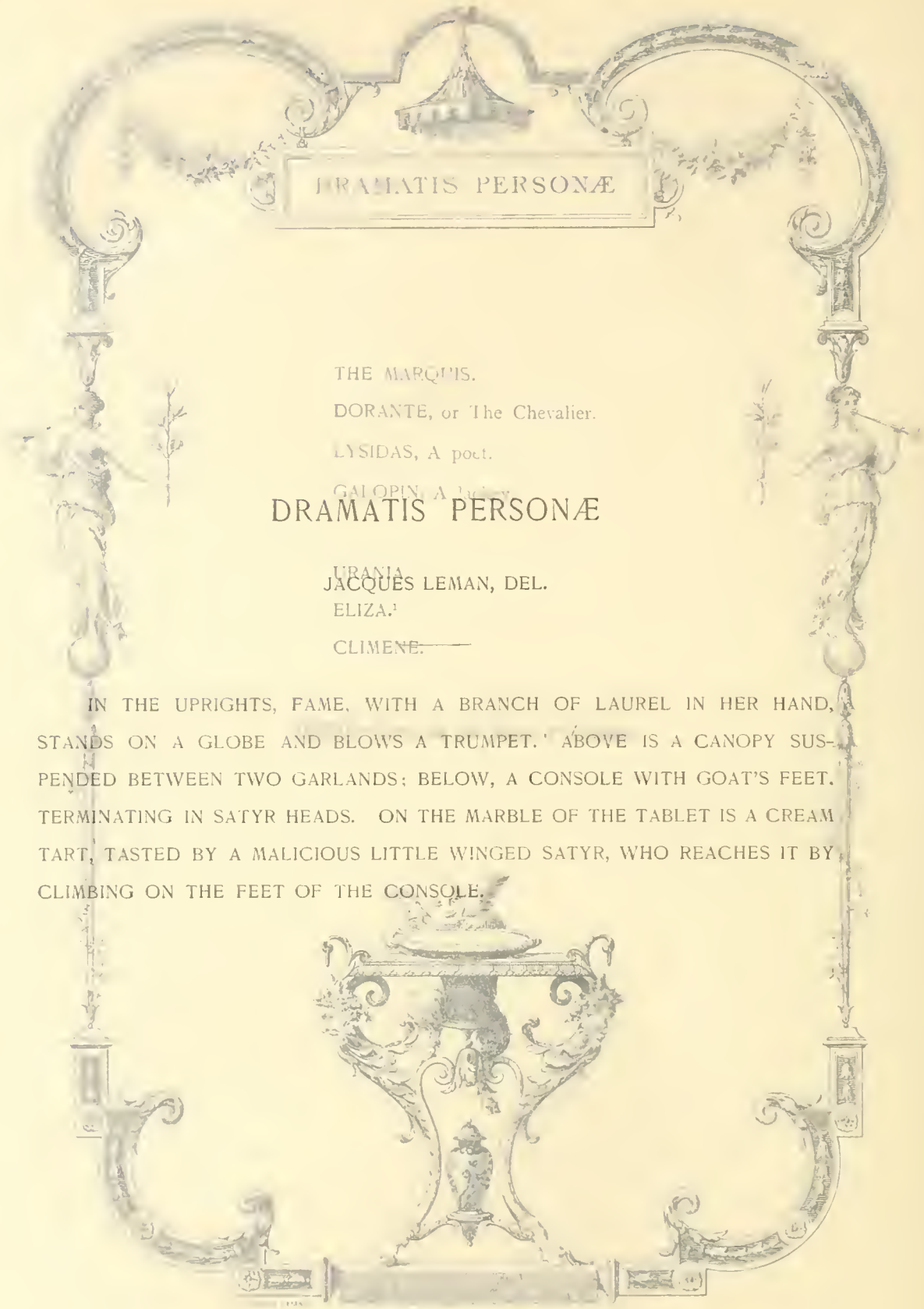
URANIA.

ELIZA.[1]

CLIMENE.

SCENE—*Paris, in the house of Urania.*

THE
SCHOOL FOR WIVES
CRITICISED



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

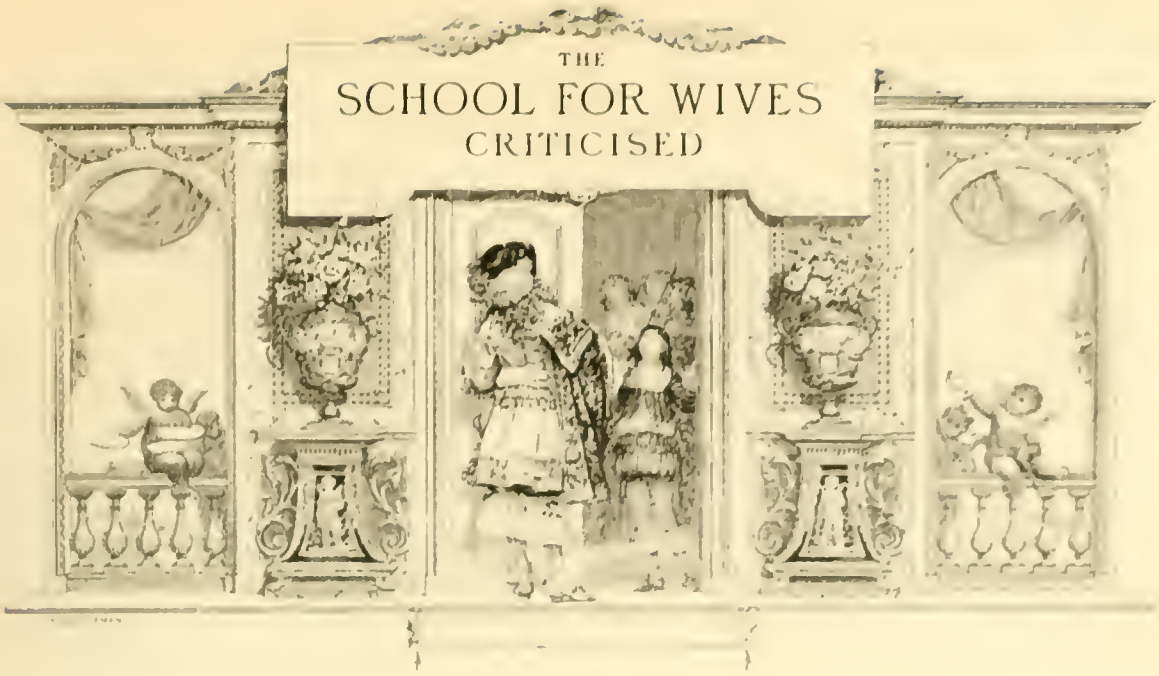
URANIA.

ELIZA.

CLIMENE.

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN THE UPRIGHTS, FAME, WITH A BRANCH OF LAUREL IN HER HAND, STANDS ON A GLOBE AND BLOWS A TRUMPET. ABOVE IS A CANOPY SUSPENDED BETWEEN TWO GARLANDS; BELOW, A CONSOLE WITH GOAT'S FEET, TERMINATING IN SATYR HEADS. ON THE MARBLE OF THE TABLET IS A CREAM TART, TASTED BY A MALICIOUS LITTLE WINGED SATYR, WHO REACHES IT BY CLIMBING ON THE FEET OF THE CONSOLE.



THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED

SCENE I.—URANIA, ELIZA.

UR. What! cousin, has no one been to visit you?

EL. Not a soul.

UR. I am really astonished that we have both of us been alone the whole day.

EL. It astonishes me, too; for it is by no means usual; and your house, thank Heaven! is the ordinary resort of all the loungers at Court.

UR. The afternoon, to be candid, seems very tedious to me.

EL. And I have found it very short.

UR. That, cousin, is because witty people love solitude.

EL. Oh! I am not one of those witty people. You know I have no pretensions to that.

UR. For my part, I confess I like company.

EL. So do I, but I like it select; and the number of stupid visits we have to endure is, amongst others, the reason why I often take pleasure in being alone.

UR. It is an over-refinement not to be able to bear any but select people.

EL. And it is too indiscriminate a complaisance to bear all sorts of people with indifference.

UR. I relish those who are sensible, and amuse myself with those who talk nonsense.

EL. In truth, those who talk nonsense do not proceed far without wearying you; and most of those folks are no longer amusing after the second visit. But, talking of your nonsensical people, will you not rid me of your troublesome Marquis? Do you mean always to leave him on my hands, and do you

think that I can hold out forever against his everlasting quips?[2]

UR. It is the language of fashion, and they make merry over it at Court.

EL. So much the worse for those who do, and who rack their brains all day long to talk such an obscure jargon. A fine thing to introduce into the conversation of the Louvre their stale *double entendres*, raked together from the kennels of the markets and of the Place Maubert![3] A pretty style of jesting for courtiers, and for a man to display his wit by coming up to you, and saying, "Madame, you are in the Place Royale; every one sees you three leagues from Paris, for every one is pleased to see you;" because Bonneuil is a village three leagues off![4] Is it not very gallant and very witty? And ought they not to be proud for having hit upon such pretty puns?

UR. At the same time, they do not say this as a piece of wit; for most of those who affect this language know themselves that it is ridiculous.

EL. Worse still, to be at such pains to talk nonsense, and to be sorry jokers on purpose! I think them less excusable for this; and if I were their judge I know well to what I would condemn all these gentry, the punsters.

UR. A truce to this subject, which seems to excite you; let us talk of Dorante, who, methinks, is long in coming to the supper we are to take together.

EL. Perhaps he has forgotten it, and . . .

SCENE II.—URANIA, ELIZA, GALOPIN.

GAL. Madam, Climene has come to see you.

UR. Oh! bless me, here is a visit!

EL. You complained of being alone; so Heaven punishes you for it.

UR. Quick! go and tell her I am not at home.

GAL. She has already been told that you are in.

UR. Who is the fool that told her?

GAL. I, madam.

UR. Deuce take the little rascal! I shall teach you to give answers on your own behalf!

GAL. I go and tell her, madam, that you do not wish to be at home.

UR. Stay, you stupid! As the mischief is done let her come up.

GAL. She is still talking to a man in the street.

UR. Ah! cousin, how annoying this visit is just now!

EL. True; the lady is naturally rather troublesome. I always disliked her much; and though she is a lady of rank, she is the most stupid creature that ever pretended to sense.

UR. The term is rather strong.

EL. Come, come; she richly deserves it, and more too, if justice were done her. Is there any one that better deserves to go by the name of a *précieuse*[5] than she, to use the word in its worst sense?

UR. She disclaims the epithet, at all events.

EL. So she does. She disclaims the epithet, but not the thing; for she is finical from head to foot, and the most formal creature in the world. Her whole body appears to be out of joint, and the motions of her hips, her shoulders and her head seem to go like a piece of clock-work. She always assumes a languishing and silly tone, grimaces to make her mouth appear small, and rolls her eyes to make them seem large.

UR. Softly, pray. If she should happen to overhear . . .

EL. No, no; she is not coming up yet. I shall never forget that evening when she was anxious to see Damon, on account of his reputation, and of the books he had published. You know the man, and his natural indolence in keeping up a conversation. She had invited him to supper as a wit, and never did he appear such a fool amidst half-a-dozen people for whom she had meant him to be a treat, and who stared at him with all their might, as if he ought not to be made like other men. They all thought he was there to entertain the company with witty sayings; that every word from his mouth was to be something extraordinary; that he ought to deliver an impromptu repartee on everything that was said, and not even to ask for a glass of wine without uttering a witticism. But he took them in by his silence; and the lady was as ill pleased with him as I was with her.

UR. Be quiet! I will go and receive her at the door.

EL. One word more.—I wish she was married to the Marquis we spoke of. What a fine match it would be, between a *précieuse* and a *turlupin!*

UR. Will you be quiet! Here she comes.

SCENE III.—CLIMENE, URANIA, ELIZA, GALOPIN.

UR. How long you have been . . .

CL. Oh! for Heaven's sake, my dear, make them bring me a chair immediately!

UR. (*To Galopin.*) An arm-chair here, quick!

CL. Oh, good Heaven!

UR. What can be the matter?

CL. I can bear it no longer.

UR. What ails you?

CL. I am going to faint.

UR. Have you got the vapors?

CL. No.

UR. Shall I unlace you?

CL. O Lord! no,—Oh!

UR. What is your ailment, then? When did it seize you?

CL. Above three hours ago; and I brought it from the Palais Royal.[6]

UR. How?

CL. I have just seen, as a punishment for my sins, that villainous rhapsody *The School for Wives.* I feel still a twinge from the fainting-fit which it gave me; I believe I shall not be myself again for a fortnight.

EL. Just see how our ailments arise without our suspecting it!

UR. I do not know what stuff my cousin and I are made of; but we were at the same play the day before yesterday, and we both came away well and hearty.

CL. What! have you seen it?

UR. Yes, and listened to every word.

CL. And did you not almost go into convulsions, my dear?

UR. I am not so delicate, thank Heaven! For my part, I fancy that this comedy would be more likely to cure folks, than to make them sick.

CL. Oh, good Heaven! What are you saying? Can such a proposition be advanced by any one who has the smallest stock of common sense? Do you think that every one can, with impunity, insult reason, as you do? And is there in very truth a mind so hungry for a joke as to relish the silly things with which this play is seasoned? I confess, for

my part, I could not find the least wit in the whole of it. *Children through the ear* was to my thinking in execrable taste;[7] the *cream tart*[8] turned me sick; and I thought I must have vomited when I heard *broth*[9] mentioned.

EL. Heavens! most elegantly spoken! I was inclined to think the piece good; but the lady's eloquence is so persuasive, and gives such an agreeable turn to things, that I must be of her opinion in spite of myself.

UR. For my part, I am not so easily moved. To be candid, I look on this play as one of the most diverting which the author has produced.

CL. Oh! I pity you for talking so. I cannot let you display so much bluntness of perception. Can a virtuous person find anything pleasant in a piece that keeps her modesty in continual alarm, and sullies the imagination at every turn?

EL. What a nice way of speaking! What a terrible hand you are at criticism, madam; and how I pity poor Molière in having you for an enemy!

CL. Believe me, dear, correct your judgment in good earnest; for the sake of your honor, do not openly say that this comedy has pleased you.

UR. I cannot think what you found in it to shock your modesty.

CL. Good lack! all of it. I do maintain it for a fact that a gentlewoman cannot see it without confusion; so much impropriety and nastiness did I find in it.

UR. You must have a special discernment for impropriety. I own I could see none.

CL. It is undoubtedly because you would not see it; for in short, all its impropriety, thank Heaven! is plain enough. It has not the least cloak to hide it; and the boldest eyes are shocked by its nakedness.

EL. Oh!

CL. Ah! ah! ah!

UR. Yet once more, if you please, point out to me some of the improprieties you speak of.

CL. Alas! is it necessary to point them out?

UR. Yes. I ask of you but one passage that shocked you very much.

CL. Do you wish any other than the scene with that Agnes, when she tells what Horace took from her?

UR. What do you find improper in that?

CL. Ah!

UR. Please.

CL. Fie!

UR. But . . .

CL. I have nothing more to say to you.

UR. For my part, I see no harm in it.

CL. So much the worse for you.

UR. So much the better, I think. I look at things as they are shown to me, and do not turn them round to look at what should not be seen.

CL. But a woman's modesty . . .

UR. A woman's modesty does not consist in grimacing. It ill becomes us to be overwise. Affectation of this kind is worse than anything; and I see nothing more ridiculous than that delicate honor which takes everything amiss, gives a bad meaning to the most innocent words, and is startled at shadows. Believe me, those who make so much ado are not esteemed the most honest women. On the contrary, their mysterious severity and affected grimaces provoke public animadversions upon the actions of their own lives. The world is only too glad to discover anything to carp at. To give you a proof, there were some ladies at this comedy the other day, in a box opposite to ours, who, by their affected gestures throughout the piece, by averting their heads and

hiding[10] their faces, gave rise to a hundred impertinent remarks upon their behavior, which would never have been uttered but for that; one of the footmen even cried out aloud that their ears were more chaste than all the rest of their bodies.

CL. In short, we ought to be blind throughout this play, and pretend not to see anything in it.

UR. We ought not to see what is not there.

CL. Do not tell me. I maintain that the improprieties are glaring.

UR. And I remain still of a different mind.

CL. What! Is not modesty plainly shocked by Agnes in the passage we are speaking about?

UR. No, truly. She does not say a word which is indelicate in itself; and if you will understand something else, it is you who create the impropriety, and not she, for she only speaks of the ribbon that was taken from her.

CL. Oh, yes, the ribbon! But that *the*, when she checks herself, is not put there for nothing. Odd ideas are suggested by this *the*. That *the* is tremendously scandalous. Say what you will, you cannot defend the coarseness of this *the*.

EL. True, cousin. I am with this lady against that *the*. That *the* is excessively coarse; you are wrong to defend that *the*.

CL. Its obscenity is unbearable.

EL. What word do you use, madam?

CL. Obscenity, madam.

EL. Oh, good gracious! obscenity. I do not know the meaning of the word; but I think it very nice![11]

CL. There! You see how your own relation takes my part.

UR. Ah! she is a chatter-box, who does not speak as she thinks. Do not trust her much, if you will take my advice.

EL. Oh! you wicked creature, to try to make this lady suspect me. Just think what would become of me, if she were to believe what you say. Could I be so unfortunate, madam, as to have you think ill of me?

CL. No, no. I do not mind her words, and I believe that you are more sincere than she says.

EL. Oh, you are quite right, madam; and you do me justice when you believe that I think you the most engaging person in the world; that I enter into all your sentiments, and am charmed with every expression that comes from your lips.

CL. Indeed, I speak without affectation.

EL. We can see that, madam, quite well; and everything about you is natural. Your words, the tone of your voice, your gait, your actions, and your dress, have an indescribable air of fashion about them, which is quite enchanting. I study you with my eyes and ears; and I am so full of you that I strive to ape you and imitate you in everything.

CL. You are bantering me, madam.

EL. Pardon me, madam. Who could banter you?

CL. I am not a good model, madam.

EL. Oh, yes, madam.

CL. You flatter me, madam.

EL. Not at all, madam.

CL. Spare me, I beg you, madam.

EL. I do spare you, madam, and I say not half of what I think, madam.

CL. Ah, good heavens! let us stop it, I beseech you. You throw me into a dreadful confusion. (*To Urania.*) There, you see we are both against you, and obstinacy so ill becomes clever people . . .

SCENE IV.—The Marquis, Climene, Urania, Eliza, Galopin.

Gal. (*At the door.*) Stop, sir, please?

Mar. Do you not know me, fellow?

Gal. Ay, I know you; but you shall not come in.

Mar. What a noise you are making, little lackey.

Gal. It is not fair to wish to get in where you are not wanted.

Mar. I wish to see your mistress.

Gal. She is not at home, I tell you.

Mar. Why, she is in her room there!

Gal. That may be; she is there, but she is not at home.

Ur. What is the matter?

Mar. Your lackey, madam, is playing the fool.

Gal. Madam, I am telling him you are not at home, and he will insist on coming in.

Ur. And why did you tell this gentleman that I am not at home?

Gal. You scolded me the other day for telling him you were at home.

Ur. The insolent fellow! Pray, sir, do not attend to what he says. He is a little stupid creature, who takes you for some one else.

Mar. I saw as much, madam; and had it not been out of respect for you I should have taught him to distinguish people of quality.

El. My cousin is much obliged to you for this deference.

Ur. (*To Galopin.*) Bring a chair there, impertinent.

Gal. Is there not one there?

Ur. Bring it nearer! (*Galopin pushes it rudely and exit.*)

SCENE V.—The Marquis, Climene, Urania, Eliza.

Mar. Your little lackey, madam, has a special contempt for me.

El. He would certainly be much to blame.

Mar. It is possibly because I pay interest on my ill looks. Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing*).

El. Age will make him know people of fashion better.

Mar. Of what were you speaking, ladies, when I interrupted you?

Ur. Of the comedy, *The School for Wives.*

Mar. I have just come from it.

Cl. Well, sir, pray how do you like it?

Mar. It is altogether silly.

Cl. Oh, I am so delighted to hear you say so!

Mar. The most wretched piece imaginable. What the deuce! I could hardly get a seat. I thought I should have been crushed to death at the door, and I was never so trampled upon. Pray see what a state my rolls and ribbons are in!

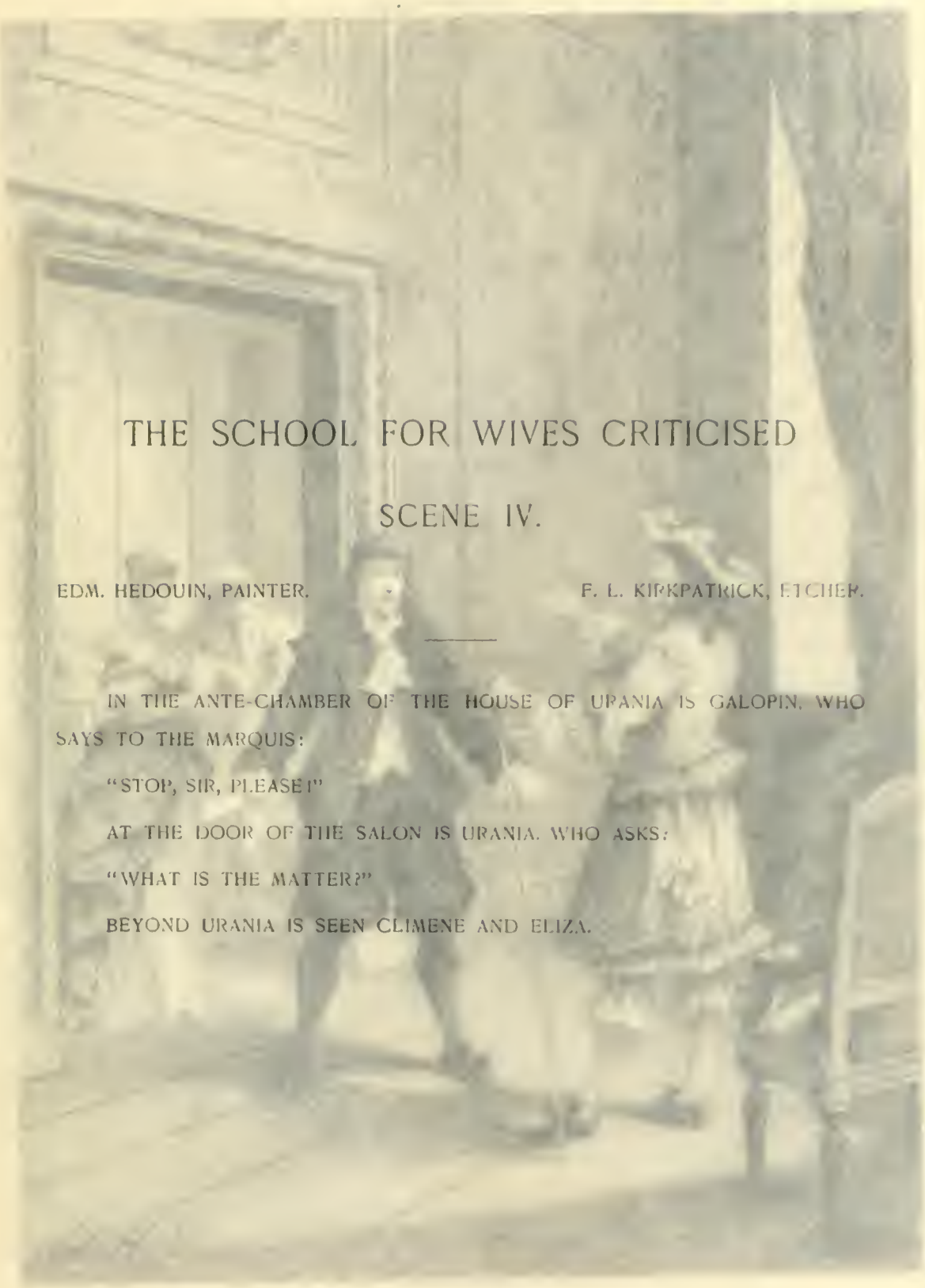
El. That certainly speaks volumes against *The School for Wives,* and you justly condemn it.

Mar. Never, I think, was such a wretched play composed.

Ur. Ah, here is Dorante, whom we were expecting.

SCENE VI.—Dorante, The Marquis, Climene, Eliza, Urania.

Dor. Pray do not move, and do not break off your conversation. You are on a subject which, for four days, has been the common



THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED

SCENE IV.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF URANIA IS GALOPIN, WHO SAYS TO THE MARQUIS:

"STOP, SIR, PLEASE!"

AT THE DOOR OF THE SALON IS URANIA, WHO ASKS:

"WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

BEYOND URANIA IS SEEN CLIMENE AND ELIZA.

SCENE [illegible] THE [illegible] SCENE,

[illegible], GALOPIN.

[illegible] *At* [illegible]) St[illegible]

MAR. [illegible] you [illegible] know me, f[illegible]

GAL. [illegible] know you, but you [illegible] come in.

MAR. What a [illegible] you are mak[illegible] lackey.

GAL. It is not fair to wish [illegible] get [illegible] you are not wanted.

MAR. I wish to see your m[illegible]

GAL. [illegible] at home [illegible]

MAR. [illegible] from [illegible]

GAL. That may be [illegible] there [illegible] she is not at home.

UR. What is the matter?

MAR. Your lackey, madam, is playing the [illegible]

GAL. Madam, I am telling him you are not at home, and he will insist on coming in.

UR. [illegible] that I am not at home?

[illegible] him you were at home.

UR. The [illegible] not attend to w[illegible] stupid creature, who takes you for some one else.

MAR. I saw as much, madam; and had it not been out of respect for you I should have taught him to distinguish people of quality.

EL. My cousin is much obliged to you for [illegible] deference.

UR. [illegible] *Galopin.*) Bring a chair there, [illegible] men!

[illegible] there [illegible] there?

UR. [illegible] nearer. (*Galopin pushes it [illegible]*)

SCENE V.—THE [illegible] SCENE,

[illegible] ELIZA.

[illegible] lack[illegible], madam, has a [illegible]

[illegible] ch to blame.

MAR. [illegible] interest on [illegible] (*Laughing.*)

EL. Age [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] ladies, [illegible] except you?

[illegible] *The School for Wives.*

[illegible] you come from?

EL. Well, sir, pray how do you like it?

MAR. It is altogether silly.

EL. Oh, I am so delighted to hear you say so!

MAR. The m[illegible] What the deuce! I could hardly get a seat. I thought I should have been crushed to death [illegible] door, and I was never so trampled [illegible] and rill[illegible]

[illegible] certainly speaks [illegible] *The Sch*[illegible] justly con-[illegible]

[illegible] Never, I think, was such a wretched play [illegible]

UR. Ah, here is Dorante, whom we were expecting.

SCENE VI.—[illegible] MARQUIS, [illegible]

D[illegible] move, and do not break [illegible] conversation. You are on a subject [illegible], for four days, has been the common

Ed Heu

talk of Paris; and never was anything more amusing than to hear the various judgments that are passed upon it. For, indeed, I have heard this play condemned by some for the very things that others most praise.

UR. The Marquis speaks very ill of it.

MAR. It is true. I think it detestable, detestable, egad! to the last degree detestable; what you may call detestable!

DOR. And I, dear Marquis, think the judgment detestable.

MAR. How, Chevalier, do you mean to vindicate this play?

DOR. Yes, I do mean to vindicate it.

MAR. Egad, I warrant it to be detestable.

DOR. That guarantee would not be accepted in the city.[12] But, Marquis, for what reason, pray, is this comedy as you describe it?

MAR. Why detestable?

DOR. Ay.

MAR. It is detestable—because it is detestable.

DOR. After that, there is not a word to be said; the cause is ended. But still, instruct us, and tell us its faults.

MAR. How can I? I did not so much as give myself the trouble to listen to it. But yet I assure you I never saw anything so wretched, as I hope to be saved; and Dorilas, who sat opposite to me, was of my mind.

DOR. The authority is weighty, and you are well backed.

MAR. You have only to mark the continual bursts of laughter from the pit. I wish no more to prove its utter worthlessness.

DOR. You are then, Marquis, one of those grand gentlemen who will not allow the pit to have common sense, and who would be vexed to join in their laugh, though it were at the best thing conceivable? The other day I saw one of our friends on the stage, who made himself ridiculous by this. He heard the piece out with the most gloomy seriousness imaginable; and whatever tickled others made him frown. At every burst of laughter he shrugged his shoulders and cast a look of pity on the pit; occasionally, too, he glanced contemptuously at them, saying in an audible voice, "Laugh away, pit, laugh away!"[13] Our friend's annoyance was a second comedy. He acted bravely before the whole house, and every one agreed that he could not have played his part better. Pray, note, Marquis, and your friends as well, that common sense has no fixed place at a theatre; that the difference between half a louis and fifteen sous[14] makes none whatever in the matter of good taste; that whether we sit or stand, we may pass a bad judgment; and that, in short, speaking generally, I would place considerable reliance on the applause of the pit, because, amongst those who go there, many are capable of judging the piece according to rule, whilst others judge it as they ought, allowing themselves to be guided by circumstances, having neither a blind prejudice, nor an affected complaisance, nor a ridiculous refinement.

MAR. So, sir, you are a defender of the pit! Egad, I am glad of it; I shall not fail to let them know that you are one of their friends. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

DOR. Laugh as much as you like. I am for good sense, and I cannot bear the brain-bubbles of our Mascarille-Marquises.[15] It drives me mad to see people make themselves ridiculous, in spite of their rank; folks who always decide, and talk boldly of everything without knowledge: who will shout with pleasure at the bad parts of a comedy, and never applaud those which are good; who, when they see a picture, or go to a concert, blame and praise all by rule of contraries; who pick

up artistic shibboleths wherever they can, get them by heart, and never fail to twist and misplace them. Zounds, gentlemen, hold your peace. Since Heaven has not blessed you with the knowledge of one single thing, do not make yourselves laughing-stocks to those who hear you; and remember, that if you never open your mouths you may perhaps be taken for clever men.

MAR. Egad, sir, you are carrying this . . .

DOR. Why, Marquis, I am not speaking to you. I am addressing a round dozen of those gentry who disgrace courtiers by their nonsensical manners, and make people believe we are all alike. For my part, I shall disclaim it as much as I can. I shall fall foul of them whenever we meet, until they grow wise at last.

MAR. Now tell me, sir, do you think Lysander has wit?

DOR. Yes, doubtless, and a good deal of it.

UR. That is what no one can deny.

MAR. Ask him what he thinks of *The School for Wives*. You shall see he will tell you he does not like it.

DOR. Upon my word, there are plenty who are spoiled by too much wit, who see things imperfectly, because the light is too strong, and who would even be very sorry to be of other people's opinion, so that they may have the glory of passing judgment themselves.[16]

UR. It is true. Our friend is doubtless one of those people. He must be first in his opinion, and would have others wait respectfully for his decision. All applause which precedes his own is an outrage on his enlightenment, which he avenges openly by taking the other side. He expects people to consult him in all questions of wit: and I am sure that if the author had shown him his play before he let the public see it, he would have thought it the finest in the world.

MAR. And what do you say of the Marchioness Araminta, who declares *The School for Wives* everywhere dreadful, and says she never could endure the improprieties of which it is full?

DOR. I say that this is of a piece with the character she assumes, and that some folks make themselves ridiculous by affecting too much honor. Witty, no doubt, she is, but she has followed the bad example of those who, being in the decline of life, wish to replace by some means or other what they have lost, and fancy that grimaces of fastidious prudery will serve instead of youth and beauty. The lady in question carries it farther than any one; her scrupulous ingenuity finds obscenity where no one would ever have seen it. I hear that these scruples go the length of disfiguring our language; and that there are scarcely any words in it of which our lady's severity will not dock either head or tail, on account of the immodest syllables she finds in them.[17]

UR. What a wag you are, Chevalier!

MAR. So, Chevalier, you think to defend your play by satirizing those who condemn it?

DOR. By no means; but I think that this lady is scandalized without reason . . .

EL. Gently, Chevalier; there may be other ladies of the same mind.

DOR. I know, at all events, that you are not; and that when you saw this play . . .

EL. True, but I have changed my opinion, and this lady (*pointing to Climene*) supports her by such convincing reasons, that she has won me over to her side.

DOR. (*To Climene.*) Oh! Madam, I beg your pardon; and if you will, I shall for your sake unsay all that I have said.

CL. I will not have it for my sake, but for reason's sake: for indeed this piece, if you

look at it properly, is quite indefensible, and I cannot imagine . . .

UR. Ah, here is Mr. Lysidas, the author. He comes just in time for this discussion. Mr. Lysidas, take a chair, and sit down here.

SCENE VII.—LYSIDAS, CLIMENE, URANIA, ELIZA, DORANTE, THE MARQUIS.

LYS. Madam, I am rather late; but I was obliged to read my piece at the house of the Marchioness, of whom I spoke to you; the praise bestowed on it kept me an hour longer than I anticipated.

EL. Praise has a great charm to delay an author.

UR. Sit down, then, Mr. Lysidas; we shall read your play after supper.

LYS. All who were there are coming to the first representation, and have promised to do their duty as they ought.

UR. I believe it. But pray, once more, please to sit down. We are engaged on a subject which I shall be glad we should pursue.

LYS. I trust, madam, that you will also take a box for that day.

UR. We shall see. Pray let us go on with our conversation.

LYS. I warn you, madam, that they are nearly all taken.

UR. That is capital. Now I was wanting you when you came, and every one here was against me.

EL. (*To Urania, and pointing to Dorante.*) He was on your side at first, but now (*pointing to Climene*) that he knows that Climene is at the head of the opposite party I fancy you may just look for other aid.

CL. No, no: I would not have him neglect your cousin, and I will allow his wit to be on the side of his heart.

DOR. With this permission, madam, I shall make bold to defend myself.

UR. But first let us know somewhat of Lysidas' mind.

LYS. Upon what, madam?

UR. On the subject of *The School for Wives.*

LYS. Ah—h!

DOR. What do you think of it?

LYS. I have nothing to say on that head. You know that, amongst us authors, we must speak of each other's works with great circumspection.

DOR. But still, between ourselves, what do you think of this play?

LYS. I, sir?

UR. Tell us your candid opinion.

LYS. I think it very fine.

DOR. Really?

LYS. Really. Why not? Is it not indeed the finest conceivable?

DOR. Hum, hum; you are a wicked fellow, Mr. Lysidas. You do not speak as you think.

LYS. Pardon me.

DOR. Oh dear, I know you. Do not dissemble.

LYS. I, sir?

DOR. I see clearly that you praise the piece only through politeness, and that, at the bottom of your heart, you agree with the many who think it bad.

LYS. Ha, ha, ha!

DOR. Come, confess that this comedy is a wretched thing.

LYS. True, it is not admired by connoisseurs.

MAR. Upon my word, Chevalier, you have got it! You are paid for your raillery. Ha, ha, ha!

DOR. Laugh away, dear Marquis, laugh away.

MAR. You see we have the learned on our side.

DOR. It is true. Lysidas' judgment is worth consideration. But he will excuse me if I do not yield for all that; and since I have presumed to defend myself against this lady's opinion (*pointing to Climene*), he will not take it amiss if I oppose his.

EL. What! when you see this lady, the Marquis, and Mr. Lysidas against you, dare you still resist? Fie, what bad manners!

CL. For my part, what confounds me is that sensible people can take it into their heads to defend the stupidities of this piece.

MAR. Egad, madam, it is wretched from beginning to end.

DOR. That is soon said, Marquis. There is nothing more easy than to cut the matter short in that way; and I do not see anything that can stand against the sovereignty of your decisions.

MAR. Gad, all the other actors who went to see it spoke all the ill they could of it.

DOR. Oh! I will not say another word. You are right, Marquis. Since the other actors speak ill of it, we must certainly believe them. They are all discerning gentlemen, and speak disinterestedly. There is no more to be said. I give in.

CL. Give in or not, I am sure you will never persuade me to endure the immodesties of this play, any more than the rude satires on woman which are to be found in it.

UR. For my part, I shall be careful not to be offended, and to take nothing to myself that is said in it. Satire of this kind is aimed directly at habits, and only hits individuals by rebound. Let us not apply to ourselves the points of general censure; let us profit by the lesson, if possible, without assuming that we are spoken against. All the ridiculous delineations which are drawn on the stage should be looked on by every one without annoyance. They are public mirrors, in which we must never pretend to see ourselves. To bruit it about that we are offended at being hit, is to state openly that we are at fault.

CL. As for me, I do not speak of these things for any part I may have in them; I think I live in such a manner before the world as not to fear being looked for in a picture of ill-behaved women.

EL. Certainly, madam, we will never look for you there. Your conduct is sufficiently well known, and these are things that no one thinks of discussing.

UR. (*To Climene.*) Madam, I said nothing that could apply to you; my words, like the satire of a comedy, are confined to generalities.

CL. I do not doubt it, madam. But let us no longer dwell on this episode. I do not know how you take the insults cast upon our sex in a certain part of the play; for my part, I own I am in a terrible passion to hear this impertinent author call us *bipeds*.[18]

UR. Do you not see that it is a ridiculous character he makes to speak so?

DOR. And besides, madam, do you not know that the reproaches of lovers never offend; that it is pretty much the same with furious, as with mawkish lovers; and that on such occasions the strangest words, and worse than strange, are often taken as marks of affection by the very persons who receive them?

EL. Say what you will, I cannot digest that any more than the *broth* and *cream tart*, of which this lady was just speaking.

MAR. Oh! Upon my word, yes; *cream tart!* That is what I was saying; *cream tart!* How I thank you, madam, for reminding me of *cream tart!* Are there apples enough in Normandy[19] for *cream tart!* *Cream tart*, egad, *cream tart!*

DOR. Well, what do you mean with your *cream tart?*

MAR. 'Sdeath! *Cream tart*, Chevalier!

DOR. But what?

MAR. *Cream tart!*

DOR. Let us have your reasons.

MAR. *Cream tart!*

UR. But I think you should explain your meaning.

MAR. *Cream tart*, madam!

UR. What do you find there to object to?

MAR. I? Nothing!—*Cream tart!*

UR. Oh! I give it up.

EL. My lord goes the right way to work, and gives it you nicely. But I wish Mr. Lysidas would finish, and give them a touch or two in his fashion.

LYS. It is not my wont to find fault. I am very indulgent to the works of other people. But, indeed, without any offense to the friendship which the Chevalier bears to the author, it must be owned that comedies of this kind are not genuine comedies, and that there is a vast difference between these trifles and the beauty of serious pieces. Yet, every one gives into it nowadays; nothing else is run after; we find lamentable solitude at great productions, whilst these stupid plays have all Paris after them. My heart, I own, bleeds at it sometimes; it is a scandal to all France.

CL. It is true that people's taste is strangely corrupted in this matter, and that the age is getting very low.[20]

EL. Oh, that is exquisite again—*getting very low.* Did you invent that, madam?

CL. Ay!

EL. I thought so.

DOR. So you think, Lysidas, that all the wit and beauty are to be found in serious poems, and that comic pieces are trifles which deserve no praise?

UR. I certainly do not think so. Tragedy no doubt is very fine when it is well written; but comedy has also its charms, and I believe that one is no less difficult than the other.

DOR. Assuredly, madam; and as to the difficulty, if you should rather set it on the side of comedy, perhaps you would not be far wrong. Indeed, I think that it is much easier to soar with grand sentiments, to brave fortune in verse, to arraign destiny and reproach the gods, than to broach ridicule in a fit manner, and to make the faults of all mankind seem pleasant on the stage. When you paint heroes you can do as you like. These are fancy portraits, in which we do not look for a resemblance; you have only to follow your soaring imagination, which often neglects the true in order to attain the marvelous. But when you paint men, you must paint after nature. We expect resemblance in these portraits; you have done nothing, if you do not make us recognize the people of your day. In a word, in serious pieces, it suffices, to escape blame, to speak good sense, and to write well. But this is not enough in comedy. You must be merry; and it is a difficult undertaking to make gentle folks laugh.

CL. I think I am one of the gentle folks; and yet I did not find cause for laughter in all I saw.

MAR. Upon my word, no more did I!

DOR. Oh, you, Marquis—I am not astonished. That was because you found no puns in it.

Lys. Faith, sir, what we find there is not much better; all the jokes in this comedy are to my mind a little insipid.

Dor. The Court did not think so.

Lys. Ah, sir, the Court?

Dor. Pray, finish, Mr. Lysidas. I see you mean to say that the Court is no judge in these matters; and this is the usual refuge of you gentlemen authors, in the scant success of your own works, to accuse the injustice of the age, and the want of discernment of the courtiers. Be assured, Mr. Lysidas, that courtiers have as good eyes as other people; that folks who wear Venice lace and feathers may be as acute as those who wear a bob-wig and a little all-round cravat; that the grand test of all your plays is the judgment of the Court; that you must study its taste, in order to find the art of success; that there is no place where decisions are so just; and that, not to speak of all the learned men to be found there, a style of wit is created amongst them, by sheer natural common sense and the intercourse of people of fashion, which beyond question judges more delicately of things than all the rusty learning of pedants.[21]

Ur. It is true that, however little you remain there, you have plenty of things daily passing before your eyes to give you a habit of recognizing them; and especially, as to what concerns good or bad raillery.

Dor. The Court, I grant you, has a few ridiculous people; and I am, as you may see, the first to banter them. But, upon my word, there is a great number, too, amongst professional wits; if we ridicule some Marquises, I fancy there is much more reason to ridicule authors. It would be amusing to put them on the stage, with their learned antics and ridiculous refinements; their vicious custom of killing folks in their plays, their greed of praise, their scantiness of thought, their traffic of reputation, their cliques, offensive and defensive, as well as their wars of wit, and combats in prose and verse.

Lys. Molière is very happy, sir, in having so warm a defender. But, to come to facts, the question is whether this piece is good; I engage to show in it a hundred manifest faults.

Ur. It is strange in you gentlemen poets that you always condemn the pieces which every one runs after and speak well only of those which no one goes to see. You display an unconquerable hatred for the one, and an inconceivable tenderness for the others.

Dor. That is because it is generous to side with the unfortunate.

Ur. But, pray, Mr. Lysidas, point us out some of those faults which I could not detect.

Lys. Those who are versed in Aristotle and Horace, madam, see at once that this comedy sins against all the rules of Art.

Ur. I confess that I am not familiar with those gentlemen, and that I do not know the rules of Art.

Dor. You are a most amusing set with your rules of Art, with which you embarrass the ignorant, and deafen us perpetually. To hear you talk, one would suppose that those rules of Art were the greatest mysteries in the world; and yet they are but a few simple observations which good sense has made upon that which may impair the pleasure taken in that kind of poems; and the same good sense which in former days made these observations makes them every day easily, without resorting to Horace and Aristotle. I should like to know whether the great rule of all rules is not to please; and whether a play which attains this has not followed a good method? Can the whole public be mistaken in these matters, and cannot every one judge what pleases him?

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED

SCENE VII.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

THE LUXURIOUS SALON OF URANIA. LYSIDAS, WHO HAS JUST ENTERED, SALUTES URANIA:

"MADAM, I AM RATHER LATE; BUT I WAS OBLIGED TO READ MY PIECE AT THE HOUSE OF THE MARCHIONESS."

THE LATTER ACKNOWLEDGES HIS SALUTE BY HALF RISING FROM THE ARM-CHAIR AND SAYING TO HIM:

"BE SEATED THEN, MONSIEUR LYSIDAS."

BEHIND HER, DORANTE, HEAD UNCOVERED, SITS BESIDE ELIZA, ALSO SEATED. ON THE LEFT, BEHIND LYSIDAS, CLIMENE AND THE MARQUIS ARE SEATED TOGETHER.

find there is not [illegible] all the jokes in this comedy are [illegible] little [illegible].

[illegible] The Court did not think so.

[illegible] Ah, sir, the Court?

[illegible] Pray [illegible], Mr. Lysidas. I see you [illegible] the Court is no judge in these [illegible] it is the usual refuge of you gentlemen authors, in the scant success of your own works, to accuse the injustice of the age, and [illegible] Be assured, Mr. Lysidas, that courtiers have as good eyes as other people; that folks who wear Venice lace and feathers may be [illegible] those who wear a bob-wig and a little all-round crapet; that the grand test of all your plays is the judgment of the Court; that you must study its taste, in order to find the art of success; that there is no place where decisions are so just; and that, not to speak of all the learned men to be found there, a style of wit is created amongst them, by sheer natural common sense and the intercourse of people of fashion, which beyond question judges more delicately of things than all the rusty learning of pedants.[21]

Ur. It is true that, however little you remain there, you have plenty of things daily passing before your eyes to give you a habit of recognising them; and especially, as to what concerns the Court. I grant you has a few [illegible] people; and I am, as you may see, [illegible] enter them. But, upon my word, [illegible] great number, too, amongst professions, if we ridicule some Marquises, I [illegible] much more reason to ridicule [illegible] amusing to put them on [illegible] antics and ridicu- [illegible] custom of killing [illegible] of praise, their scantiness of thought, their traffic of reputation, their cliques, offensive and defensive, as well as their wars of wit, and combats in prose and verse.

Lys. Moliere is very happy, sir, in having so warm a defender. But, to come to facts, the question is whether this piece is good; I engage to show in it a hundred manifest faults.

Ur. It is strange in your [illegible] that you always condemn the pieces which [illegible] well only of those which no one goes to see. You display an unconquerable hatred for the one, and an inconceivable tenderness for the others.

Dor. That is because it is generous to side with the unfortunate.

Ur. But, pray, Mr. Lysidas, point us out some of those faults which I could not detect.

Lys. Those who are versed in Aristotle and Horace, madam, see at once that this comedy sins against all the rules of Art.

Ur. I confess that I am not familiar with those gentlemen, and that I do not know the rules of Art.

[illegible] with your rules of Art, with which [illegible] ignorant [illegible] I suppose that those rules of Art were the greatest mysteries in the world; and yet they are but a few simple [illegible] made upon that which may injure the pleasure taken in that kind of poems; and the same good sense which in former days made these observations makes them every day easily, without resorting to Horace and Aristotle. I should like to know whether the good end of all rules is not to please; and whether a play which attains this has not followed a good method? Can the whole public be mistaken in these matters, and cannot every one judge what pleases him?

UR. I have observed one thing in these gentlemen; and that is, that those who speak most of rules, and who know them better than others, write comedies which no one admires.

DOR. Which shows, madam, how little notice we should take of their troublesome objections. For, in short, if pieces according to rule do not please, and those do please which are not according to rule, then the rules must, of necessity, have been badly made. So let us laugh at the sophistry with which they would trammel the public taste, and let us judge a comedy only by the effect which it produces upon ourselves. Let us give ourselves up honestly to whatever stirs us deeply, and never hunt for arguments to mar our pleasure.

UR. For my part, when I see a play, I look only whether the points strike me; and when I am well entertained, I do not ask whether I have been wrong, and whether the rules of Aristotle would forbid me to laugh.

DOR. It is just as if a man were to taste a capital sauce, and wished to know whether it were good according to the recipe in the cookery-book.

UR. Very true; and I wonder at the critical refinements of certain people about things in which we should think for ourselves.

DOR. You are right, madam, in thinking all these mysterious critical refinements very odd. For really, if they are to subsist, we are reduced to discrediting ourselves. Our very senses must be slaves in everything; and even in eating and drinking we must no longer dare to find anything good without permission from the committee of Taste.

LYS. So, sir, your only reason is that *The School for Wives* has pleased you; you care not whether it be according to rule, provided . . .

DOR. Gently, Mr. Lysidas. I do not grant you that. I certainly say that the great art is to please; and that, as this comedy has pleased those for whom it was written, I think that is enough, and that we need not care about anything else. But, at the same time, I maintain that it does not sin against any of the rules to which you allude. I have read them, thank Heaven! as well as other men, and I could easily prove that perhaps we have not on the stage a more regular play than this.

EL. Courage, Mr. Lysidas; we are undone if you give way.

LYS. What, sir! when the protasis, the epitasis, the peripetia . . .

DOR. Nay, Mr. Lysidas, you overwhelm us with your fine words. Pray, do not seem so learned. Humanize your discourse a little, and speak intelligibly. Do you fancy a Greek word gives more weight to your arguments? And do you not think that it would look as well to say, "the exposition of the subject," as the "protasis;" the "progress of the plot," as the "epitasis;" the "crowning incident," as the "peripetia?"

LYS. These are terms of art that we are allowed to make use of. But as these words offend your ears I shall explain myself in another way; and I ask you to give me a plain answer to three or four things which I have to say. Can a piece be endured which sins against the very description of a play? For, after all, the name of a dramatic poem comes from a Greek word which signifies to act, in order to show that the nature of the poem consists in action. But in this comedy there are no actions; it is made up of narratives by Agnes, or by Horace.

MAR. Ha! ha! Chevalier.

CL. Ingeniously said. Now we come to the point.

LYS. Can anything be less witty, or, rather more low, than some of the words at which every one laughs; above all, *children through the ear*.

CL. Capital!

EL. Oh!

LYS. Is not the scene of the servant-man and maid, indoors, of tedious length, and absolutely contemptible?[22]

MAR. True.

CL. Assuredly.

EL. He is right.

LYS. Does not Arnolphe give his money too readily to Horace? And, as he is the ridiculous character of the piece, ought he to be made to do the action of a gentleman?

MAR. Good! The observation is good again.

CL. Admirable!

EL. Marvelous!

LYS. Are not the sermon and maxims ridiculous, offending against the respect due to religion?[23]

MAR. Well said!

CL. Spoken as it ought to be!

EL. Nothing could be better!

LYS. And this Monsieur de la Souche, to be brief, who is supposed to be a sensible man and who appears so grave in many passages, does he not descend to something too comical and too exaggerated in the fifth act, when he declares the vehemence of his love for Agnes, with that wild rolling of his eyes, those ridiculous sighs, those silly tears, which set every one laughing?

MAR. Wonderful, egad!

CL. Miraculous!

EL. Long live Mr. Lysidas!

LYS. I pass over a hundred thousand other things, for fear of being tedious.

MAR. Upon my word, Chevalier, you are in for it!

DOR. We shall see.

MAR. You have met your man.

DOR. Perhaps so.

MAR. Answer, answer, answer, answer.

DOR. Willingly. It is . . .

MAR. Answer, I beg you.

DOR. Allow me then. If . . .

MAR. 'Gad, I defy you to answer.

DOR. Yes. If you talk perpetually.

CL. Pray let us hear his reasons.

DOR. First, it is not true to say that the whole piece consists only of narratives. There is a good deal of action in it, passing on the stage; the narratives are themselves actions, according to the constitution of the piece, inasmuch as these narratives are all naturally told to the person concerned, who, by these means, is every moment thrown into a confusion which delights the audience, and who, at each fresh tiding, takes all the measures he can to ward off the misfortune which he dreads.

UR. For my part, I think the beauty of the subject of *The School for Wives* consists in this continual confidence; and what seems to me diverting enough is, that a sensible man who is warned of everything by an innocent creature whom he loves, and by a marplot, who is his rival, cannot, for all that, escape his fate.

MAR. Nonsense! nonsense!

CL. A weak answer.

EL. Pitiful reasons.

DOR. As to the *children through the ear*, it has no jest in it except as regards Arnolphe; the author did not insert it as a jest, but only as a characteristic of the man, and the better to depict his craze; since he repeats a vulgar, stupid saying of Agnes as the finest thing in

the world, and one which has given him inconceivable pleasure.

MAR. Wretchedly answered.

CL. That will not satisfy us.

EL. It is saying nothing.

DOR. As to the money which he gives so liberally, besides that the letter of his best friend is a sufficient surety for him, it is by no means incompatible for a man to be ridiculous in some things and worthy in others. And as to the scene between Alain and Georgette, in the house, which some think long and insipid, it is certainly not without its reasons; and just as Arnolphe is victimized during his journey by the pure innocence of his mistress, so, on his return, he is kept a long time at his own door by the innocence of his servants, just that he may be punished throughout by the very things whereby he thought to make his precautions good.

MAR. These reasons are good-for-nothing.

CL. All this is not worth a jot.

EL. It is pitiful.

DOR. As to the moral discourse, which you call a sermon, it is a fact that truly religious people who heard it saw nothing that shocked what you mentioned; and doubtless those words, "hell," and "boiling caldrons" are sufficiently justified by the extravagance of Arnolphe, and by the innocence of her to whom he speaks. As for the amorous transports of the fifth act, which you blame as too exaggerated and burlesqued, I should like to know whether this is not a satire on lovers, and whether sober people, and even the most staid, on such occasions, do not do things . . .

MAR. Upon my word, Chevalier, you had better hold your tongue.

DOR. Very well. In short, if we were to look at ourselves when we are much in love . . .

MAR. I will not so much as listen to you.

DOR. Hear me, pray. In the violence of our passion . . .

MAR. Tol, lol, lol, lol, de rol, tol, lol, lol, lol, de rol. (*Humming.*)

DOR. What?

MAR. Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol, de rol, tol, lol, lol, de rol.

DOR. I am not aware . . .

MAR. Tol, lol, lol, lol, de rol, tol, lol, lol, lol, de rol.

UR. I think that . . .

MAR. Tol, lol, lol, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

UR. There are many funny things in our discussion. I fancy a little comedy might be made out of them, and that it would not be a bad wind-up to *The School for Wives.*

DOR. You are right.

MAR. Egad, Chevalier, you would play a part in it not at all to your advantage.

DOR. True, Marquis.

CL. For my part, I wish it could be done, if they could give the whole thing just as it has happened.

EL. And I would gladly furnish them with my part.

LYS. I think I should not refuse them mine.

UR. As every one is satisfied, Chevalier, write out our discussion, and give it to Molière, whom you know, to work into a play.

CL. He would not care for it, I am sure; it would be no panegyric upon him.

UR. No, no. I know his mood; he does not mind if people criticise his pieces so that they come to see them.

DOR. Ay. But what ending can we find to this plot? For there can be neither marriage nor recognition, and I do not see how we can finish the discussion.

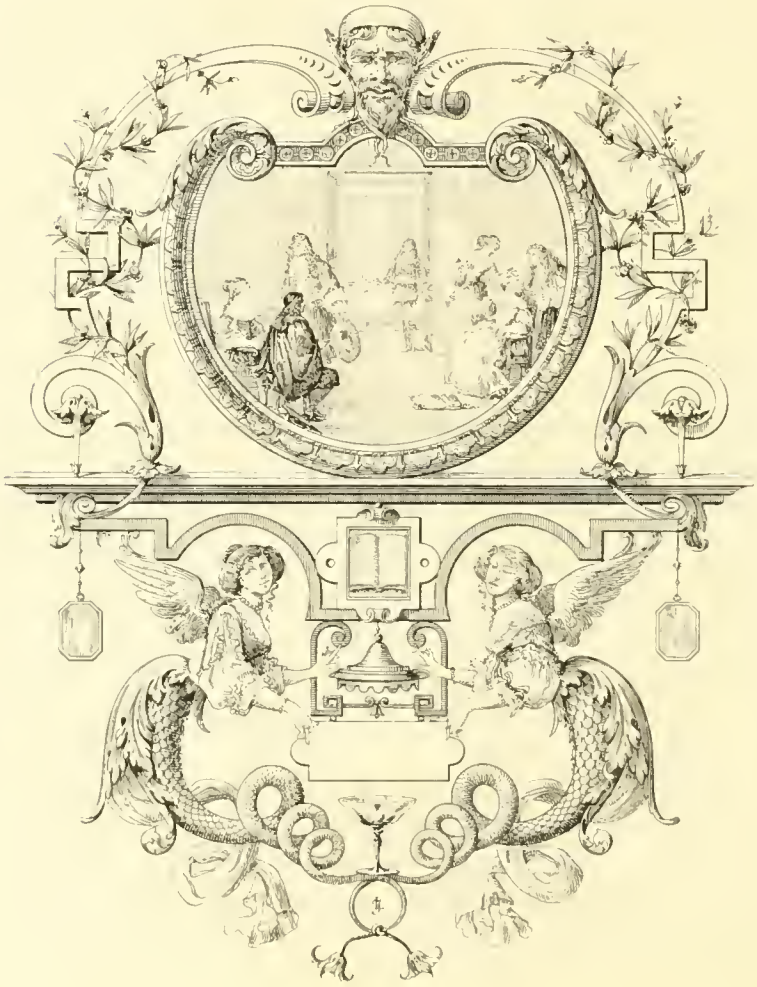
UR. We must think of some incident for that.

SCENE LAST.—Climene, Urania, Eliza, Dorante, Marquis, Lysidas, Galopin.

Gal. Madam, supper is ready.

Dor. Ah! This is just what we wanted for an ending and we can find nothing more natural. They shall dispute hard and fast on both sides, as we have done, without any one giving way; a boy shall come and say "supper is ready;" every one shall rise and go to supper.

Ur. The comedy cannot end better; we shall do well to stop here.



NOTES

[1] Eliza is the first part created by Molière's wife, who had only been married about fifteen months. Our author always wrote for his wife parts in which sharp sayings, caustic wit, and a certain amount of coquetry are to be found. Madam Molière begins as Eliza, and ends as Célimène, in *The Misanthrope*.

[2] The original has *turlupinades*. Turlupins were certain heretics, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, condemned by the Roman Catholic Church; hence the name, after some time, was given to any bad poet. There was an actor at the hôtel de Bourgogne, Henri Legrand, who died in 1634, and was a famous *turlupin*. After the performance of *The School for Wives criticised*, the Marquis affected the name of *turlupins*.

[3] The language of the markets, *halles*, is not very choice, something like "Billingsgate." The Place Maubert is a square in Paris, at the foot of the Montagne St. Geneviève, in the thickly populated neighborhood of the quartier Mouffetard. Various origins are adduced for its name, but the most feasible seems to me this one. In the fourteenth century a celebrated German professor of Philosophy settled in Paris, and met in a short time with such a great success that no building could be found large enough to contain his audience. He therefore delivered his lectures in the open air. His name was maître Albert Groot (Albertus Magnus), hence the contraction Maubert for maître Albert. After this and until very lately, in fact until the improvements inaugurated by the Empire took a corner of it away to make room for the Boulevard St. Germain, it was a rendezvous for mountebanks, bear-leaders, and fire-eaters, a sort of fair as is now the Place de la Bastille, hence the allusion to the *double entendres*.

[4] There is a pun in the original which cannot be translated: *chacun vous voit de bon œil* means "every one is pleased to see you," but *Bonneuil* is also a village three leagues from Paris.

[5] See *The Pretentious Young Ladies*.

[6] Molière's troop was then playing at the Palais Royal.

[7] See Act i, Scene 2.

[8] See Act i, Scene 1.

[9] See Act ii, Scene 3.

[10] There are no nouns in the French language for "averting," and "hiding:" Molière coins here *détournement* and *cachement*, but these words have not been adopted.

[11] *Obscénité* was then in French a new word; it was employed for the first time by the translators of the Bible, called *traducteurs de Mons*.

[12] The original has *la caution n'est pas bourgeoise*, a saying which owes its origin to the ancient custom of giving a certain number of the chief citizens of a town as hostages to a conqueror; hence it came to mean "a security as good as that of any well-known townsman." Molière uses the same term in *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, when Mascarille says: "I shall . . . expect very good security that they do me no mischief."

[13] The name of this fine gentleman has come down to us; he was called Plapisson, and used the words which Dorante mentions at the representation of *The School for Wives*.

[14] See Prefatory Memoir, note 7.

[15] See *The Pretentious Young Ladies*.

[16] Compare, in *The Misanthrope* (Act ii, Scene 5), the description of Damis by Céliméne.

[17] This idea is also developed by Molière in *The Countess of Escarbagnas* (Scene 10), and in *The Blue Stockings* (Act iii, Scene 2). Both these plays will be found in the third volume.

[18] See *The School for Wives*, Act v, Scene 4.

[19] Normandy is especially an apple-growing country; hence the allusion to the custom of throwing cooked or raw apples at the actors who displease the public.

[20] The original has *s'encanailler*, a word which had only lately been coined by the Marchioness de Maulny, one of the *précieuses*.

[21] Compare Dryden's *Defense of the Epilogue*, in which he states:—"Whence is it that our conversation is so much refined? I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court; and in it, particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it." Sir Walter Scott, in a note on these words, remarks, "This passage, though complimentary to Charles, contains much sober truth."

[22] See *The School for Wives*, Act i, Scene 2.

[23] See *The School for Wives*, Act iii, Scene 2.

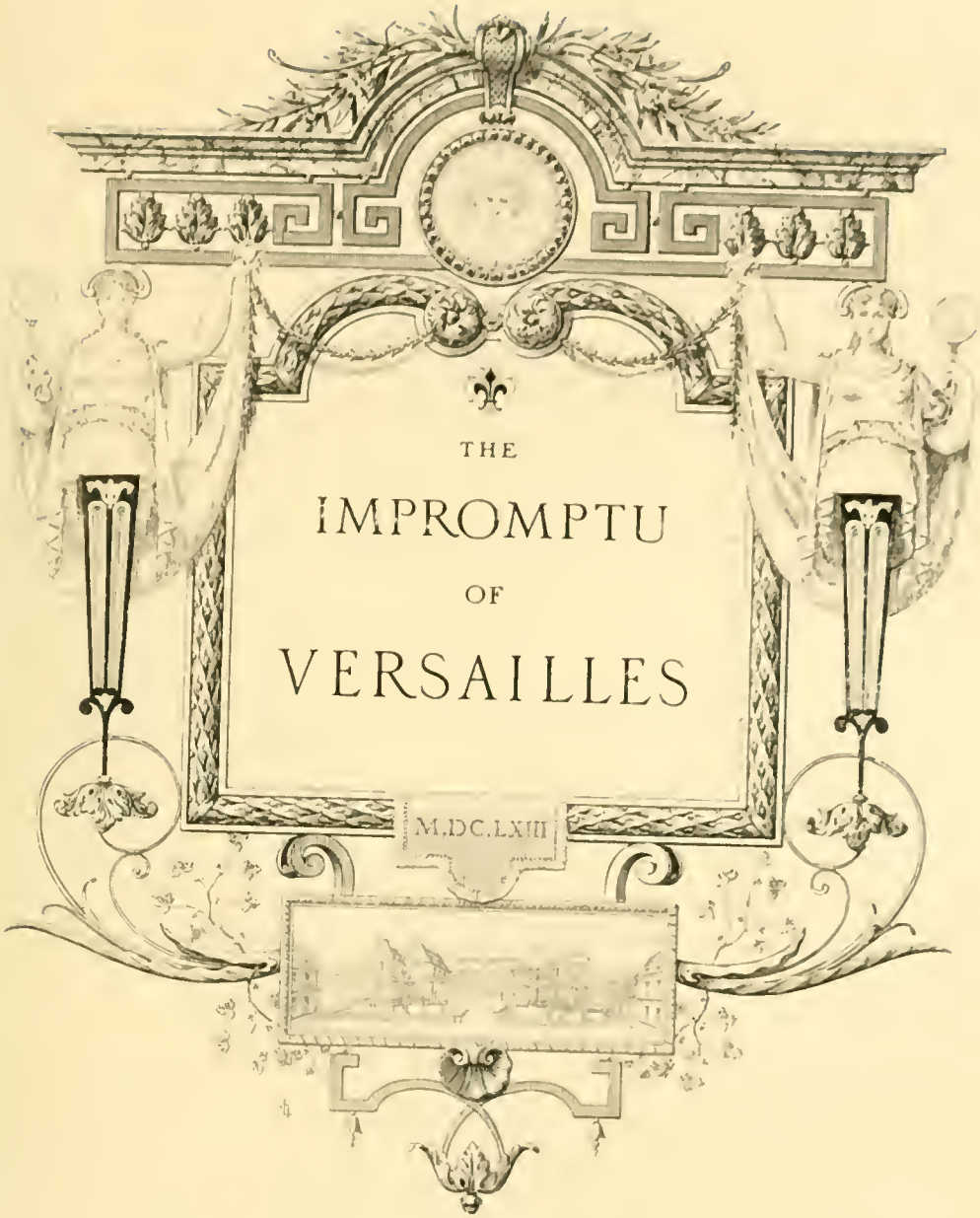
LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

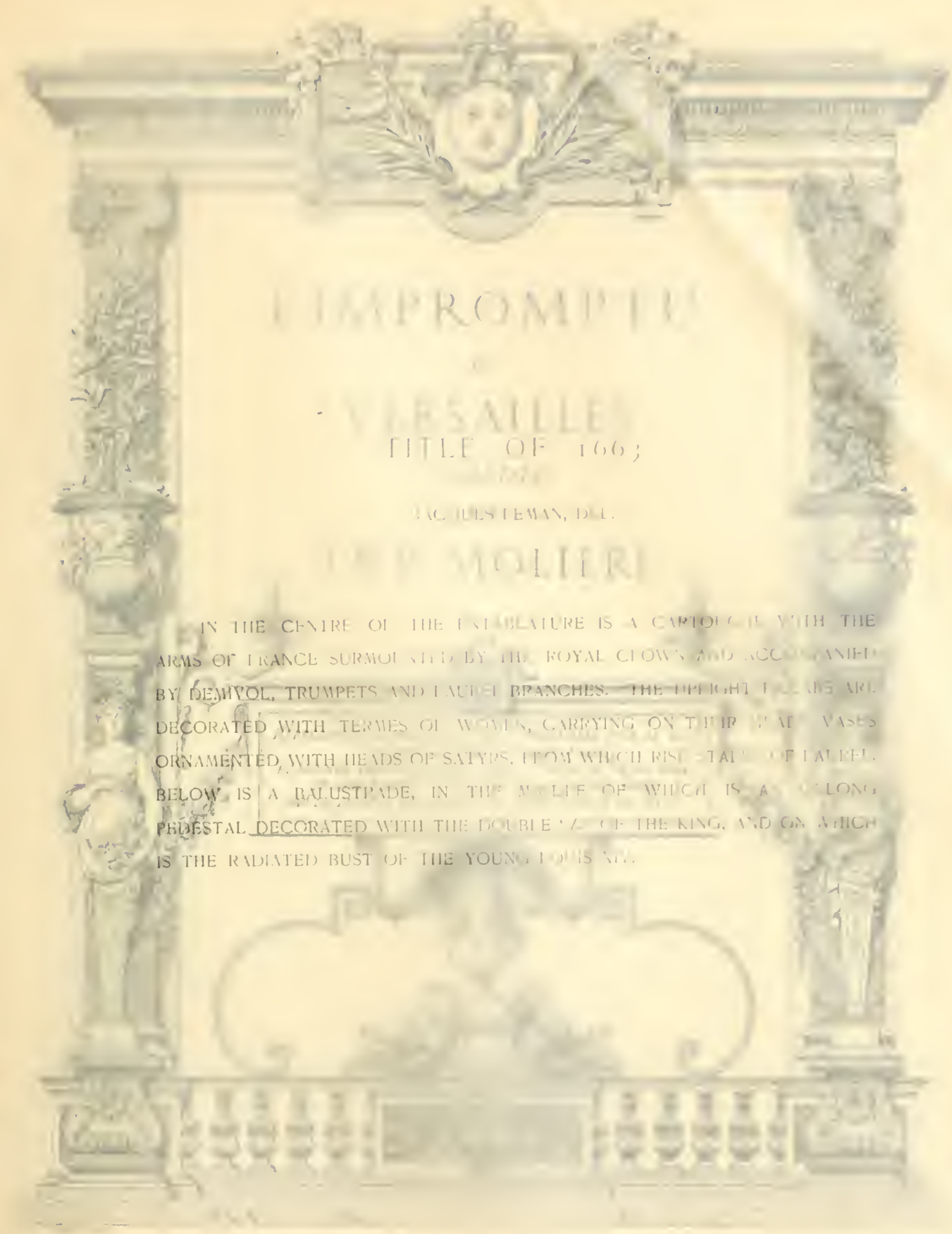
THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED

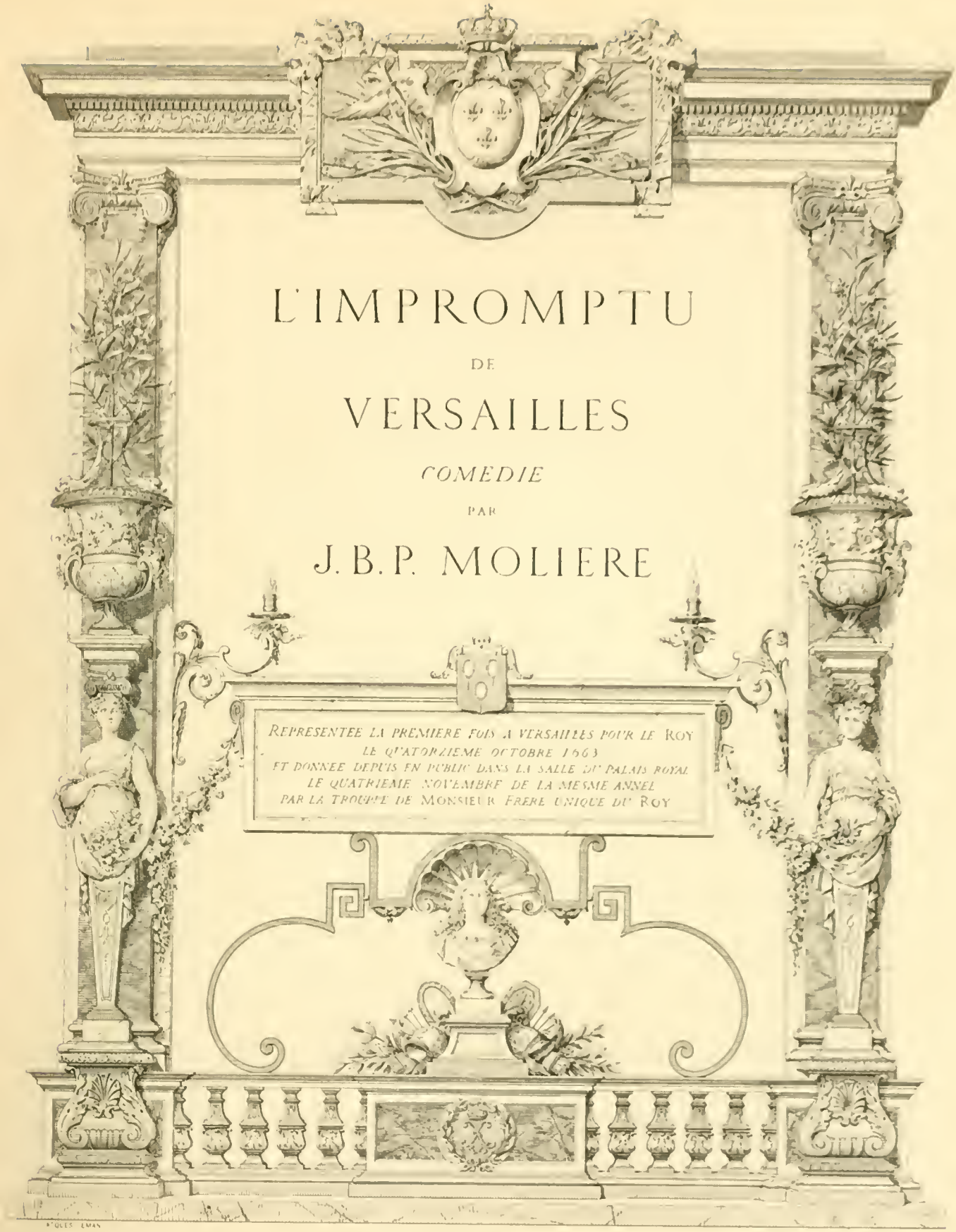
		After	
THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED		Jacques Leman	5
TITLE OF 1663		" "	7
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ		" "	13
THE MARQUIS, CLIMENE, URANIA, ELIZA AND GALOPIN	Scene IV	" "	15
THE MARQUIS, CLIMENE, URANIA, ELIZA AND GALOPIN	Scene IV	Edm. Hédouin	20
LYSIDAS, CLIMENE, URANIA, ELIZA, DORANTE AND THE MARQUIS	Scene VII	Jacques Leman	26
CLIMENE, URANIA, ELIZA, DORANTE, THE MARQUIS, LYSIDAS AND GALOPIN	Scene VIII	" "	30

THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES

IN THE CENTRE OF A TABLET IS THE TITLE OF THE PLAY, *THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES*, AND BELOW IN THE FRAME THE DATE *MDCLXXII*. ABOVE IN THE FRIEZE IS THE SUN OF LOUIS XIV. SUPPORTING THE FRAME ARE TERMES OF WOMEN, EACH HOLDING A MIRROR. BELOW IN AN OBLONG FRAME IS THE FRONT OF THE OLD CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES.


THE
IMPROMPTU
OF
VERSAILLES
M.DC.LXIII


L'IMPROMPTU
DE
VERSAILLES
TITLE OF 1663
JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.
POUR MOLIERE
IN THE CENTRE OF THE ENTABLATURE IS A CARTOUCHE WITH THE ARMS OF FRANCE SURMOUNTED BY THE ROYAL CROWN AND ACCOMPANIED BY DEMIVOL, TRUMPETS AND LAUREL BRANCHES. THE UPRIGHT PILLARS ARE DECORATED WITH TERMES OF WOMEN, CARRYING ON THEIR HEADS VASES ORNAMENTED WITH HEADS OF SATYRS, FROM WHICH RISE TALLS OF LAUREL. BELOW IS A BALUSTRADE, IN THE MIDDLE OF WHICH IS A LONG PEDESTAL DECORATED WITH THE DOUBLE LIZ OF THE KING, AND ON WHICH IS THE RADIATED BUST OF THE YOUNG LOUIS XIV.


L'IMPROMPTU
DE
VERSAILLES
COMEDIE
PAR
J. B. P. MOLIERE
REPRESENTEE LA PREMIERE FOIS A VERSAILLES POUR LE ROY
LE QUATORZIEME OCTOBRE 1663
ET DONNEE DEPUIS EN PUBLIC DANS LA SALLE DU PALAIS ROYAL
LE QUATRIEME NOVEMBRE DE LA MESME ANNEE
PAR LA TROUPPE DE MONSIEUR FRERE UNIQUE DU ROY

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

In the delightful *Impromptu de Versailles*, which was performed for the first time at Versailles, during some part of the month of October, 1663,[1] Moliere hits round freely and pleasantly at all the world, himself included; but the principal object which he had in its conception was to retaliate upon his critics, and, in particular, upon his rivals of the hôtel de Bourgogne. *The School for Wives criticised* had, by its keen satire, exasperated that part of Parisian society which had been loudest in its cavils at Moliere's genius and success; and they who had felt the directness of his blows thirsted for revenge. The rival company, eager to pay their satirist in his own coin, and anticipating a run upon a play which should hold the poet up to ridicule, commissioned a young and unknown writer, Edme Boursault,[2] to supply them with a new comedy, and the result was *The Painter's Portrait*, in which *The School for Wives* is one of the staple subjects of ridicule. This piece, which was not represented until the last week in October, was well attended, and still more applauded; but its merits were not such as to bring lasting fame to its author. There can, however, be no doubt that Molière was hit by it rather harder than would appear from the dignified manner in which he rejoins—or rather declines to rejoin—to it in the *Impromptu*. It has been said that Molière and his company were sent for by the king to Versailles, and that Louis commanded his favorite comic dramatist to reply to the attack of his critics, for which purpose he placed the Court theatre at his disposal. Molière found the task a difficult one, having only a few days in which to execute the commission; but he cannot be held to have done anything unworthy of his fame in the bright and sparkling *Impromptu*. It satisfied the King; and as a reply to Boursault's play was acted on the 4th of November at the Théâtre of the Palais-Royal, and subsequently for three weeks, with considerable effect in bringing Moliere's rivals back to their senses. I strongly suspect that between the performance at Court and that before the public, Molière enhanced and deepened some of his remarks against Boursault, and that the latter, Montfleury and De Villiers, did the same with the plays they wrote, attacking Molière. In any case, our author did not think *The Impromptu of Versailles* of sufficiently enduring interest to merit printing and it was not until after his death that his friend La Grange gave it to the world.

It must have astonished the Court to see on the rising of the curtain Molière and his troupe not disguised, but in their every-day apparel, with their ordinary countenances, all quarreling among themselves, grumbling at the manager and author, preparing for a rehearsal, and behaving as if there was no public before them, and, above all, such a courtly public as was to be found in the Salle des Comédies at Versailles. But the fiction that the King was not present, and should not come for a couple of hours, saved appearances.

It is to be regretted that Molière in *The Impromptu* gave way to personalities,—a habit in which dramatic authors were formerly inclined to indulge too freely in every country, and which the improved good taste of the public has now generally banished from the stage.

The Impromptu was attempted to be answered by Montfleury, junior, in *l'Impromptu de l'hôtel de condé*, and by De Villiers in *la Vengeance des Marquis;* both these plays were acted at the hôtel de Bourgogne, but are now deservedly forgotten. The actors of the hôtel du Marais (see Prefatory Memoir) tried to remain neutral, and played a comedy by Chevalier, called *les Amours de Calotin*, in which both parties, the troupe of Molière and that of the hôtel de Bourgogne, are faintly criticised. Two dissertations about *The School for Wives*, in the form of dialogues, were also printed, but not acted; the one was called *Le Panégyrique de l'Ecole des Femmes, ou conversation comique sur les Oeuvres de M. de Molière*, by Robinet; the other, which probably concludes in favor of Molière, bore the title of *La Guerre comique, ou la Défense de l'Ecole des Femmes*, and was written by de la Croix. In *Le Panégyrique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, published in Paris by *Jean Guignard, le fils, en la grande salle du Palais, à l'image de St. Jean*, 1664, the author makes an Englishman (Lysandre) give his opinion upon *The School for Wives*. Upon being asked whether he had seen the piece, he answers that if business had not taken him to Paris, he would have come expressly in order to see it, as it had made a great noise already in England. Says he in reply to a question as regards the feeling upon it in his own country: "Two reasons prevent it being to the taste of every one, the first that it is a languishing comedy, and that, as you are aware, the English only like pure tragedy; the second, that the master of this school is morose and peevish, and wishes to make husbands the reverse of what they are in England, at which our ladies are not altogether pleased." A friend of his, a Frenchman, replies to this:—"You are right, the husbands there are altogether good, I know it by experience. I have seen some here, who have really surprised me by their goodness. Far from being jealous of their wives, they like those who pay them attentions, and you can do them no greater favor than flatter their better halves."

As in *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Molière's actors appear, not in their dramatic, but in their own, characters, it behooves us to say something of them here. In the Prefatory Memoir we have stated the names of those actors who were members of the Illustre Théâtre, as well as those who left with Molière for the provinces, and those who returned to Paris with him. We shall now briefly give a few details about the actors of the troupe of Molière in 1663: Only two of them, Messrs. Duparc and Debrie, are not mentioned in the list of Dramatis Personæ of *The Impromptu;* later on, Hubert, Baron, Beauval and his wife, and Marie de l'Estang became members of his company.

Brécourt, whose real name was Guillaume Marcoureau, was a member of Molière's troupe only from June 1662 until Easter 1664; before that time he had been an actor at the Théâtre du Marais, and, after a quarrel with Molière, left him for the hôtel de Bourgogne. His life was full of accidents. Having killed a coachman, he was obliged to fly to Holland, took service there under the Prince of Orange; but having failed in his attempt to carry off one of his countrymen whom the French ministry wished to get hold of, and whom Brécourt had promised to deliver into their hands, he came back to Paris, received his pardon, and returned to the stage. He once, in presence of Louis XIV., and after a severe struggle, killed a wild boar with a sword. As a dramatic author he possesses some, though not great, merit. One of his pieces, *The Ghost of Molière*, written after Molière's death, and in his praise, is dedicated to the Duke d'Enghien, formerly a great enemy of Molière; it was played at the hôtel de Bourgogne; and was for a long time printed at the end of Molière's works. Brécourt died March 28th, 1685, from his having broken a blood vessel, whilst playing before the Court in his own comedy *Timon*.

Charles Varlet, known as de la Grange, was one of the best actors of Molière's troupe, and the very words our author uses in addressing him (see page 23) prove this. He was the official orator of the company, delivered all the customary speeches, and announced the new plays at the closing or opening of the theatre. Together with Vinot, he published in 1682 the first collected edition of Molière's works, in which appeared for the first time, *Don Garcia of Navarre*, *The Impromptu of Versailles*, *Don Juan*, *Mélicerte*, *The Magnificent Lovers*, *The Countess of Escarbagnas*, and *The Hypochondriac*. He died on the first of March, 1692, and left behind him a manuscript book, in quarto, which is even now carefully kept in an iron chest by the *Comédie Francaise*, and has for its title: "*Extrait des receptes et des affaires de la Comédie depuis pasques de l'année 1659, apartenant au sr. de la Grange, l'un des comédiens du Roy.*"

Du Croisy, whose real name was Philbert Gassot, was a very able actor, who played the part of Tartuffe. After Molière's death he withdrew from the stage, and went to live at Conflans-Sainte-Honorine, in the neighborhood of Paris, where he died in 1695.

La Thorillière, whose real name was Lenoir, had been a captain in an infantry regiment, and *maréchal de camp*. Smitten by a theatrical mania, he asked and obtained permission from Louis XIV. to resign, and to adopt the stage as a profession. He was of lofty stature, and is said to have played kings and peasants very well, for, in Molière's time, these two parts were played by the same actor. A tragedy of his, *Marc Antoine et Cléopâtre*, which was never printed, had some success in its time. He died in 1680.

Louis Béjart, surnamed L'Eguisé, the sharp one, one of the early actors in Molière's troupe, was a younger brother of Madeleine and Geneviève Béjart, and appears to have acted servants' parts. He became lame in trying to separate two of his friends who wished to fight a duel. He was pensioned off in 1670, and died in 1678.

Madam Dupare was the wife of Berthelot, otherwise called Dupare, with the cognomen of Gros-René, because he was very stout. Both husband and wife had joined Molière's troupe at Lyons in 1653, and remained with him, except for one year, when they were with the troupe

of the Marais. Madam Duparc played the princesses in tragedies, and was so very handsome, that she attracted, and scandal says, responded to, the attentions of some of the most celebrated poets of the day. In 1667, three years after the death of her husband, she went to the hôtel de Bourgogne, and there acted Andromaque in Racine's tragedy of that name. Report states that she was rather stiff and ceremonious: hence, in answer to Molière's remarks in the *Impromptu* (see page 23), she replies "that no one in the world" is less so than she. She died in 1668, only twenty-five years old.

Madam Madeleine Béjart's life has been already described in the Prefatory Memoir; to which we refer the reader.

Madam Debrie, the wife of Edme Villequin Debrie, played inferior parts in Molière's troupe. The stage gossip of the times, at no period a very sound authority, pretends that she had been beloved by Molière. She was a very good and handsome actress, and acted, amongst others, the parts of Isabella in *The School for Husbands*, of Agnès in *The School for Wives*, and of Éliante in *The Misanthrope*. She retained her youthful appearance to an advanced age, and died in 1706.

Madam Molière was the wife of our celebrated author. In the Prefatory Memoir I have already given some details of her marriage, and of the way in which she is said to have behaved to her husband. Her great charm appears to have been in her voice, which, according to all accounts, was both musical and pre-eminently feminine. The author of the *Entretiens galants* says: "Of this she is herself so well aware, that she has a different tone of voice for every different part she plays:" hence she was an excellent actress. It has been generally said that Molière describes his wife in *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman* (see Act iii, Scene 9) in the following words: "Her eyes are not large, but they are full of fire, the most brilliant, the most piercing, the most moving, imaginable. Her mouth is large; but it possesses attractions unseen in other mouths. She is not tall; but she is easy and elegant. She affects a careless air in her speech and carriage, but there is grace in all, and her manners have an inexpressible charm that appeals to every heart. Her wit is most refined and delicate; her conversation delightful; and if she be capricious beyond compare,—why, everything is becoming in a beauty, and we bear everything from a beauty."

If we are to believe the gossip of the time, as repeated but not substantiated by many of Molière's biographers, Madam Molière must have been a very depraved woman, who chose her lovers amongst the most elegant courtiers, such as the Duke de Lauzun, the Abbé de Richelieu, Count du Guiche, and several others. These accusations are really backed by very little proof; but that Molière was jealous is only too well ascertained. According to a libelous booklet, published fifteen years after Molière's death, and called: *La Femeuse comédienne, ou Histoire de la Guérin, auparavant femme et veuve de Molière*,[3] which is a storehouse of the scandal from behind the wings, and has been a repository for all the attacks made against Molière or his wife,—our author was one day walking with his friend Chapelle in his garden at Auteuil, "who perceiving him to be more than usually out of sorts, pressed him several times to tell him the reason." Molière, who was somewhat ashamed to have so little fortitude under so common a misfortune, avoided replying as long as he could; but, as

he was just then in one of those moods when the heart is full, so well known to persons in love, he yielded to the desire of unbosoming himself, and confessed frankly to his friend that the cause of his dejection was the manner in which he was compelled to treat his wife. Chapelle, who thought Molière above that sort of thing, rallied him, because a man who could so well depict the foibles of others gave way to the very one he was constantly attacking; adding, that the most absurd thing of all was to continue loving a woman who responds in no way to the tenderness lavished upon her! "As for me," he continued, "I own that if I were so unfortunate as to find myself in such a case, and if I had a strong suspicion that the person in question granted her favors to others, I should feel so much scorn for her that it would infallibly cure me of my passion. Moreover, you have a satisfaction which you could not have were she a mistress; for vengeance, which generally succeeds to love in a heart that has been wronged, may indemnify you for all that your wife makes you suffer; since you have only to shut her up, and that will be a sure means of setting your mind at rest." Molière, who had listened to his friend pretty quietly, here interrupted him to inquire whether he had ever been in love? "Yes," replied Chapelle, "I have been so, as a sensible man should be; but I should never have fretted at a course which my honor required I should pursue; and I blush to find you so uneasy." "I see you have never yet been really in love," answered Molière; "you have taken the semblance of love for love itself. I will not quote you a great many examples showing the potency of this passion; I will merely describe to you faithfully my own condition, that you may comprehend how little one is master of one's self, when once the passion has assumed that ascendency of which temperament is usually the cause. In answer to your remark upon my perfect knowledge of the human heart, judging by those delineations of character which I daily put forth, I agree that I studied myself to the utmost, in order the more thoroughly to know its weakness; but if my knowledge has taught me that peril is to be shunned, my experience has but too truly proved to me that it is impossible to avoid it; I learn this every day in my own case. I am by nature gifted with a great propensity to tenderness . . . , I wished that the innocence of my choice should be a guarantee for my happiness. I took my wife, so to say, from her cradle. I brought her up with a care which was the cause of the rumors you have no doubt heard. I imagined that force of habit would inspire her with feelings which time could not destroy. I have omitted nothing which might tend to win them. As she was very young when I married her I did not perceive her bad tendencies; and I believed myself a little less unfortunate than the generality of those who enter into similar engagements. Marriage, therefore, did not slacken my attentions; but I discovered in her so much indifference, that I began to perceive that all my precaution had been useless, and that what she felt towards me was far removed from what I could have desired to form my happiness. I reproached myself with feeling a delicacy which seemed to me ridiculous in a husband. I attributed to her mood what was in fact her want of affection for me. But I had only too many opportunities to convince me of my error; and the foolish passion she displayed shortly after for the Count de Guiche was too notorious for me to remain long in this apparent tranquillity. As soon as I heard of it I spared no pains to conquer my own feelings, as I felt it impossible to change hers. I summoned all my strength

of mind to this end. I called to my aid everything that might tend to console me. I considered her as one whose sole merit was her innocence; and who, because she was unfaithful, retained none. I resolved from that time to live with her as a man of honor should who has a coquettish wife, and who believes, notwithstanding what is generally said, that his good name is not dependent upon his wife's ill behavior. Yet I had the mortification to see that a woman without beauty, and one who owes the small amount of wit she possesses to the education which I had given her, could destroy in a single moment all my philosophy. Her presence makes me forget my resolutions; and the very first word she says to me in her own defense leaves me so convinced that my suspicions were unfounded, that I ask her pardon for having been so credulous. Yet my indulgence has not changed her. I have therefore determined to live with her as if she were not my wife; but if you knew what I suffer you would pity me. My passion has reached such a height that it actually takes her part against myself; and when I reflect how impossible it is to overcome what I feel for her, I, at the same time, tell myself that perhaps she has equal difficulty in suppressing her inclination for coquetry: thus finding myself more ready to pity than to blame her. No doubt, you will tell me that a man must be mad to love in such a manner; but, in my opinion, there is only one sort of love, and those who have never had such delicate feelings have never truly loved. Every earthly thing is associated with her in my heart; my mind is so full of her, that I can do nothing in her absence to divert my thoughts. When I behold her, a thrill of emotion and transport, which can be experienced but not expressed, deprives me of composure. I have no eyes left for her defects: I see only all that renders her so irresistible. Is not this the height of infatuation? And do you not wonder to find that what sense I have left serves but to make me perceive my weakness, without the power of conquering it?" "I confess, indeed," answered his friend, "that you are more to be pitied than I could have believed; but we must hope all from time. Meanwhile, do not relax your efforts; they will produce their effect when you least expect it. For my part, I shall not cease my prayers that your wishes may speedily be crowned." He thereupon withdrew; leaving Molière, who remained for some time lost in thought on the means of relieving his distress of mind.

Four years after Molière's death his widow married another comedian, François Guerin du Tricher or d'Estriche, who appears not to have possessed the intellectual qualities of her first husband, but to have had other charms which captivated the fair widow, if we can believe an epigram written at the time of her marriage, in which it is said that Madam Molière had little love for her first husband, who was all mind, but much for her second, who was all body. She died the 30th of November, 1700, about fifty-eight years old.

Madam Du Croisy, whose maiden name was Marie Claveau, was an actress of very little talent. Her daughter was Madam Poisson (see Prefatory Memoir).

Madam Herve, whose real name was Géneviève Bejart, was an elder sister of Madam Molière, and took the name of Madam Herve, after her mother. She was twice married. Of her talents as an actress very little is known. As to her acquaintance with Molière, we have given a suggestion of Soulie in the Prefatory Memoir. She died at the end of June, 1675.

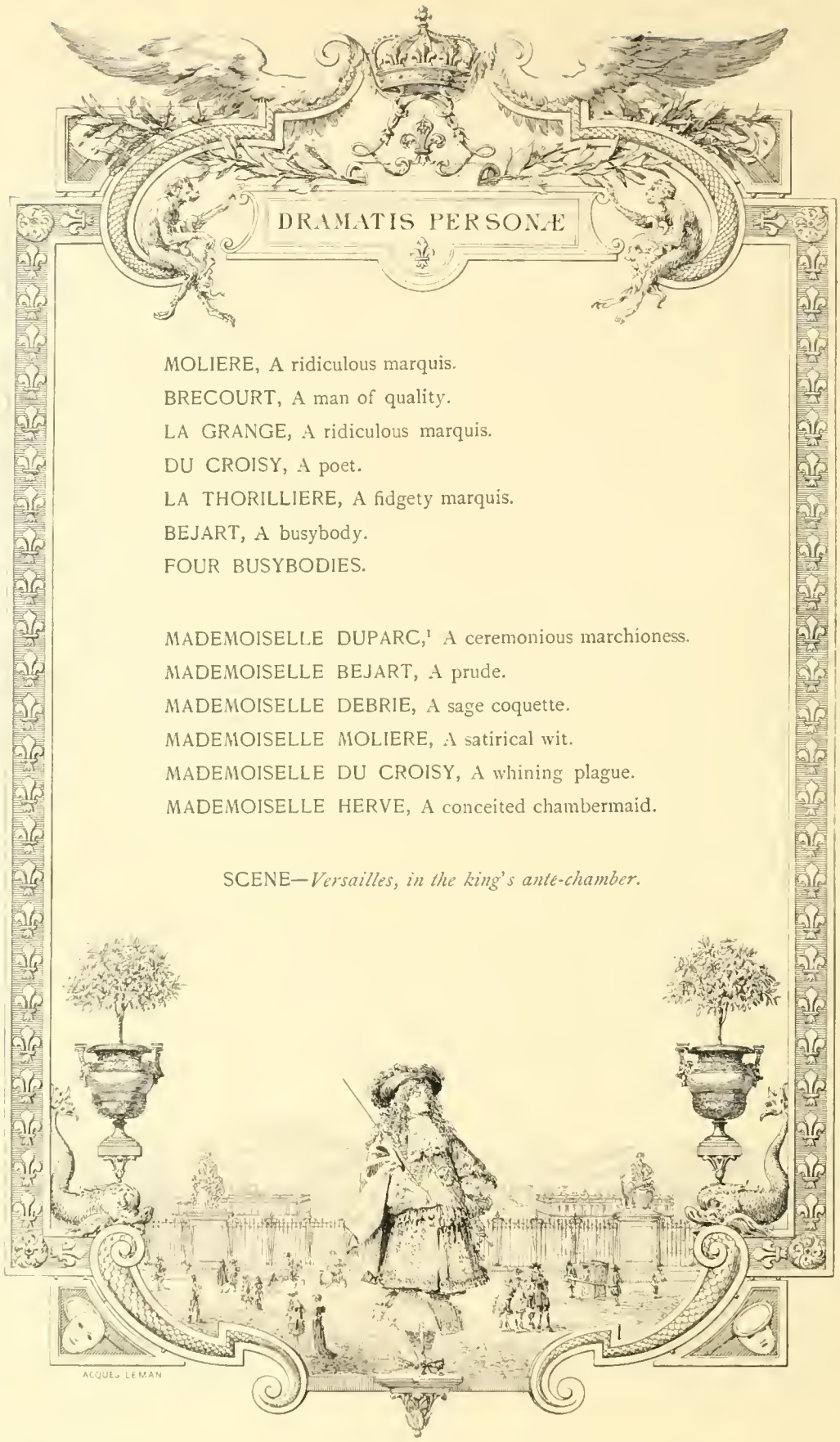
I have said above that *The Impromptu* was first represented before Louis XIV., hence its name of *Impromptu de Versailles*. It may be interesting to know how the actors and actresses were treated when at court. They each received an extra pay of six livres, all their expenses were paid, and even carriages were provided. If they had to go out of town the troupe had one thousand crowns per month, and each actor and actress two crowns per day for their expenses, as well as free lodgings. In summer, as well as in winter, each had three logs (*pièces*) of wood, one bottle of wine, one loaf, and when at the Louvre two wax candles; when at Saint Germain one large candle weighing two pounds; they also had every day when they played at the king's a lunch, which cost twenty five crowns. This is what M. Chappuzeau states in his *Théâtre Français*, but the picture appears a little over-drawn, though it may have been true during the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. But later on, if we consult the *régistres de la Comédie Française*, we find that no carriages nor extras were provided, and that often the indemnity which was allowed did not cover the expenses.

NOTES

[1] According to Taschereau's *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Molière*, Vol. I, page 82, and which precedes the works of our author, edited by the same gentleman, in 1858, in six volumes, Molière and his troupe did not go to Versailles before the 16th of October, and remained there until the 23d; hence *The Impromptu* could not have been performed on the 14th of that month, as is generally stated. In looking, however, at the second volume of Molière's works, edited by the same Monsieur Taschereau, I find, page 353, on the title-page of the *Impromptu de Versailles*, "*Représentée . . . le 14 Octobre 1663.*" The edition, published by M. Lemerre, and which is a faithful reprint of the original editions of 1666 and 1682, gives the same date; so does Jal in his *Dictionnaire*, and he even mentions that the King gave two thousand livres to Molière and his troupe for this representation. M. Moland mentions the 24th of October, 1663.

[2] Edme Boursault (1638-1701) was a dramatic author of moderate talents, but whose kind and frank character gained him many friends. *Le Mercure Galant*, *Ésope à la ville*, and *Ésope à la cour*, are considered his best plays.

[3] This book was published in 1688 at Frankfort, by Frans Rottemberg.

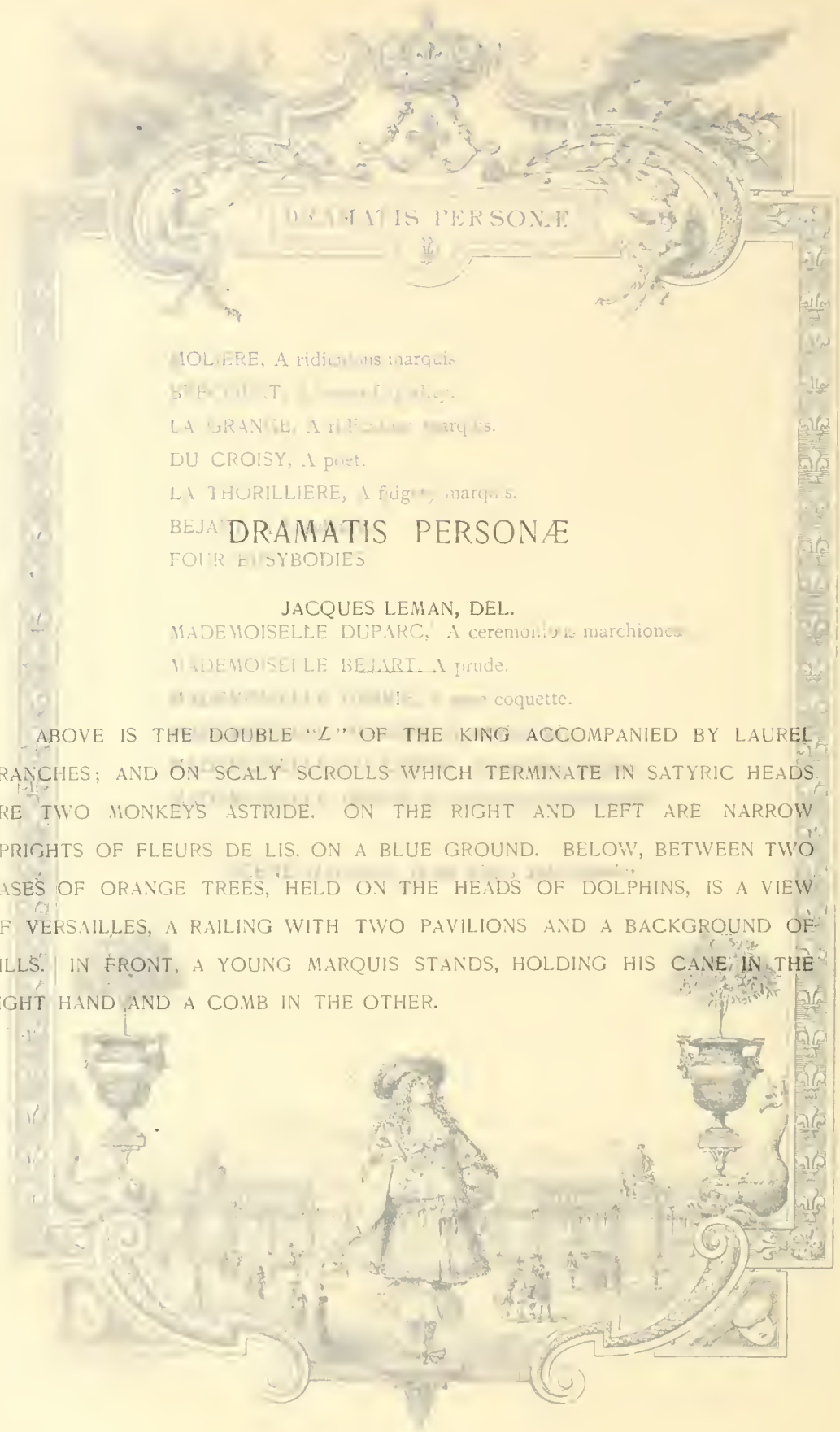


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MOLIERE, A ridiculous marquis.
BRECOURT, A man of quality.
LA GRANGE, A ridiculous marquis.
DU CROISY, A poet.
LA THORILLIERE, A fidgety marquis.
BEJART, A busybody.
FOUR BUSYBODIES.

MADEMOISELLE DUPARC,[1] A ceremonious marchioness.
MADEMOISELLE BEJART, A prude.
MADEMOISELLE DEBRIE, A sage coquette.
MADEMOISELLE MOLIERE, A satirical wit.
MADEMOISELLE DU CROISY, A whining plague.
MADEMOISELLE HERVE, A conceited chambermaid.

SCENE—*Versailles, in the king's ante-chamber.*



ABOVE IS THE DOUBLE "L" OF THE KING ACCOMPANIED BY LAUREL BRANCHES; AND ON SCALY SCROLLS WHICH TERMINATE IN SATYRIC HEADS ARE TWO MONKEYS ASTRIDE. ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT ARE NARROW UPRIGHTS OF FLEURS DE LIS, ON A BLUE GROUND. BELOW, BETWEEN TWO VASES OF ORANGE TREES, HELD ON THE HEADS OF DOLPHINS, IS A VIEW OF VERSAILLES, A RAILING WITH TWO PAVILIONS AND A BACKGROUND OF HILLS. IN FRONT, A YOUNG MARQUIS STANDS, HOLDING HIS CANE IN THE RIGHT HAND AND A COMB IN THE OTHER.

SCENE I. — MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

MOL. (*Alone, speaking to his fellow-actors behind the scenes.*) Come, ladies and gentlemen, is this delay meant for a joke? Are you never coming here? Plague take the people! I say, Brecourt!

BRE. (*Behind.*) What?

MOL. La Grange!

LA GR. (*Behind.*) What is it?

MOL. Du Croisy!

DU C. (*Behind.*) Who calls?

MOL. Mademoiselle Duparc!

M'LLE DUP. (*Behind.*) Well?

MOL. Mademoiselle Bejart!

M'LLE BEJ. (*Behind.*) What is the matter?

MOL. Mademoiselle Debrie!

M'LLE DEB. (*Behind.*) What do you want?

MOL. Mademoiselle Du Croisy!

M'LLE DU C. (*Behind.*) Whatever is it?

MOL. Mademoiselle Herve!

M'LLE HER. (*Behind.*) I am coming.

MOL. I think I shall go mad with these people. Listen to me! (*Enter Brecourt, La Grange, Du Croisy.*) Deuce take me! gentlemen, will you drive me out of my wits to-day?

BRE. What would you have us do? We do not know our parts, and you will drive *us* out of our wits, if you force us to play in this style.

MOL. Oh, what an awkward team to drive are actors! (*Enter Mesdemoiselles Bejart, Duparc, Debrie, Molière, Du Croisy, and Herve.*)

M'LLE BEJ. Well, here we are. What do you mean to do?

M'LLE DUP. What is your idea?

M'LLE DEB. What is to be done?

MOL. Pray, let us take our positions; and, since we are ready dressed, and the king will not come for a couple of hours, let us employ the time in rehearsing our piece, and see how we are to play our parts.

LA GR. How are we to play what we do not know?

M'LLE DUP. As for me, I declare that I do not remember a word of my part.

M'LLE DEB. I am sure I shall have to be prompted from beginning to end.

M'LLE BEJ. And I just mean to hold mine in my hand.

M'LLE MOL. So do I.

M'LLE HER. For my part, I have not much to say.

M'LLE DU C. Nor I either; but, for all that, I would not promise not to make a slip.

DU C. I would give ten pistoles to be out of it.

BRE. I would stand a score of good blows with a whip to be the same, I assure you.

MOL. You are all just disgusted at having parts that do not please you. What would you do if you were in my place, I should like to know.

M'LLE BEJ. Who, you? You are not to be pitied; for having written the piece you need not be afraid of tripping.

MOL. And have I nothing to fear but want of memory? Do you reckon the anxiety as to our success, which is entirely my own concern, nothing? And do you think it a trifle to provide something comic for such an assembly as this; to undertake to excite laughter in those who command our respect, and who only laugh when they choose? Must not any author tremble when he comes to such a test? Would it not be natural for me to say that I would give everything in the world to be quit of it?

M'LLE BEJ. If that makes you tremble, you should have been more careful, and not have undertaken what you have done in eight days.

MOL. How could I refuse the command of a king?

M'LLE BEJ. How? By a respectful excuse, based on the impossibility of the thing in the short time that was allowed you. Anyone else in your place would have thought more of his reputation, and would have taken care not to expose himself, as you are doing. What will you do, pray, if the thing fails? Think what advantage all your enemies will take of it.

M'LLE DEB. Ay, to be sure! You ought to have respectfully excused yourself to the king, or required more time.

MOL. Oh! mademoiselle, kings like nothing better than a ready obedience, and are not at all pleased to meet with obstacles. Things are not acceptable, save at the moment when they desire them; to try to delay their amusement is to take away all the charm. They want pleasures that do not keep them waiting; and those that are least prepared are always the most agreeable to them. We ought never to think of ourselves in what they desire of us; our only business is to please them; and when they command us it is our part to respond quickly to their wish. We had better do amiss what they require of us, than not do it soon enough; if we have the shame of not succeeding, we always have the credit of

THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES

SCENE I.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

THE IMAGINARY REHEARSAL. MOLIERE HAS JUST GATHERED TOGETHER HIS COMPANY, AND IN ANSWER TO ALL THEIR COMPLAINTS SAYS:

"HOW COULD I REFUSE THE COMMAND OF A KING?"

[illegible] What do [illegible]?

[illegible] your idea?

[illegible] to be done?

[illegible] take our positions; and, [illegible] dressed, and the king will [illegible] a couple of hours, let us employ [illegible] rehearsing our piece, and see how [illegible] play our parts.

[illegible] How are we to play what we do [illegible]?

[illegible] Dep. As for me, I declare that I do [illegible]

Mlle Dep. I am sure I [illegible] have to be [illegible] to end.

[illegible] Also I [illegible] to hold [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] kind [illegible] nothing [illegible] and are not [illegible] are not acceptable, save at the moment when they desire them, to try to delay their amusement is to take away all the charm. They want pleasures that do not keep them waiting; and those that are least prepared are always the most agreeable to them. We ought never to think of ourselves in what they desire of us; our only business is to please them; and when they command us it is our part to respond quickly to their wish. We had better do amiss what they require of us, than not do it soon enough; if we have the shame of not succeeding, we always have the credit of

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[illegible] you.

[illegible] at having [illegible] that [illegible] please you. What would [illegible] if you were in my place. I should like [illegible]

[illegible] Why, you? You are not to be [illegible] written the piece you need [illegible] imagine.

[illegible] Nothing to fear but want [illegible] the anxiety as [illegible] my own co[illegible] think it a trifle

having speedily obeyed their commands. But now, pray, let us set about our rehearsal.

M'LLE BEJ. What would you have us do, if we do not know our parts?

MOL. I tell you, you shall know them, even if you do not quite know them, can you not fill in out of your own heads, as it is in prose, and you know your subject?

M'LLE BEJ. Thank you for nothing! Prose is worse than verse.

M'LLE MOL. Shall I tell you what it is? You ought to write a comedy in which you could act all alone.

MOL. Be quiet, wife. What a dunce you are!

M'LLE MOL. Thanks, dear husband. That just shows how strangely marriage alters people. You would not have said that to me eighteen months ago.

MOL. Pray be quiet.

M'LLE MOL. It is an odd thing that a trifling ceremony deprives us of all our good qualities, and that a husband and a lover regard the same woman with such different eyes.

MOL. Here is a sermon!

M'LLE MOL. Upon my word, if I were to write a comedy, that should be my subject; I would justify women in many things of which they are accused, and I would make husbands afraid of the contrast between their abrupt manners and the civility of lovers.

MOL. Well, let it pass. We cannot chatter now; we have something else to do.

M'LLE BEJ. But, since you were ordered to work on the subject of the criticism that is passed on you,[2] why not write that comedy of actors[3] that you have talked about so long? It was a ready-made notion, and would have come quite pat; the more so, as, having undertaken to delineate you, they gave you an opportunity to delineate them; it might have been called their portrait, far more justly than all their productions can be called your. For, to try to mimic a comedian in a comic part is not to describe himself, but only offer him the character he represents, and making use of the same touches, and the same lines which he is obliged to employ in the various ridiculous characters that he draws from nature. But to mimic an actor in serious parts is to describe him by faults which are entirely his own, since characters of this kind do not carry either the gestures or ridiculous tones by which the actor is recognized.

MOL. It is true; but I have my reasons for not doing it; between ourselves, I did not think it would be worth the trouble; and, besides, I should want more time to work out the idea. As their days for acting are the same as our own,[4] I have hardly seen them three or four times since we have been in Paris; I have caught nothing of their style of delivery, but what was at once apparent to the eye; I should have to study them more to make my portraits very like them.[5]

M'LLE DUP. I must say I have recognized some of them in your imitations.

M'LLE DEB. I never heard this talked of.

MOL. I had the idea once in my head, but I dismissed it as a trifle, a jest, which might have raised a laugh.

M'LLE DEB. Give me a specimen, as you have given it to others.

MOL. We have no time now.

M'LLE DEB. Just a word or two!

MOL. I thought of a comedy in which there should have been a poet, whose part I would have taken myself, coming to offer a piece to a strolling company fresh from the provinces. "Have you actors and actresses," he was to say, "capable of doing justice to a

play? For my play is a play . . . " "Oh, sir," the comedians were to answer, "we have ladies and gentlemen who have passed muster wherever we have been." "And who plays the kings amongst you?" "There is an actor who sometimes undertakes it." "Who? That well-made young man? Surely you jest. You want a king who is very fat, and as big as four men. A king, by Jove, well stuffed out. A king of vast circumference, who could fill a throne handsomely.[6] Only fancy a well-made king! There is one great fault to begin with; but let me hear him recite a dozen lines." Then the actor should repeat for example, some lines of the king in Nicomède:[7]

> "I say, Araspus, he has too well served me,
> Has raised my power . . . "

and so on, in the most natural manner he could. Then the poet:—"What? Call you that reciting? You are joking. You should say things with an emphasis. Listen to me." (*He imitates Montfleury, a comedian of the hôtel de Bourgogne.*)

> "I say, Araspus," etc.

"Do you see this attitude? Observe that well. There, lay the proper stress on the last line; that is what elicits approbation, and makes the public applaud you." "But, sir," the actor was to answer, "methinks a king who is conversing alone with the captain of his guards talks a little more mildly, and hardly uses this demoniacal tone." "You do not understand it. Go and speak in your way, and see if you get an atom of applause." "Ah, let us hear a scene between a lover and his mistress." On which an actor and actress should have played a scene together—that of Camilla and Curiatius:—[8]

> "Dost go, dear soul, and does this fatal honor
> So charm thee at the cost of all our bliss?
> Ah! now too well I see, etc . . . "

—like the other, as naturally as they could. And the poet would break out: "You are joking; that is good for nothing. This is how you ought to recite it:" (*Imitating Mad. de Beauchateau, an actress of the hôtel de Bourgogne.*)

> "Dost go, dear soul, etc.
> "Nay, but I know the better, etc . . . [9]

"See how natural and impassioned this is. Admire the smiling face she maintains in the deepest affliction." There, that was my idea; and my poet should have run through all the actors in the same manner.

M'lle Deb. I like the notion; and I recognized some of them by the very first lines. Do go on.

Mol. (*Imitating Beauchateau in some lines from Cid.*)[10]

> "Pierced to the centre of my heart," etc.

And do you know this man in *Sertorius's* Pompey? (*Imitating Hauteroche, a comedian of the hôtel de Bourgogne.*)[11]

> "The enmity which either faction sways
> Engenders here no honor," etc.

M'lle Deb. I think I know him a little.

Mol. And this one? (*Imitating de Villiers, another comedian of the hôtel de Bourgogne.*)[12]

> "My lord, Polybius is dead," etc.[13]

M'lle Deb. Yes, I know who he is; but I fancy there are some amongst them whom you would find it hard to mimic.

Mol. Good heavens! there is not one that cannot be had somewhere, if I had studied them well.[14] But you make me lose precious

time. Pray, let us think of ourselves, and not amuse ourselves any longer with talking. (*To La Grange*). Take care how you act the part of marquis with me.

M'LLE MOL. Marquises again?

MOL. Yes, Marquises again. What the dence would you have me hit on for a character acceptable to the audience? The marquis in these days is the funny character in a comedy; and as in all the old comedies there was always a clownish servant to make the spectators laugh, so now in all our pieces there must be always a ridiculous marquis to divert the company.

M'LLE BEJ. It is true, that cannot be left out.

MOL. As to you, mademoiselle . . .

M'LLE DUP. Nay, as to me, I shall act wretchedly; I do not know why you have given me this ceremonious part.

MOL. Good heavens! mademoiselle, that is what you said when you had your part in *The School for Wives criticised*,[15] yet you acquitted yourself admirably, and every one agreed that it could not be better done. Believe me, this will be the same; you will play it better than you think.

M'LLE DUP. How can that be? There is no one in the world less ceremonious than I.

MOL. True; and that is how you prove yourself to be an excellent actress, representing well a character which is opposed to your mood. Try then, all of you, to catch the spirit of your parts aright, and to imagine that you are what you represent. (*To Du Croisy.*) You play a poet, and you ought to be taken up with your part; to mark the pedantic air which is maintained amidst the converse of the fashionable world; that sententious voice and precision of pronunciation, dwelling on every syllable, and not letting a letter drop from the tiniest syllable. (*To Brecourt.*) As for you, you play a courtier, as you have already done in *The School for Wives criticised*, that is, you must assume a sedate air, and a natural tone of voice, and gesticulate as little as possible. (*To La Grange.*) As for you, I have nothing to say to you. (*To Mademoiselle Béjart.*) You represent one of those women who, provided they are not making love, think everything else is permitted to them; who are always proudly entrenched in their prudery, looking up and down on everyone, holding all the good qualities that others possess as nothing in comparison with a miserable honor which no one cares about. Keep this character always before your eyes, that you may know all its tricks. (*To Mademoiselle Debrie.*) As for you, you play one of those women who think they are the most virtuous persons in the world, so long as they save appearances; who believe that the sin lies only in the scandal; who would quietly carry on their intrigues in the style of an honorable attachment, and call those friends whom others call lovers. (*To Mademoiselle Molière.*) You play the same character as in *The School for Wives criticised*, and I have nothing more to say to you than to Mademoiselle Duparc. (*To Mademoiselle Du Croisy.*) As for you, you represent one of those people who are sweetly charitable to every one, who always give a passing sting with their tongues, and who would be very sorry if they let their neighbors be well spoken of. I believe you will not acquit yourself badly in this part. (*To Mademoiselle Hervé.*) For you, you are the maid of the *précieuse*, who is always putting her spoke into the conversation, and picks up all her mistress' expressions, as well as she can. I tell you all your characters,

that you may impress them strongly on your minds. Let us now begin to rehearse, and see how it will do. Oh, here comes a bore. This is all we wanted!

SCENE II.—La Thorilliere, Moliere, Brecourt, La Grange, Du Croisy, M'lle Duparc, M'lle Bejart, M'lle Debrie, M'lle Moliere, M'lle Du Croisy, M'lle Herve.

La Thor. Good-day, Molière.

Mol. Sir, your servant. (*Aside.*) Plague take the man.

La Thor. How goes it?

Mol. Very well. What can I do for you? (*To the actresses.*) Ladies, do not . . .

La Thor. I come from a place where I have been praising you up.

Mol. I am obliged to you. (*Aside.*) The devil take you! (*To the actors.*) Pray take care . . .

La Thor. You play a new piece to-night?

Mol. Yes, sir. (*To the actresses.*) Do not forget . . .

La Thor. The king got you to do it?

Mol. Yes, sir. (*To the actors.*) Pray remember . . .

La Thor. What do you call it?

Mol. Yes, sir.

La Thor. I ask what you call it?

Mol. Oh! Upon my word I do not know. (*To the actresses.*) You must, if you please . . .

La Thor. How are you going to be dressed?

Mol. As you see. (*To the actors.*) I beg you . . .

La Thor. When do you begin?

Mol. When the king comes. (*Aside.*) The deuce take him and his questions.

La Thor. When do you think he will come?

Mol. May the quinsy choke me if I know, sir!

La Thor. Do you not know . . .

Mol. Look here, sir; I am the most ignorant man in the world. I swear I know nothing of anything about what you may ask. (*Aside.*) I am going mad. This wretch comes cross-examining me in his cool way, never dreaming that I may have other things to attend to.

La Thor. Ladies, your servant.

Mol. Ah good! now he is on the other side.

La Thor. (*To Mademoiselle Du Croisy.*) You are as handsome as a little angel. Do you both play to-day? (*Looking at Mademoiselle Herve*).

M'lle Du C. Yes, sir.

La Thor. Without you the comedy would not be worth much.[16]

Mol. (*Whispering to the actresses.*) Can you not send that man about his business?

M'lle Deb. Sir, we have a rehearsal on.

La Thor. Oh, zounds, I shall not prevent you; you have only to go on.

M'lle Deb. But . . .

La Thor. Nay, nay, I should be sorry to trouble any one. Do what you have to do without scruple.

M'lle Deb. Yes; but . . .

La Thor. I assure you, I am a man of no ceremony; and you can rehearse what you like.

Mol. Sir, these ladies hesitate to tell you that they would much prefer that no one should be present during this rehearsal.

THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES

SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

SCENE IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE KING. LA THORILLIERE, HAT IN HAND, SALUTES MOLIERE. THE LATTER, WITH HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD, HOLDING HIS CANE AND A COPY OF THE PLAY, WHICH HE TRIES TO HAVE REHEARSED, TURNS TOWARD THE BORE. AROUND MOLIERE ARE THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, SOME OF WHOM HOLD COPIES OF THEIR ROLES. ON THE RIGHT, ONE OF THE ACTRESSES TURNS TO SPEAK TO BRECOURT.

La Thor. When do you begin?

Mol. When the king comes. (*Aside.*) The deuce take him and his questions.

La Thor. When do you think he will come?

Mol. May the quinsy choke me if I know, sir!

La Thor. Do you not know . . .

Mol. Look here, sir; I am the most ignorant man in the world. I swear I know nothing of anything about what you may ask. (*Aside.*) I am going mad. This wretch comes cross-examining me in his cool manner, and I may have other things to attend to.

La Thor. Ladies, your servant.

Mol. Ah good! now he is on the other side.

La Thor. (*To Mademoiselle Du Croisy.*) You are as fair as a little angel. Do you [illegible] at Mademoi-

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the comedy would

Can

is business?

give a rehearsal on.

Not present

M'lle Deb. But . . .

La Thor. Nay, nay, I should be sorry to trouble any one. Do what you have to do without scruple.

M'lle Deb. Yes; but . . .

La Thor. I assure you, I am a man of no ceremony; and you can rehearse what you like.

Mol. Sir, these ladies hesitate to tell you that they would much prefer that no one should be present during this rehearsal.

JACQUES LEMAN

LA THOR. But why? You have nothing to fear from me.

MOL. Sir, it is their custom; you will be the better pleased when the thing takes you by surprise.

LA THOR. Then I shall go and tell them you are ready.

MOL. By no means, sir; do not be in a hurry, pray.

SCENE III.—MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DEPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

MOL. Oh dear, this world is full of impertinent people! But now come, let us begin. In the first place, then, imagine that the scene is in the king's ante-chamber; for it is a place where plenty of amusing things go on every day. It is easy to introduce there whomsoever we please; and reasons can even be found to explain the appearance of the ladies whom I bring in. The comedy opens with the meeting of two marquises. (*To La Grange.*) Be sure and do not forget to come from that side, as I told you, with what they call a distinguished air, combing your wig, and humming a tune between your teeth. La, la, la, la, la, la, la! Just move aside, the rest of you; for a couple of marquises require room, and they are not the sort of persons to be satisfied with a small space. (*To La Grange.*) Now then, speak.

LA GR. "Good-day, marquis."

MOL. Oh dear! That is not the way in which marquises talk. It must be a little higher. Most of these gentlemen affect a special tone to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. "Good day, marquis." Try again.

LA GR. "Good-day, marquis."

MOL. "Ah, marquis, your most obedient."

LA GR. "What are you doing there?"

MOL. "'Sdeath, you may see. I am waiting until all these persons have cleared away from the door, that I may show my face there."

LA GR. "Zounds! what a crowd! I do not care to go and push myself through; I had rather wait till the last."

MOL. "There is a score there who have no chance of getting in, but they take good care to press forward, and occupy all the approaches to the door."

LA GR. "Let us call out our names to the door-keeper, so that he may summon us."

MOL. "That may do for you; but I do not wish Moliere to take me off."

LA GR. "Yet I think, marquis, that it is you he takes off in *The School for Wives criticised.*"

MOL. "Me? Most mighty potentate! it is your very self."

LA GR. "Ah! upon my word, you are kind, to fit me with your own character."

MOL. "Death, you are amusing, to give me what belongs to yourself."

LA GR. (*Laughing.*) "Ah, ha! How entertaining!"

MOL. (*Laughing.*) "Ah, ha! How comical!"

LA GR. "What! you mean to maintain that it is not you who are exhibited in the marquis of *The School for Wives criticised?*"

MOL. "Just so; it is I. 'Detestable; egad! detestable! Cream tart!' Oh, it is I, it is I, assuredly it is I!"

LA GR. "Yes, it is you. You need not jest; and we shall lay a wager, if you like, and see which of us is right."

MOL. "Well then, what will you bet?"

LA GR. "I bet a hundred pistoles that it is you."

MOL. "And I bet a hundred it is you."

LA GR. "Money down!"

MOL. "Money down! Ninety on Amyntas, and ten cash."

LA GR. "Content!"

MOL. "Done, then."

LA GR. "Your money runs a great risk."

MOL. "Yours is in danger."

LA GR. "Who shall be umpire?"

MOL. "Here is a gentleman who shall decide. Chevalier!"

BRE. "What is it?"

MOL. Good. Here is the other who assumes the tone of a marquis. Did I not tell you that you were playing a part in which you had to speak naturally?

BRE. So you did.

MOL. Now then. "Chevalier . . ."

BRE. "What is it?"

MOL. "Just decide betwixt us on a wager we have made."

BRE. "What wager?"

MOL. "We cannot agree who is the marquis in Molière's *School for Wives criticised.* He bets that it is I, and I bet that it is he."

BRE. "Well, I decide that it is neither the one nor the other. You are fools, both of you, to wish that these caps should fit; this is just what I heard Molière complaining of the other day, when he was talking to some people who charged him with the same thing. He said that nothing annoyed him so much as to be accused of animadverting upon anyone in the portraits he drew; that his design is to paint manners without striking at individuals, and that all the characters whom he introduces are imaginary—phantoms, so to speak, which he clothes according to his fancy in order to please his audience; that he would be much vexed to have hit any one through them; and that if aught could sicken him of writing comedies, it would be the resemblances that people always insisted on finding, and on which his enemies maliciously tried to fix attention, in order to do him an injury with certain persons of whom he had never thought. And, indeed, I think he is right; for why, pray, should you apply all his actions and words, and seek to draw him into quarrels by publicly declaring that he is showing up so-and-so, when the facts are such as will fit a hundred people? As the business of comedy is to represent in a general way all the faults of men, and especially of the men of our day, it is impossible for Molière to create any character not to be met with in the world; and if he must be accused of thinking of every one in whom are to be found the faults which he delineates he must, of course, give up writing comedies.'"[17]

MOL. "Upon my word, chevalier, you wish to justify Molière, and spare our friend here."

LA GR. "Not at all. It is you he spares; and we shall find another umpire."

MOL. "So be it. But tell me, chevalier, do you not think that Molière is exhausted by this time, and that he will find no more subjects for . . .?"

BRE. "No more subjects? Ah, dear marquis, we shall always go on providing him with plenty; and we are scarcely taking the course to grow wise, for all that he can do or say."

MOL. Stay. You must be more emphatic with this passage. Just listen to me for a moment.[18] "And that he will find no more subjects for . . .—No more subjects? Ah, dear marquis, we shall always go on providing him with plenty, and we are scarcely taking the course to grow wise, for all that he can do or say. Do you imagine that he has exhausted in his comedies all the follies of men; and without leaving the court, are there not a score of characters which he has not yet touched upon? For instance, has he not those who profess the greatest friendship possible, and who, when they turn their backs, think it a piece of gallantry to tear each other to pieces? Has he not those unmitigated sycophants, those vapid flatterers, who never give a pinch of salt with their praises, and whose flatteries have a sickly sweetness which nauseate those who hear them? Has he not the craven courtiers of favorites, the treacherous worshipers of fortune, who praise you in prosperity, and run you down in adversity? Has he not those who are always discontented with the court, those useless hangers-on, those troublesome, officious creatures, those people who can count up no services except importunities, and who expect to be rewarded for having laid a ten years' siege to the king? Has he not those who fawn on all the world alike, who hand their civilities from left to right, who run after all whom they see, with the same salutations, and the same professions of friendship? 'Sir, your most obedient. Sir, I am entirely at your service. Consider me wholly yours, dear sir. Reckon me, sir, as the warmest of your friends. Sir, I am enchanted to embrace you. Ah! sir, I did not see you. Oblige me by making use of me; be assured I am wholly yours. You are the one man in the world whom I most esteem. There is no one whom I honor like you. I entreat you to believe it. I beg of you not to doubt it. Your servant. Your humble slave.' Oh, marquis, marquis, Molière will always have more subjects than he needs; and all that he has aimed at as yet is but a trifle to the treasure which is within his reach." That is something of the style in which it should be played.

BRE. It is sufficient.

MOL. Go on.

BRE. "Here are Climene and Eliza."

MOL. (*To Mesdemoiselles Duparc and Molière.*) Hereupon you two are to come up. (*To Mademoiselle Duparc.*) Be sure, you, to attitudinize well, and observe a good many formalities. That will constrain you a little; but it cannot be helped. One must sometimes do violence to one's self.

M'LLE MOL. "Madam, I easily recognized you a long way off, and perceived from your bearing that it could be no other than you."

M'LLE DUP. "You see, I have come to wait for a man with whom I have a little matter of business."

M'LLE MOL. "That is just my case."

MOL. Ladies, these boxes will serve you for arm-chairs.

M'LLE DUP. "Come, madam, I beg you to be seated."

M'LLE MOL. "After you, madam."

MOL. Good. After these little dumb shows, let each take a seat, and speak sitting, whilst the marquises must sometimes get up and sometimes sit down again, in accordance with their natural restlessness. "'Sdeath, chevalier, you ought to physic your rolls."

BRE. "How so?"

MOL. "They look ill."

BRE. "I salute your punstership."

M'LLE MOL. "Heavens, madam, I do think your complexion dazzling white, and your lips of a marvelous flame-color."

M'LLE DUP. "Ah! what is that you say, madam? Do not look at me; I am frightfully ugly to-day."

M'LLE MOL. "Do, madam, just raise your hood."

M'LLE DUP. "Fie! I am frightful, I tell you, and shock even myself."

M'LLE MOL. "You are so lovely."

M'LLE DUP. "No, no."

M'LLE MOL. "Show yourself."

M'LLE DUP. "Oh, pray do not."

M'LLE MOL. "Please do."

M'LLE DUP. "Heavens, no!"

M'LLE MOL. "Yes, do."

M'LLE DUP. "How troublesome you are!"

M'LLE MOL. "Just for an instant."

M'LLE DUP. "Ah!"

M'LLE MOL. "You positively shall show yourself. We cannot do without seeing you."

M'LLE DUP. "Good gracious, what an odd creature you are! What you wish you wish so desperately."

M'LLE MOL. "Ah, madam, I am sure you need not dread the broad daylight. How wicked people are to say that you use any paint! I shall certainly be able to contradict them now."

M'LLE DUP. "Lackaday, I do not so much as know what you mean by using paint! But where are those ladies going?"

M'LLE DEB. "Permit us, ladies, to give you in passing the most agreeable news conceivable. Here is Mr. Lysidas, who has just told us that some one has made a play against Molière, which the grand company are going to act."

MOL. "It is true, they wished to read it to me. A certain Br . . . Brou . . . Brossaut has written it."

DU CR. "Sir, it is advertised under the name of Boursault; but, to let you into the secret, many people have contributed to this piece, and one is disposed to form pretty high expectations of it. Since all authors and actors look on Molière as their greatest enemy, we all unite against him to do him an ill turn. Each of us has added a stroke to his portrait; but we have taken good care not to put our names to it. It would have been too much honor for him to succumb, before the eyes of the world, to the efforts of a combined Parnassus; and so, to make his discomfiture more ignominious, we thought of picking out on purpose an author without repute."

M'LLE DUP. "For my part, I confess that I am greatly rejoiced at it."

MOL. "And so am I. Gad, the mocker shall be mocked; upon my word, he shall have a rap over the knuckles."

M'LLE DUP. "That will teach him to satirize everybody. What! This impertinent fellow will have it that women have no wit. He condemns all our lofty modes of expression, and makes out that we are always speaking in a humdrum way."

M'LLE DEB. "Speech matters nothing; but he blames all our intimacies, however harmless they may be; and according to him it is criminal to possess merit."

M'LLE DU C. "It is unbearable. Women can do nothing henceforth. Why cannot he let our husbands be at peace, without opening their eyes and making them notice things of which they never thought?"

M'LLE BEJ. "All this is a trifle; but he satirizes even virtuous women; the wicked buffoon styles them 'respectable she-devils.'"[19]

M'LLE MOL. "He is an impertinent wretch. He deserves all he gets."

DU CR. "This play, madam, must needs be supported: and the comedians of the hotel . . ."

M'LLE DUP. "Oh, let them have no fear. I will lay my life on the success of this piece."

M'LLE MOL. "You are right, madam. Too many people are interested in thinking it good. You may judge whether all those who believe themselves to have been satirized by Molière will not take the opportunity of avenging themselves on him by applauding this comedy."

BRE. (*Ironically.*) "No doubt; and for my part I can answer for a dozen marquises, six *précieuses*, a score of coquettes, and thirty victimized husbands, who will not fail to applaud."

M'LLE MOL. "Exactly so. Why should he go and offend all these people, and especially the victimized husbands, who are the best people in the world?"[20]

MOL. "Gad, I have been told that they will have a rub both at him and at all his plays, in fine style, and that actors and authors, from great to small, are deucedly savage against him."

M'LLE MOL. "That just serves him right. Why does he write wicked pieces that all Paris goes to see, and in which he paints people so well, that everybody knows himself? Why does he not make plays like those of Mr. Lysidas? He would have no one against him, and all the authors would speak well of him. It is true that such plays do not draw large audiences; but, on the other hand, they are always well written; nobody writes against them, and all who see them are desperately anxious to think them fine."

DU CR. "It is true that I have the advantage of making no enemies, and that all my works are approved of by the learned."[21]

M'LLE MOL. "You are justified in being satisfied with yourself. That is worth more than all the applause of the public, and than all the money that Molière's pieces may draw. What does it matter to you whether people come to see your plays, so long as they are praised by your professional friends?"

LA GR. "But when will *The Painter's Portrait* be acted?"

DU CR. "I do not know; but I intend to appear in the front seat, and cry, This is something like a play!"

MOL. "Gad, and I too."

LA GR. "And so do I, as I hope to be saved."

M'LLE DUP. "For my part, I shall show myself there, as I ought; and I will answer for a round of applause which shall drown all adverse opinion. It is really the least we can do, to assist with our approbation the avenger of our cause."

M'LLE MOL. "Well said!"

M'LLE DEB. "That is what we must all do."

M'LLE BEJ. "Assuredly."

M'LLE DU C. "Undoubtedly."

M'LLE HER. "No quarter to this mimic."

MOL. "Upon my word, chevalier, your Molière must hide his head."

BRE. "Who? He? I promise you, marquis, that he intends to take a seat upon the stage, and laugh with the rest at the portrait they have drawn of him."[22]

MOL. "Gad, then, he will laugh on the wrong side of his face."

BRE. "Come, come; perchance he will find more cause for laughter than you think. I was shown the play; and as everything amusing in it was exactly taken from Molière, the pleasure which this will afford will not be likely to offend him; for, as to the parts

where they set themselves to blacken him, I am very much mistaken if this is applauded by any one. And as for all the people whom they have tried to set against him, of whom it is said he had drawn too faithful likenesses, not only is it in bad taste, but I never saw anything more ridiculous, or worse done; I never yet thought that it was a reproach to a dramatic author to depict men too well."

La Gr. "The actors told me they expected a rejoinder from him, and that . . ."

Bre. "A rejoinder? Verily, I should think him a great fool if he took the trouble to reply to their invectives. Every one knows well enough from what motives they must be acting; and the best answer which he can make them is a comedy which will succeed like all the others. This is the true plan of being avenged on them; and judging from what I know of their disposition, I am sure that a new play, which will take their audiences from them, will annoy them much more than all the satires which could be written against them individually."

Mol. "But, chevalier . . .?"

M'lle Bej. Let me interrupt the rehearsal for a moment. (*To Molière.*) May I make a suggestion? If I had been you, I should have treated the thing in another way. Every one expects a vigorous rejoinder from you; and after the way in which they tell me you have been treated in this comedy you were justified in saying anything against the actors; and you ought not to spare one of them.

Mol. I am annoyed to hear you speak thus. This is just the way with you ladies. You would have me fire up against them, and follow their example by rushing into invectives and insults. A great deal of honor I should get from it, and a vast deal of vexation I should bring them! Are they not quite prepared for that kind of thing? And, when they were discussing whether they should play *The Painter's Portrait*, for fear of a rejoinder, did not some of them say: "Let him abuse us as much as he likes, so long as we get money?"—Is not that the mark of a soul very sensitive to shame; and should I not be well avenged by giving them what they greatly long to receive?

M'lle Deb. They complained strongly of three or four words you said of them in *The School for Wives criticised*, and *The Pretentious Young Ladies*.

Mol. It is true that these three or four words are very offensive; and they have great reason to quote them. Come, come, it is not that. The greatest harm I have done them is that I have been fortunate enough to please a little more than they would have liked; their whole conduct since we came to Paris has too clearly shown what pricks them. But let them do what they will, all their efforts cannot disturb me. They criticise my plays, so much the better; and Heaven forbid that I should ever do aught that pleased them! It would be a bad business for me.

M'lle Deb. Still there is not much pleasure in seeing one's works pulled to pieces.

Mol. What does it matter to me? Have I not got from my comedy all that I wished, since it had the good fortune to please those lofty personages whom I specially aim at pleasing? Have I not cause to be content with my lot, and are not all their censures a little too late? Does that affect me now, pray? When they attack a piece which has been successful, do they not attack the judgment of those who praised it, rather than the skill of him who wrote it?

M'lle Deb. Upon my word, I should have had a hit at that little scribe, who is rash

enough to write against people who do not trouble their heads about him.

MOL. How silly you are. A fine subject for diversion Monsieur Boursault would be! I should like to know how he could be tricked out to make him amusing; and whether, if he were ridiculed on the stage, he would be fortunate enough to make anyone laugh. It would be too much honor for him to be represented before an august assembly. He would ask nothing better; and he attacks me wantonly in order to make himself known in any way. He is a man who has nothing to lose, and the actors have let him loose on me only in order to engage me in a foolish quarrel, and turn me aside, by this dodge, from other works which I have on hand; and yet you are simple enough to fall into the trap. But I shall make a public declaration on this point. I do not mean to make any reply to all their criticisms and counter-criticisms. Let them say all the evil they can of my pieces; I am quite willing. Let them take our leavings, and turn them inside out like a coat, to bring them on their own stage, and try to profit by any pleasant thing they find in them, and by a little of my good fortune; I give them leave; they have need of it, and I shall be happy to contribute to their necessities, provided they will be satisfied with what I can decently grant them. Courtesy must have its limits; and there are some things which can make neither spectators laugh, nor him of whom they are spoken. I gladly leave to them my works, my figure, my attitudes, my words, the tone of my voice, and my style of recitation, to make and say whatever they will of them, if they can snatch some profit from them. I have nothing to say against all this, and shall be delighted if this can please people; but whilst I give them all this they must do me the favor to leave me the remainder, and not to touch on things of the nature of those upon which, I hear, they attack me in their comedies. This I shall politely request of the honorable gentleman who undertakes to write for them; and this is all the answer they shall have from me.

M'LLE BEJ. But, in a word . .

MOL. But, in a word, you will drive me mad. Let us say no more of this. We amuse ourselves by talking when we ought to be rehearsing our comedy. Where were we? I do not remember.

M'LLE DEB. You were at the very place . . .

MOL. Good heaven, what noise do I hear? Surely the king is come! I can plainly see we shall have no time to get through it. That is what comes of our gossiping. Oh, well, you must do the best you can with the rest.

M'LLE BEJ. On my word, I am in such a fright, I shall never be able to play my part unless I rehearse it all.

MOL. What! You will not be able to play your part.

M'LLE BEJ. No.

M'LLE DUP. Nor I mine.

M'LLE DEB. No more shall I.

M'LLE MOL. Nor I.

M'LLE HER. Nor I.

M'LLE DU C. Nor I.

MOL. What on earth do you mean to do? Are you all mocking me?

SCENE IV.—BEJART, LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

BEJ. Gentlemen, I come to inform you that the king has arrived, and waits for you to begin.

MOL. Ah, sir, you see me in a terrible strait. I am distracted as I speak to you. These ladies are frightened, and say they must rehearse their parts before commencing. We beg the favor of another moment. The king is kind, and he knows well that the piece has been done hurriedly.

SCENE V. — LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

MOL. Oh, pray try and recover yourselves. Take courage, I entreat you.

M'LLE DUP. You must go and excuse yourself.

MOL. How can I excuse myself?

SCENE VI.—A BUSYBODY, LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

FIRST BUSY. Gentlemen, begin.

MOL. At once, sir. I believe I shall go out of my mind over this precious business . . .

SCENE VII. — A SECOND BUSYBODY, LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

SECOND BUSY. Gentlemen, begin!

MOL. In a moment, sir. (*To his fellow-actors.*) What, would you have me affronted . . .

SCENE VIII. — A THIRD BUSYBODY, LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

THIRD BUSY. Gentlemen, begin!

MOL. Yes, sir, that is what we are about to do. How officious these gentry are, coming and bidding us begin, when the king did not order them!

SCENE IX. — A FOURTH BUSYBODY, LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DUPARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DEBRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE.

FOURTH BUSY. Gentlemen, begin!

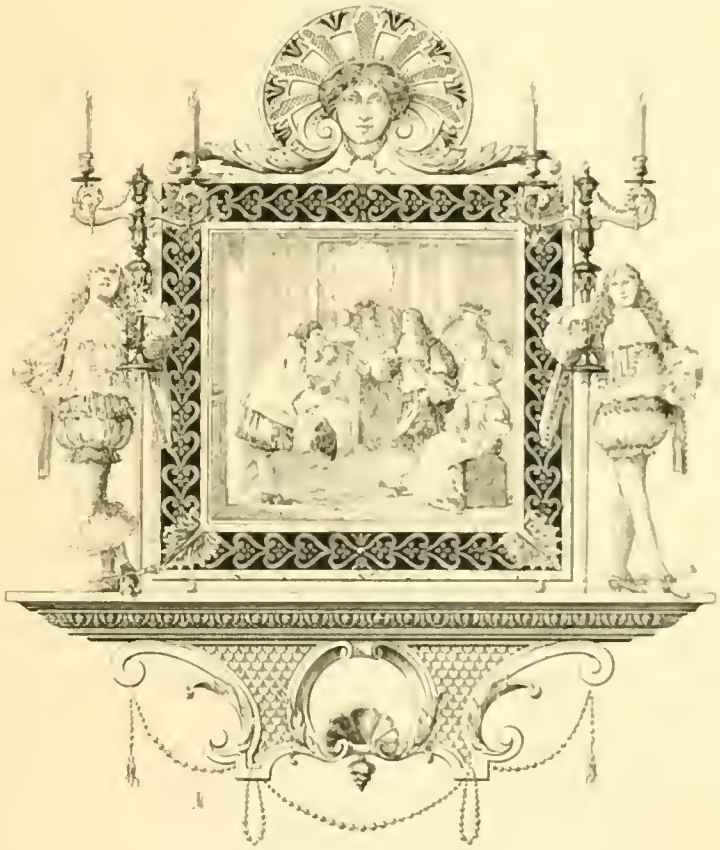
MOL. It is done, sir. (*To his fellow-actors.*) What! must I be covered with confusion . . .

SCENE X.—Bejart, La Thorillière, Molière, Brecourt, La Grange, Du Croisy, M'lle Duparc, M'lle Bejart, M'lle Debrie, M'lle Molière, M'lle Du Croisy, M'lle Hervé.

Mol. Sir, you come to bid us begin, but . . .

Bej. No, gentlemen, I come to say that the king has heard of the trouble you are in, and that, in the kindness which on this occasion he has for you, he defers your new comedy to another time, and will be satisfied to-day with the first you can give him.

Mol. Oh, sir, you give me new life. The king bestows on us the greatest possible favor in giving us time for that which he desired; we shall all go and thank him for the extreme goodness which he displays toward us."



NOTES

[1] For the use of "Mademoiselle" instead of "Madame," see Prefatory Memoir.

[2] See Introductory Notice.

[3] See *The School for Wives criticized* where Dorante throws out this idea: "It would be amusing to put them (the actors) on the stage, with their learned antics and ridiculous costumes, etc."

[4] By "their," is meant the comedians of the hotel de Bourgogne, who, as well as Molière's troupe, played on Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays.

[5] A clever side hit at the rival comedians who had been admiring our poet, and who had no better opportunity of studying Molière than he of studying them.

[6] An allusion to Montfleury, an actor of the hôtel de Bourgogne who was very stout, and of whom one of his contemporaries said: "He is so fat that it takes several days to give him a sound beating."

[7] *Nicomède* is a tragedy of Corneille. These lines are said by Prusias, and the passage is Act ii, Scene 1.

[8] Personages from *Les Horaces*, a tragedy by P. Corneille.

[9] Madeleine de Bouget, the wife of Beauchâteau, the actor, a very handsome and clever actress, played the princesses in tragedy, as well as the *ingénues* in comedy. She died at Versailles, on the 6th of January, 1693. The first two lines, "Dost go," are from *les Horaces* (Act ii, Scene 5); the third is the answer of Curiatius, to whom Camilla replies in a speech beginning with, "Nay, but I know thee better." Molière probably imitated the actor Beauchâteau as Curiatius.

[10] *The Cid and Sertorius* were two tragedies by P. Corneille.

[11] Noel de Breton, sieur de Hauteroche, born in Paris 1617, was of very good family, and became a comedian against their wish. After many adventures he came to Paris, where he played, first at the théâtre du Marais, and afterwards at the hôtel de Bourgogne, chiefly the confidants of the tragic heroes. Hauteroche was of lofty stature, and remarkably lean; he was also an author, and died 1707, at the age of ninety years.

[12] De Villiers answered Molière in *la Vengeance des Marquis*.

[13] This is taken from the third scene of the fifth act of *Œdipe*, a tragedy by Corneille, but it ought to be "King Polybius is dead."

[14] The only actor of the hôtel de Bourgogne whom Molière does not imitate is Floridor, who was really excellent.

[15] Madam Duparc played the part of Climène in *The School for Wives criticized*.

[16] This compliment is addressed to Mesdemoiselles Du Croisy and Hervé, two of the weakest actresses in Molière's troupe.

[17] This is an intentional and very forcible self defense upon the part of the author, to which the nature of the comedy lends itself admirably. No doubt Molière had much ado to keep himself out of an endless series of personal quarrels with those whom his satire affected; and though one object of *The School for Wives criticized* was to lay stress on the general meaning of his delineations, its immediate effect was, doubtless, to aggravate the annoyance of his lay-figures. The *Impromptu* could not fail to allay these grievances, and to conciliate the author's contemporaries.

[18] This is very skillful; Molière now takes up his own argument in his proper person, thus challenging the closer attention of his audience.

[19] See *The School for Wives*, Act iv, Scene 8, Volume III.

[20] One of the commentators of Molière says that the proof that our author was not jealous is to be found in the words he puts into his wife's mouth. I imagine Madam Molière spoke ironically.

[21] On page 28 Molière, in answer to Madam Debrie's remarks, replies for Lysidas, here it is Du Croisy; this seems a contradiction.

[22] De Villiers, in the *Vengeance des Marquis*, mentions that Molière took one day a seat on the stage of the hôtel de Bourgogne to listen to Boursault's *Painter's Portrait*.

[23] Most likely Boursault's *le Portrait du Peintre*, Montfleury's *Impromptu de l'hôtel de Condé*, and De Villier's *la Vengeance des Marquis*, contained some personal attacks, either against Molière, his wife, or his friends, which were suppressed when those plays were printed.

[24] A flattery to the Grand Monarque, heightened by what had previously been said by Molière of the impatience of kings to taste the pleasures on which they have set their minds. (Scene 1, *ad init.*)

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES

THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES		Jacques Leman	5
TITLE OF 1663		" "	7
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ		" "	18
MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DU PARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DE BRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE	Scene I	" "	19
MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DU PARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DE BRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE	Scene I	Edm. Hedouin	20
LA THORILLIERE, MOLIERE, BRECOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, M'LLE DU PARC, M'LLE BEJART, M'LLE DE BRIE, M'LLE MOLIERE, M'LLE DU CROISY, M'LLE HERVE	Scene II	Jacques Leman	24
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THE FORCED MARRIAGE

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THE
JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.
FORCED MARRIAGE
UNDERNEATH ARE THE VIOLINS, HAUTBOYS AND THE LIGHTED MATRIMONIAL
TORCH OF SGANARELLE. ABOVE, UNDER THE CROWN OF FRANCE, WHICH
RECALLS THE ROYAL FETE FOR WHICH THE PLAY WAS WRITTEN, ARE THE
TWO SWORDS OF ALCIDAS IN THE FORM OF ST. ANDREW'S CROSS. ON EACH
SIDE A NUDE CHILD HOLDING IN ITS HAND THE STICK WITH WHICH ALCIDAS
BEAT SGANARELLE.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

UNDERNEATH ARE THE VIOLINS, HAUTBOYS AND THE LIGHTED MARRIAGE TORCH OF SGANARELLE. ABOVE, UNDER THE CROWN OF FRANCE, WHICH RECALLS THE ROYAL FETE FOR WHICH THE PLAY WAS WRITTEN, ARE THE TWO SWORDS OF ALCIDAS IN THE FORM OF ST. ANDREW'S CROSS. ON EACH SIDE A NUDE CHILD HOLDING IN ITS HAND THE STICK WITH WHICH ALCIDAS BEAT SGANARELLE.

THE
FORCED MARRIAGE

MARIAGE FORCE

TITLE OF 1668

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

J.B.P. DE MOLIERE

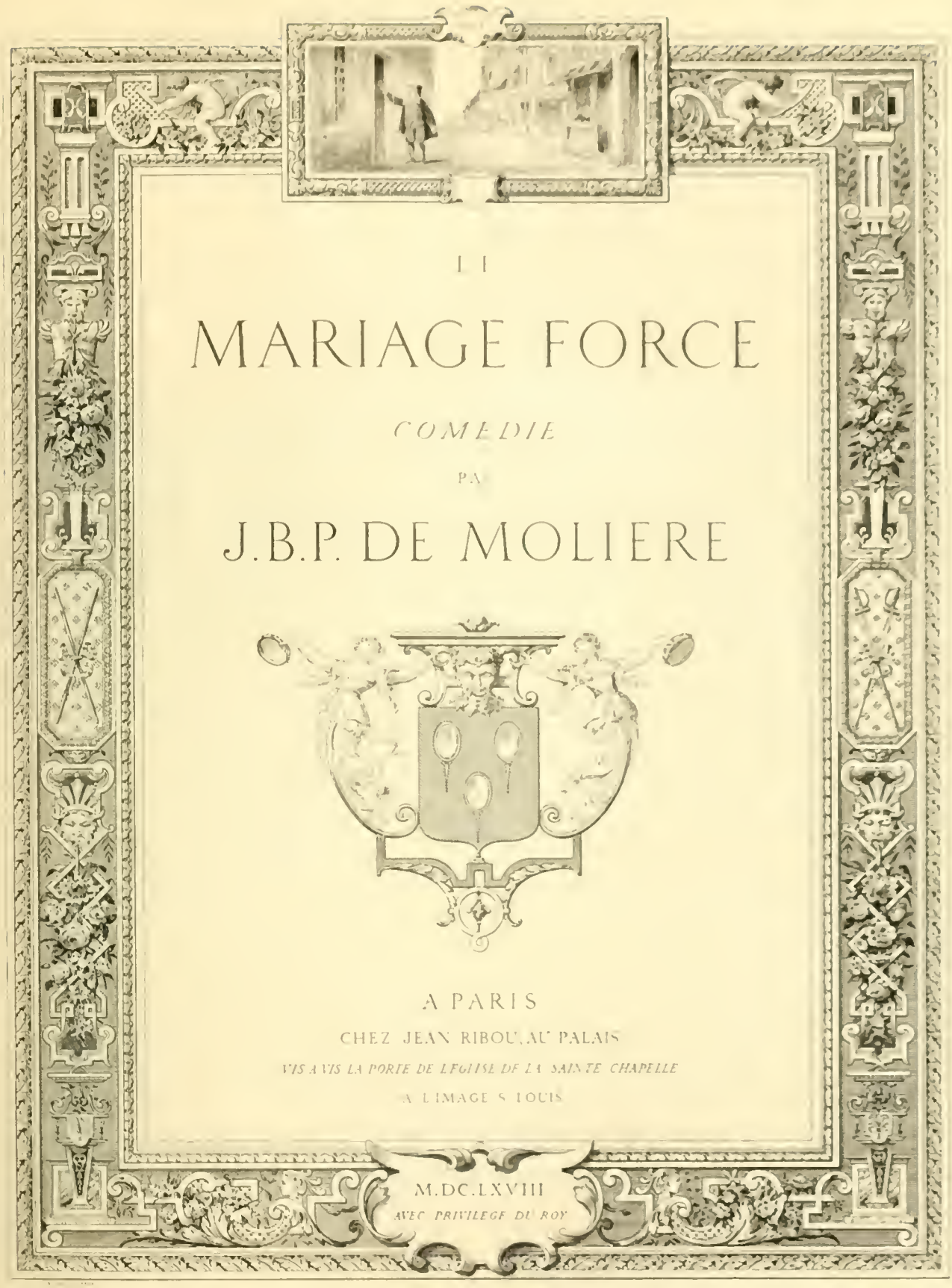
IN THE VERTICAL BORDERS ARE TERMES OF A BEARDED MAN BEARING BETWEEN HIS LIPS A RIBBON ENGARLANDED WITH BUNCHES OF FLOWERS. IN THE MIDDLE OF BORDERS ARE OCTAGON TABLETS IN HIGH RELIEF; IN THAT ON THE RIGHT, TWO CROSSED SWORDS, AND IN THAT ON THE LEFT, TWO CANES IN FORM OF ST. ANDREW'S CROSS; A SOUVENIR OF SCENE XVI. ON THE TOP BORDER, IN A LARGER TABLET, IS A STREET WITH SGANARELLE ON THE DOORSTEP OF HIS HOUSE SAYING TO HIS SERVANTS, WHO ARE INSIDE: "I WILL RETURN IN A MOMENT." (SCENE I.) IN THE CENTRE ARE THE ARMS OF MOLIERE SUPPORTED BY THE TWO GIPSIES FROM SCENE X. HANGING BY ONE HAND TO THE SYMBOLICAL HORNS OF THE SATYR AND SHAKING A TABOR WITH THE OTHER.

A PARIS

TITLE OF 1668

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN THE VERTICAL BORDERS ARE TERMES OF A BEARDED MAN BEARING BETWEEN HIS LIPS A RIBBON ENGARLANDED WITH BUNCHES OF FLOWERS. IN THE MIDDLE OF BORDERS ARE OCTAGON TABLETS IN HIGH RELIEF; IN THAT ON THE RIGHT, TWO CROSSED SWORDS, AND IN THAT ON THE LEFT, TWO CANES IN FORM OF ST. ANDREW'S CROSS: A SOUVENIR OF SCENE XVI. ON THE TOP BORDER, IN A LARGER TABLET, IS A STREET WITH SGANARELLE ON THE DOORSTEP OF HIS HOUSE SAYING TO HIS SERVANTS, WHO ARE INSIDE: "I WILL RETURN IN A MOMENT." (SCENE I.) IN THE CENTRE ARE THE ARMS OF MOLIERE SUPPORTED BY THE TWO GIPSIES FROM SCENE X. HANGING BY ONE HAND TO THE SYMBOLICAL HORNS OF THE SATYR AND SHAKING A TABOR WITH THE OTHER.


LE
MARIAGE FORCE
COMEDIE
PAR
J.B.P. DE MOLIERE
A PARIS
CHEZ JEAN RIBOU, AU PALAIS
VIS A VIS LA PORTE DE L'EGLISE DE LA SAINTE CHAPELLE
A L'IMAGE S. LOUIS
M.DC.LXVIII
AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Saint-Germain-en-Laye le 20. jour de Février 1668, signé : Par le Roy en son Conseil, MARGARET, *il est permis à* J.-B. P. DE MOLIÈRE *de faire imprimer, par tel Libraire ou Imprimeur qu'il voudra choisir, une Pièce de Théâtre de sa composition, intitulée* LE MARIAGE FORCÉ, *pendant le temps et espace de cinq années entières et accomplies, à commencer du jour qu'elle sera achevée d'imprimer et Défenses sont faites à tous autres Libraires et Imprimeurs d'imprimer, ou faire imprimer, vendre et débiter ladite Pièce, sans le consentement de l'Exposant ou de ceux qui auront droict de luy, à peine, aux contrevenans, de trois mille livres d'amende, confiscation des exemplaires contrefaits, et de tous despens, dommages et intérests, ainst que plus au long il est porté par lesdites Lettres de Privilège.*

Et ledit SIEUR DE MOLIÈRE a cédé et transporté son droict de Privilège à JEAN RIBOU, Marchand Libraire à Paris, pour en jouir suivant l'accord fait entr'eux.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté, suivant l'Arrest de la Cour de Parlement.

Achevé d'imprimer pour la première fois, le 9 Mars 1668.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The Forced Marriage is described as a *Comédie ballet*, and was due to the request made to Molière by Louis XIV., for an entertainment in the manner of *The Bores*, in which a genuine comedy should be combined with a ballet, and wherein the Court itself might figure upon the stage. Even Louis did not disdain to show himself amongst his courtiers on special occasions of this kind, submitting himself to the direction of the dancing-masters, who had no contemptible position at the Court of the *Grand Monarque*. Moliere had recently received from the royal grace a pension of a thousand livres, and he thus had more than one inducement to do his best for the young king's pleasure. It was on the 29th of January, 1664, in the drawing-room of the Queen-mother, at the Louvre, that *The Forced Marriage* was first produced. Louis, then in his twenty-sixth year, figured as one of the gipsies in the ballet. The play had three acts, with entries, and, as the king danced in it, was called the *Ballet du Roi*.

The Comedy-ballet was subsequently brought out at the Palais Royal, at great expense, and had a run of thirteen days. But Molière had separated the comedy from the ballet and reduced the former from three acts to one. For the singing magician and the demons who frightened Sganarelle into trying to get out of his marriage engagement, the poet substituted the twelfth scene, introducing Alcidas, who is called Lycante in the ballet.

The comedy supplies us with yet another of those senile gallants whom the poet delights to paint; though in one of his preceding comedies, *The School for Husbands*, the deceived gallant, Sganarelle, is twenty years younger than the wise Ariste, who is not betrayed. The comic element in *The Forced Marriage* springs, not only from the incongruity of the amorous old suitor and the coquettish young girl, but also from the fact that the butt of the piece discovers his mistake before marriage, into which he is nevertheless forced with the full knowledge of the fate that is awaiting him. The idea, at all events up to the eve of the catastrophe, had been worked out by Rabelais, whom Molière follows with considerable closeness. In the ninth chapter of the third book of the older writer's work, "Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry, yea or nay?" and whether, if married, he will be able to escape "*la disgrace dont on ne plant personne.*" Pantagruel (the Geronimo of the play) gives his advice in the same complaisant manner as Sganarelle's crony,—"Then do not marry;" "Then marry, in the name of God."

What Coleridge says of this chapter of Rabelais may well be applied to the first scene of Molière's play:—"Pantagruel (Geronimo) stands for the reason, as contradistinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge (Sganarelle); and the humor consists in the latter asking advice of the former, on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to predetermine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice."

But Rabelais himself was not the first to adopt this illustration of wavering advice; for we find similar scenes in Poggio, and in the *Itinerarium Paradisi* of Raulin, a preacher of the beginning of the fifteenth century, in his sermon *De Viduitate*.

The two philosophers are not quite original creations, Marphurius being no other than the Ephectic and Pyrrhonian sage Trouillogan, whom Rabelais delineates in the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth chapters of the third book of *Pantagruel*. It has been often said that the scenes between Sganarelle and the two philosophers are too farcical, and only induce laughter. But Molière never acted more courageously than in writing those scenes; for he openly attacked the Aristotelian philosophy, so strongly defended by the University of Paris, which intended to get confirmed a sentence of the parliament of Paris, of the 4th of September, 1624, by which all those who attacked the Aristotelian doctrines were condemned to death. Besides this, the above-mentioned scenes are connected with several philosophical observations, to be found in *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, and in *The Blue Stockings* (see Vol. III). Trissotin and Vadius, in the latter play, belong to the same race as the illustrious Pancrace and Marphurius.

According to some commentators of Molière, an adventure of the Count de Grammont, when on the point of leaving England, has given to our author the chief idea of his piece. This count, being banished from the court of Louis XIV., went to that of Charles II., and there became engaged to Miss Hamilton, a grand-daughter of the Duke of Ormond. Being suddenly recalled to France, he forgot his engagement and left at once. But the two brothers of the young lady immediately started after him, came up with him at Dover, and asked him "if he had not forgotten anything in London?" His answer was, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I have forgotten to marry your sister." He returned with them, married Miss Hamilton, and went back with her to France.

Tradition states that the original of the over-polite Alcidas was a certain Marquis de la Trousse, killed at the siege of Tortosa in 1648, and who was so polite that he always used compliments when fighting a duel, and expressed his great sorrow whilst killing his opponent.

In the seventh volume of "Select Comedies of M. de Molière," published in London, 1732, this play is dedicated to the Right Honorable the Lady Harvey, in the following words:

MADAM,

You will not, I hope, be frightened at the sight of a Dedication with Your Name before it, when I promise Your LADYSHIP, that I am not going to give You the Pain of reading Your own Character: tho' at the same time, I must assure You, that it is with great reluctance I relinquish so fair an Opportunity of describing

everything that is lovely, desirable, and praiseworthy, and forbear setting before the Beauties of the present Age a charming Pattern, which the greatest and best of them might be proud to copy. But for fear I should be unable to resist the Temptation, if I think any longer of Lady HARVEY, I'll conclude this Address, with desiring Your LADYSHIP's Acceptance of one of MOLIÈRE's Comedies, which has both Wit and Humor in the *Original* . . . I hope, too, they are not quite lost in the *Translation*.

Only give me leave to add, that I am, MADAM, your Ladyship's most obedient and most humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Ravenscroft has imitated part of this play in his *Scaramouch a Philosopher, Harlequin a School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant and Magician*, acted at the Theatre Royal, 1677. This Comedy is a medley of three of Molière's plays, *The Forced Marriage*, *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman*, and *The Tricks of Scapin*. This, with a Harlequin, borrowed from an Italian farce, who jumps about as in a pantomime, but speaks, forms the whole play. It appears not to have had much success. The actors were dilatory in getting it up, and the theatre in Dorset Garden forestalled them by bringing out a translation of Moliere's *Tricks of Scapin*. This is what the prologue says:

Very unfortunate this play has bin,
A slippery trick was played us by Scapin,
Whilst here our actors made a long delay,
When some were idle, others run away,
The City House comes out with half our Play.

The English dramatist ends:

Let both French and Italians share the fame,
But if't be bad, let them too bear the blame.

Mrs. Centlivre, who was then Mrs. Carroll, has in her *Love's Contrivance, or Le Médecin malgré lui*, acted at Drury Lane, June 4, 1703, borrowed nearly everything from Molière's *Forced Marriage*, and from *The Physician in spite of Himself* (see Vol. VI), with a reminiscence of *Sganarelle*. She impudently states in the Preface—"Some scenes, I confess, are partly taken from Molière, and I dare be bold to say it has not suffered in the translation . . . The French have that light airiness in their Temper, that the least Glimpse of Wit sets them a-laughing, when 't would not make us so much as smile; so that where I found the stile too poor, I endeavored to give it a Turn." In the prologue she says, however—

So feverish is the Humor of the Town
It surfeits of a Play ere three Days run.
At Locket's, Brown's, and at Pontack's[1] enquire,
What modish Kick-shaws the nice Beaus desire,
What famed Ragouts, what new-invented Sallad
Has best pretensions to regale the Palate.
If we present you with a Medley here,
A hodge-podge Dish, served up in China Ware,
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your Bills of Fare.

Sganarelle is called, in the English comedy, Sir Toby Doubtful, and Geronimo, Octavio. The only new, and perhaps original, thing in *Love's Contrivance* is Bellmie's former servant, Martin, hiding a letter in an orange, and pretending to sell fruit, and the trick being discovered by Self-will, father to Lucinda, the heroine of the play.

Another imitation, *An Hour before Marriage*, was written by an Irish gentleman, and brought out at Covent Garden, January 25, 1772, with a prologue by Colman. The piece was very unfavorably received, and not allowed to be finished. Why, it is difficult to say, for it is a very good comedy in two acts. The character of Sir Andrew Melville is drawn cleverly, and the nice way in which, on meeting Elwood, he claims first the long-established friendship, the early and close intimacy "that has subsisted between us from our very childhood," but denies this friendship when he finds out that Elwood is poor, is well and originally delineated. Very forcibly also is Miss Melville's (Dorimène) brother boasting of his ancient descent, which is not in the French play. The eighth scene of Molière's play is likewise well imitated by Mr. Tardy, the lawyer, and Stanley; whilst the 15th and 16th scenes are thrown into one in the English version, the characters of Alcantor and Alcidas having been combined in the personage of Sir Andrew Melville.

The Irish Widow is another imitation of Molière's *Forced Marriage*, written by David Garrick. The character of Widow Brady is skillfully drawn; it is she who, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant, frightens poor Whittle; whilst in the French play, it is Alcidas, Dorimène's brother, and not Dorimène herself, who compels Sganarelle either to fight or to marry.

Some scenes of Molière's play are also borrowed in *Love without Interest*, or *The Man too hard for the Master*. The author of this piece is unknown; but the dedication is subscribed, Penkethman, and is directed to six lords, six knights, and twenty-four esquires; yet, notwithstanding this splendid patronage, it met with very little success on its appearance at the Theatre Royal.[2]

Shadwell, in *The Sullen Lovers* (see Introductory Notice to *The Bores*), has also partly imitated the fourth and sixth scenes of *The Forced Marriage*.

NOTES

[1] Three noted restaurants of that time. The last one is mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."

[2] Baker, Reed and Jones, "Biographica Dramatica," 1812, ii, p. 391.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SGANARELLE.[1]

GERONIMO.

ALCANTOR, Father to Dorimene.

ALCIDAS, Brother to Dorimene.

LYCASTE, In love with Dorimene.

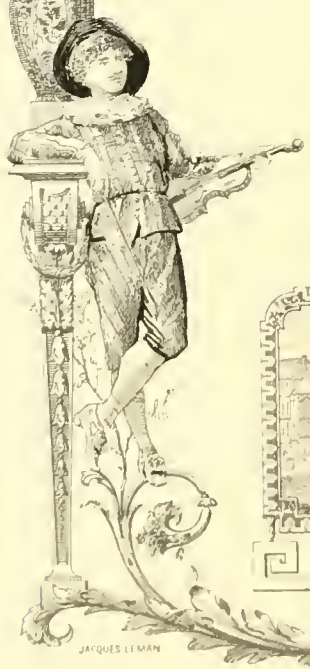
PANCRACE, An Aristotelian philosopher.

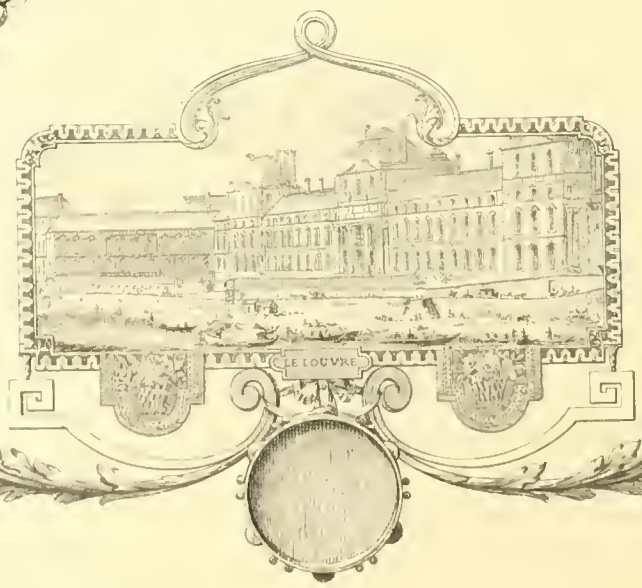
MARPHURIUS, A Pyrrhonian philosopher.

DORIMENE, A young coquette betrothed to Sganarelle.

TWO GIPSIES.

The Scene is in a Public Place.



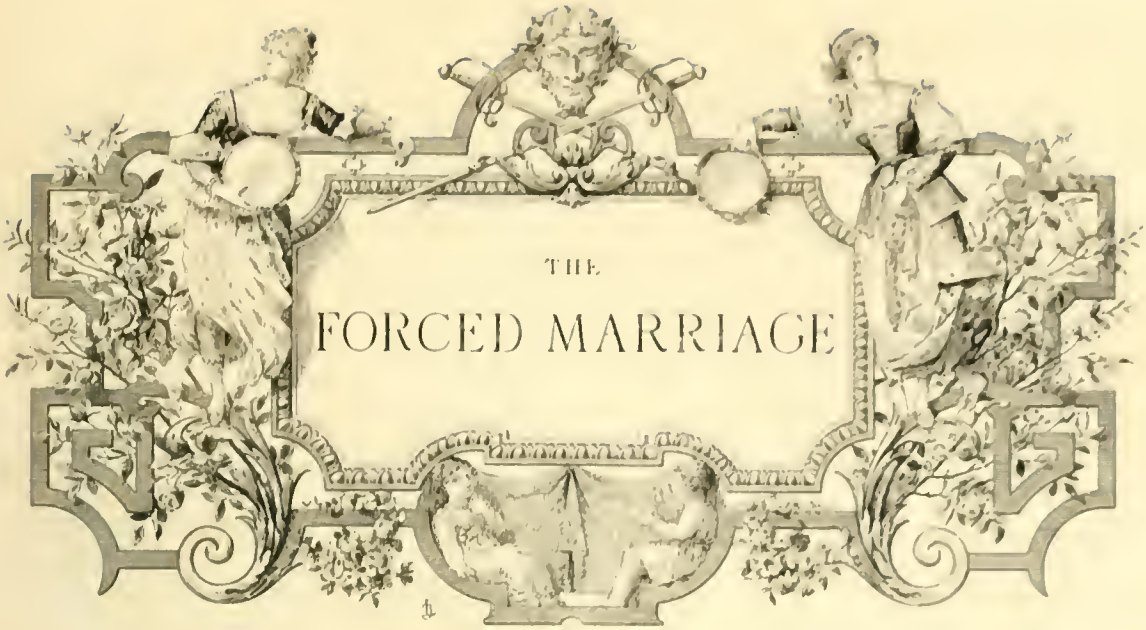


JACQUES LEMAN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

THE UPRIGHTS ARE FORMED OF THIN CANES ENCIRCLED WITH SPIRALS OF CLIMBING STEMS. THE CANES RISE FROM CHINESE VASES SUPPORTED ON THE LEG OF A CONSOLE; UPON THAT ON THE LEFT, ONE OF THE MUSICIANS OF THE MARRIAGE-FEAST OF SGANARELLE, CARRYING HIS INSTRUMENT AND BOW, LEANS ON HIS ELBOW. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOWER PART, ABOVE A TABOR, IS A VIEW OF THE LOUVRE ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE; IN THE BACKGROUND THAT WHICH WAS AFTERWARDS CALLED THE GARDEN OF THE INFANTA. THE FACADE IN PERSPECTIVE IS THE OLD ONE BUILT UNDER LOUIS XIII. BY LEVAU. AT THE TURN OF THE SQUARE IS THE BUILDING OF THE GALLERY OF APOLLO.



SCENE I.—SGANARELLE, GERONIMO.

SGAN. (*Speaking behind the scenes as he enters.*) I shall be back in a moment. Take good care of the house, and let everything go on quite regularly. If anyone brings me money, come for me quickly at Mr. Geronimo's; and if any one comes to ask for any, tell him I am out, and shall not be back to-day.

SCENE II.—SGANARELLE, GERONIMO.

GER. (*Having heard the last words of Sganarelle.*) That is a very prudent order.

SGAN. Ah! Geronimo, well met. I was going to your house to look for you.

GER. And why, pray?

SGAN. To tell you of something I have in my mind, and ask your advice about it.

GER. Very willingly. I am glad we have met; we can speak here at our ease.

SGAN. Pray, be covered then. The business is about something of importance which has been proposed to me. It is well to do nothing without the advice of one's friends.

GER. I am obliged to you for having chosen me. You have only to tell me what it is.

SGAN. But, first of all, I must implore you not to flatter me, but to tell me your opinion candidly.

GER. Since you wish it, I will.

SGAN. I know nothing worse than a friend who does not speak frankly.

GER. You are right.

SGAN. Nowadays, we meet few sincere friends.

GER. That is true.

SGAN. Promise me, then, Geronimo, to speak with all frankness.

GER. I promise.

SGAN. Swear on your word.

GER. Ay, on the word of a friend. Now, do tell me your business.

SGAN. I wish to have your opinion whether I shall do well to marry.

GER. Who? You?

SGAN. Yes, I myself. What is your advice on the subject?

GER. First of all, I beg you to tell me one thing.

SGAN. What is that?

GER. How old do you think you may be now?

SGAN. I?

GER. Yes.

SGAN. Why, really I do not know; but I am in very good health.

GER. What! Do you not know your age, within a year or two?

SGAN. No. Who thinks about his age?

GER. Hem! Just tell me, please, how old you were when we first became acquainted?

SGAN. Oh, I was only twenty then.

GER. How long were we together at Rome?

SGAN. Eight years.

GER. How long did you stay in England?

SGAN. Seven years.

GER. And in Holland, where you went next?

SGAN. Five years and a-half.

GER. How long is it since you returned?

SGAN. I came back in "fifty-two."

GER. From "fifty-two" to "sixty-four"[2] makes twelve years, I think. Five years in Holland makes seventeen; seven years in England make twenty-four; eight years for our stay in Rome make thirty-two; and twenty—your age when we became acquainted—make just fifty-two years. So, Sganarelle, according to your own confession, you are in about your fifty-second or fifty-third year.

SGAN. Who? I? It cannot be.

GER. By Jove, the reckoning is exact; and so I must tell you candidly, and as a friend, as you made me promise, that marriage is hardly in your line. It is a thing about which young people ought to think seriously before they engage in it; but persons at your time of life ought not to think of it at all. If, as some say, marriage is the greatest of all follies, I know of nothing more ridiculous than to commit this folly at a season when we ought to be most prudent. To be brief, I shall tell you my idea in a few words. I advise you not to dream of marrying; I should think you the silliest man in the world if, after remaining free up to this time, you were to go and burden yourself now with the heaviest of all chains.

SGAN. And I tell you in return, that I am resolved to marry; and that I shall not be silly in marrying the girl I am after.

GER. Oh! that is another thing. You never told me that.

SGAN. I like the girl; I love her with all my heart.

GER. You love her with all your heart?

SGAN. Undoubtedly; and I have asked her of her father.

GER. You have asked her?

SGAN. Yes. The marriage is to take place this evening; and I have plighted my troth.

GER. Oh! marry then. I have not another word to say.

SGAN. Am I to abandon my design? Do you imagine, Geronimo, that I am no longer fit to think of a wife? Do not talk of what my age may be; but let us look at things as they are. Is there a man of thirty that looks fresher or more active than I? Have I not the use of my limbs as much as ever? Do I look as if I needed a carriage or chair to get about in? Are not all my teeth in excellent condition? (*Showing his teeth.*) Do I not eat heartily four times a day, and is any man's stomach stronger than mine? (*Coughing.*) Hem, hem, hem! What say you?

GER. You are right; I was mistaken. Pray, marry, you cannot do better.

SGAN. I used to fight shy of it; but now I have strong reasons in its favor. Besides the pleasure I shall have in possessing a wife to fondle me, and to coddle me when I am tired; besides this pleasure, I consider that, by remaining as I am, I suffer the race of the Sganarelles to become extinct; whilst, by marrying, I may see myself reproduced, and shall have the joy of seeing children sprung from me, little images as like me as two peas, who will be always playing about the house, calling me their papa when I come back from town, and talking nonsense to me in the pleasantest manner possible. Oh, I can fancy I am already in the midst of them; and that I see half-a-dozen round about me.[3]

GER. Nothing could be nicer than that; and I advise you to marry as quickly as possible.

SGAN. Seriously? You advise it?

GER. Assuredly. You could not do better.

SGAN. I am indeed delighted that you give me this advice as a true friend.

GER. And pray, who is the lady whom you are going to marry?

SGAN. Dorimene.

GER. Young Dorimene, that gay, well dressed girl?

SGAN. Yes.

GER. Alcantor's daughter?

SGAN. The very same.

GER. And the sister of Alcidas, who presumes to carry a sword?

SGAN. That is the girl.

GER. My goodness!

SGAN. What have you to say to it?

GER. A good match. Make haste and get married.

SGAN. Have I not made an excellent choice?

GER. No doubt of it. Ah, you will be well matched! Lose no time about it.

SGAN. I am overjoyed to hear you say so. I thank you for your advice, and I invite you to come to-night to my wedding.

GER. I shall be sure to be there; I shall come masked, the better to honor the occasion.[4]

SGAN. Good-day.

GER. (*Aside.*) Young Dorimene, Alcantor's daughter, to Sganarelle, who is only fifty-three.[5] Oh! what a fine match! what a fine match! (*He repeats this over and over again, as he goes away.*)

SCENE III.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

This marriage ought to be a happy one; for it pleases everyone. All laugh to whom I mention it. I declare I am the happiest of men!

SCENE IV.—DORIMENE, SGANARELLE.

DOR. (*Speaking to a page, who holds up her train.*) Mind, youngster, hold up my train properly, and do not be playing your tricks.

SGAN. (*Aside, seeing Dorimene.*) Here comes my mistress. Ah, how pleasing she is! What an air, what a figure! Who could see her without wishing to marry her? (*Going up to her.*) Where are you going, pretty darling, my dear wife that is to be?

DOR. I am going to make a few purchases.

SGAN. Well, my dear, both of us are going to be happy now. You will no longer have a right to refuse me anything; and I can do with you just as I please, without any one being shocked. You will be mine from head to foot, and I shall be master of everything, of your little sparkling eyes, your little roguish nose, your tempting lips, your lovely ears, your pretty little chin, your little round breasts, your . . . In short, your whole person will be mine, to do what I like with, and I shall be entitled to fondle you as I choose. Are you not glad of this marriage, my lovely pet?

DOR. Immensely glad, I assure you. For, indeed, my father's severity has kept me hitherto in the most grievous subjection. I have been raging, I do not know how long, at the scanty liberty he allows me; I have wished a hundred times that he would get me a husband, so that I might quickly escape from the durance in which I have been kept by him, and be able to do as I please. Thank Heaven, you luckily came in the way; I mean henceforth to give myself up to pleasure, and make up finely for the time I have lost. As you are a well-bred man, and know the world, I think we shall get on wonderfully well together, and that you will not be one of those bothering husbands who wish their wives to live like owls.[6] I confess that would not suit me! Solitude drives me mad. I like gambling, visiting, assemblies, entertainments, promenades; in fact, all kinds of pleasure. You must be overjoyed to have a wife like me. We shall never have a difference; I shall not constrain your actions, and I hope that you will not constrain mine. For my part, I think we ought to be mutually complaisant, and not be married only to annoy each other. In a word, we shall live, when we get married, like two people who know the world. No jealous suspicions shall trouble our heads; it will suffice for you to be assured of my fidelity, as I shall be persuaded of yours. But what is the matter? A change has come over you.

SGAN. I am taken with a sudden pain in my head.

DOR. That is a malady which attacks many people in these days; but our marriage will remove all that. Good-bye. I long to have a proper dress, that I may quickly throw these rags aside. I am going now to finish the purchase of all the things which I want; and I shall send in the bills to you.

SCENE V.—GERONIMO, SGANARELLE.

GER. Ah! Sganarelle, I am glad to find you here. I have met with a goldsmith who, having heard that you were in search of a handsome diamond ring to make a present to your bride, entreated me to recommend him to you, and to tell you that he has one to sell, the finest in the world.

SGAN. God bless me! there is no hurry for that.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE

SCENE XVI.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF ALCANTOR.

ALCIDAS, BROTHER TO DORIMENE, PERSUADING SGANARELLE THAT HE WILL MARRY DORIMENE.

ALCIDAS (*After beating Sganarelle, again offers him the swords*): "COME, SIR, DO THINGS LIKE A GENTLEMAN, BEFORE I PULL YOUR EARS."

[illegible] *her* [illegible] my train [illegible] your tricks. [illegible] (*Aside*.) Here [illegible] how pleasing she is! [illegible] ure! Who could see [illegible] to marry her? (*Going* [illegible] Where are you going, pretty [illegible] ar wife that is to be?

[illegible] going to make a few purchases.

[illegible] Well, my dear, both of us are going [illegible] py now. You will no longer have a [illegible] ef se me anything; and I can do with [illegible] t as I [illegible] one [illegible] You will be mine from head to foot, [illegible] shall be master of everything, of your [illegible] sparkling eyes, your little [illegible] your [illegible] lips, [illegible] ears, your [illegible] little [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] be [illegible] to [illegible] you as I choose. Are [illegible] ad [illegible]

[illegible] Immediately [illegible] I [illegible] the [illegible] obedience [illegible] s jection. I [illegible] been [illegible] ging, I do not know how long, [illegible] he says any [illegible] he allows me, I have [illegible] ed a hundred [illegible] a husband, so that I might quickly escape [illegible] the durance in which I have been kept [illegible] and be able to do as I please. Thank [illegible] you luckily came in the way; I mean [illegible] to give myself up to pleasure, and [illegible] for the time I have lost. As [illegible] a well bred man, and know the world, [illegible] ll get on wonderfully well [illegible] t you will not be one of those [illegible] o wish their wives to [illegible] that would not suit me! Solitude drives me mad. I like gambling, visiting, assemblies, entertainments, promenades; in fact, all kinds of pleasure. You must be overjoyed to have a wife like me. We shall never have a difference; I shall not constrain your actions, and I hope that you will not constrain mine. For my part, I think we ought to be mutually complaisant, and not be married only to annoy each other. In a word, we shall live, when we get married, like two people who know the world. No jealous suspicions shall trouble our heads; it will suffice for you to be assured of my fidelity, as I shall be persuaded of yours. But what is [illegible] ter [illegible] ange has come over you.

SGAN. I am taken with a sudden pain in my head.

[illegible] OR. That is a malady which attacks many [illegible] in [illegible] days, but our marriage will [illegible] (Good bye. I long to have [illegible] throw these [illegible] now to finish the [illegible] of all the things which I want; and [illegible] s to you.

ALCIDAS, BROTHER TO DORIMENE.

WILL MARRY DORIMENE.

ALCIDAS (*After beating Sganarelle, again offers him the sword*). "COME, SIR, DO THINGS LIKE A GENTLEMAN, BEFORE I PULL YOUR EARS."

SCENE V.—GERONIMO, SGANARELLE.

GER. Ah! Sganarelle, I am glad to find you here. I have met with a goldsmith who, having heard that you were in search of a handsome diamond ring to make a present to your bride, entreated me to recommend him to you, and to tell you that he has one to sell, the finest in the world.

SGAN. God bless me! there is no hurry for that.

GER. How? What does that mean? Where is the ardor you displayed just now?

SGAN. Within the last few moments, I have had some slight scruples as to marriage. Before going farther I wish to sift this matter to the bottom, and to have interpreted to me a dream which I had last night, and which just recurred to me.[7] You know that dreams are like mirrors, which sometimes show all that is to happen to us. I dreamt I was in a ship, on a rough sea, and that . . .

GER. Sganarelle, I have a little business on hand, which will not let me stay to hear you. I do not understand dreams; and as to arguments upon marriage you have for neighbors a couple of scholars, of philosophers, who are just the men to tell you all that can be said on the subject. As they belong to different sects, you can compare their several opinions upon it. For my part, I adhere to what I said just now, and am your servant.

SGAN. (*Alone.*) He is right. I must consult these men in my present uncertainty.

SCENE VI.—PANCRACE, SGANARELLE.

PAN. (*Speaking to somebody within, and not seeing Sganarelle.*) Go, you are an impertinent fellow, my friend, a man ignorant of all method and order, who ought to be expelled from the Republic of letters.

SGAN. Ah! capital, here is one of them in the nick of time.

PAN. (*As before, and not seeing Sganarelle.*) Yes, I shall maintain it on strong grounds. I will prove it you out of Aristotle, the philosopher of philosophers, that you are *ignorans, ignorantissimus, ignorantificans* and *ignorantificatus*, in all imaginable cases and moods.

SGAN. He has fallen out with somebody. (*To Pancrace.*) Sir!

PAN. (*As before, and not seeing Sganarelle.*) You presume to argue, and do not know the very elements of reasoning.

SGAN. His passion prevents his seeing me. (*To Pancrace.*) Sir!

PAN. (*As before, and not seeing Sganarelle.*) It is a proposition condemned in all the regions of philosophy.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) He must have been mightily vexed. (*To Pancrace.*) I say . . .

PAN. (*As before, and not seeing Sganarelle.*) *Toto cœlo toto via aberras.*[8]

SGAN. I kiss your hands, Master Doctor!

PAN. At your service.

SGAN. May I . . .

PAN. (*Turning round again.*) Do you know what you have perpetrated? A syllogism *in Balordo!*[9]

SGAN. I . . .

PAN. (*As before.*) The major is foolish, the minor trivial, and the conclusion ridiculous.

SGAN. I . . .

PAN. (*As before.*) I would rather die than admit what you say; and I shall maintain my opinion to the last drop of my ink.

SGAN. May I . . .

PAN. (*As before.*) Yes, I shall defend this proposition *pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro.*[10]

SGAN. Mr. Aristotle, may I ask what has put you in such a rage?

PAN. The best possible reason.

SGAN. But what?

PAN. An ignoramus dared to maintain an erroneous proposition, a frightful, terrible, execrable, proposition.

SGAN. May I ask what it is?

PAN. Ah, Mr. Sganarelle, everything nowadays is subverted, and the world has fallen into general corruption. A horrible license reigns everywhere; and the magistrates, who are appointed to maintain order in the state, ought to die of shame, to suffer a scandal so intolerable as this which I shall reveal to you.[11]

SGAN. What is it then?

PAN. Is it not a horrible thing, a thing crying for the vengeance of Heaven, to allow anyone to say in public "the form of a hat?"

SGAN. How?

PAN. I maintain that we ought to say "the figure of a hat," and not "the form;" for as much as there is this difference between the form and the figure, that the form is the external disposition of animate bodies, and the figure is the external disposition of inanimate bodies; and since the hat is an inanimate body, we ought to say, "the figure of a hat," and not "the form." (*Turning again to the side by which he entered.*) Yes, ignoramus that you are, that is the manner in which you ought to express yourself, and these are Aristotle's own terms in his chapter on *Qualities*.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) I thought we were all undone. (*To Pancrace.*) Master Doctor, think no more of this. I . . .

PAN. I am in such a rage, that I do not know what I am doing.

SGAN. Leave the form and hat in peace. I have something to tell you. I . . .

PAN. Impertinent fellow![12]

SGAN. Pray, be quiet. I . . .

PAN. Ignoramus!

SGAN. Good heavens! I . . .

PAN. To dare to maintain such a proposition!

SGAN. He is wrong. I . . .

PAN. A proposition condemned by Aristotle.

SGAN. It is true. I . . .

PAN. In so many words!

SGAN. You are right. (*Going round to the side by which Pancrace entered.*) Yes, you are a fool, an impudent fellow, to pretend to argue with a Doctor who can read and write. Now, that is done with. I beg you to listen to me. I am come to consult you on an affair which perplexes me. I intend to take a wife, to keep me company at home. The lady is handsome and well made; she charms me greatly, and is delighted to marry me; her father has given her to me; but I am rather afraid of, you know what—the disgrace for which no one pities a man; I wish much to beg of you, as a philosopher, to give me your opinion. Eh? What is your advice in the matter?

PAN. Rather than admit that we ought to say "the form of a hat," I would admit that *datur vacuum in rerum natura*,[13] and that I am a mere ass.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Plague take the man. (*To Pancrace.*) Why, Master Doctor, do hear one for a moment. I have been talking to you for an hour, and you do not reply to what is said to you.

PAN. I ask your pardon. A just wrath engrosses my mind.

SGAN. Well, let it pass; and be at pains to listen to me.

PAN. I will. What do you wish to say to me?

SGAN. I wish to speak to you of something.

PAN. And what tongue would you use with me?

SGAN. What tongue?

PAN. Ay.

SGAN. Zounds! the tongue I have in my mouth. I do not think I shall go and borrow my neighbor's.

PAN. I ask you, what idiom, what language?

SGAN. Oh! that is another thing.

PAN. Do you wish to speak to me in Italian?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Spanish?

SGAN. No.

PAN. German?

SGAN. No.

PAN. English?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Latin?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Greek?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Hebrew?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Syriac?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Turkish?

SGAN. No.

PAN. Arabic?

SGAN. No, no! French, French, French![14]

PAN. Ah, French!

SGAN. Quite so.

PAN. Then go to the other side; for this ear is set apart for the learned and foreign languages, and the other is for the vulgar and mother tongue.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) One must employ many ceremonies with this sort of people.

PAN. What do you desire?

SGAN. To consult you in a little difficulty.

PAN. Ah! a difficulty in philosophy, no doubt.

SGAN. Pardon me. I . . .

PAN. You would know perhaps if substance and accident be synonymous terms, or equivocal in respect of entity?

SGAN. Not at all. I . . .

PAN. If logic be an art or a science?

SGAN. It is not that. I . . .

PAN. If its object be the three operations of the mind, or the third only?

SGAN. No. I . . .

PAN. If there be ten categories, or only one?

SGAN. Not so. I . . .

PAN. If the conclusion be of the essence of a syllogism?

SGAN. No o! I . . .

PAN. If the essence of good be placed in appetibility or incongruity?

SGAN. No. I . . .

PAN. If good be reciprocal with finality?

SGAN. Oh, no. I . . .

PAN. Whether finality can affect us by its real, or by its intentional being?

SGAN. No, no, no, no, no! By all the devils, no!

PAN. Unfold then your thought; for I cannot divine it.

SGAN. That is just what I wish to do; but you must listen to me. The business I have to mention to you is that I have a mind to marry a girl who is young and handsome. I love her very much, and I have asked her of her father; but I fear . . .

PAN. (*Not listening to Sganarelle.*) Speech has been given to man to express his thoughts;[15] and just as thoughts are the representations of things, so our words are the representations of our thoughts. (*Sganarelle impatiently stops the Doctor's mouth with his hand; but the latter continues to speak as soon as Sganarelle withdraws his hand. This is repeated several times.*) But these representations differ from other representations, inasmuch as these other representations are distinguished everywhere by their originals, whilst speech includes its original in itself; being nothing but thought

explained by an external sign; whence it follows that they who think well are also they who speak the best. Explain to me then your thoughts by words, which are the most intelligible of all signs.

SGAN. (*Pushing the Doctor into his house, and pulling the door to prevent his coming out.*) Plague take the man!

PAN. (*Within.*) Yes, speech is *animi index et speculum*, that is, the interpreter of the heart, the image of the soul. (*He gets up to the window and continues.*) It is a mirror which plainly reproduces for us the innermost secrets of our individualisms. Since, then, you have the faculty of reasoning, and also of speaking, why do you not make use of speech in order to make me understand your thoughts?

SGAN. That is just what I wish to do; but you will not listen to me.

PAN. I listen to you; speak.

SGAN. I say then, Doctor, that . . .

PAN. But above all, be brief.

SGAN. I will.

PAN. Avoid prolixity.

SGAN. Oh! Sir . . .

PAN. Contract your discourse into a laconic apophthegm.

SGAN. I . . .

PAN. No diffuseness nor circumlocution. (*Sganarelle, in his vexation at being unable to speak, picks up stones to throw at the Doctor's head.*) Eh, what? Are you flying into a passion instead of explaining yourself? Go along, you are more impertinent than the fellow who would have it that one ought to say "the form of a hat;" and I will prove to you upon all occasions, by clear and convincing reasons, and by arguments in *Barbara*, that you are not, and never will be, aught but an animal, and that I am, and ever shall be, Doctor Pancrace, *in utroque jure*.

SGAN. What an eternal gabbler!

PAN. (*Coming down.*) A man of letters, a man of learning.

SGAN. What, more?

PAN. A man of sufficiency, a man of capacity. (*Going away.*) A man supreme in all the sciences, natural, moral, and political. (*Returning.*) A learned, most learned man, *per omnes modos et casus*. (*Going away.*) A man who possesses, in the superlative degree, a knowledge of fables, mythologies, and histories —(*returning*)—grammar, poetry, rhetoric, dialectics, and sophistry—(*going away*)—mathematics, arithmetic, optics, oneirocritics, physics and metaphysics—(*returning*)—cosmometry, geometry, architecture, the speculory and speculatory arts—(*going away*)—medicine, astronomy, astrology, physiognomy, metoposcopy, cheiromancy, geomancy, etc.[16]

SCENE VII.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

The devil take these scholars, who will never listen to people! I was rightly informed that his master, Aristotle, was nothing but a talker. I must go and find the other one. Perhaps he may be more composed and reasonable. Soho, there!

SCENE VIII.—MARPHURIUS, SGANARELLE.

MAR. What do you want with me, Mr. Sganarelle?

SGAN. Doctor, I have need of your advice in a little matter of business, and that is why I have come to you. (*Aside.*) Ah! this is all right. This gentleman lets people speak.

MAR. Mr. Sganarelle, pray change this mode of speaking. Our philosophy enjoins us not to enunciate a positive proposition, but to speak of everything dubiously, and always to suspend our judgment. For this reason, you should not say, I am come, but it seems that I am come.

SGAN. Seems?

MAR. Yes.

SGAN. Upon my word! no doubt it seems, because it is so.

MAR. That does not follow: it might seem, and yet not be true.

SGAN. How? Is it not true that I am come?

MAR. That is questionable; and we must doubt everything.

SGAN. What! I am not here? and you are not speaking to me?

MAR. It appears to me that you are there, and it seems that I am speaking to you; but it is not certain that it is so.

SGAN. Eh! what the deuce! You are joking. Here I am, and there you are, plainly enough; and there is no "seems" in all that. Let us dispense with these quirks and quibbles, I beg, and talk of my business. I am come to tell you that I wish to marry.

MAR. I know nothing of this.

SGAN. I tell it you.

MAR. It may be so.

SGAN. The girl whom I intend to marry is very young and very lovely.

MAR. It is not impossible.

SGAN. Shall I do well or ill to marry her?

MAR. The one or the other.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Oh, dear! here is another tune. I ask you, if I shall do well to marry the girl I speak of?

MAR. As it may chance.

SGAN. Shall I do ill?

MAR. Just as it happens.

SGAN. Pray, answer me properly.

MAR. That is my intention.

SGAN. I have a great liking for the girl.

MAR. That may be.

SGAN. The father has given his consent.

MAR. He may have done so.

SGAN. But if I marry her, I fear to be made a cuckold.

MAR. The thing is feasible.

SGAN. What do you think of it?

MAR. There is no impossibility in it.

SGAN. But what would you do, if you were in my place?

MAR. I do not know.

SGAN. What do you advise me to do?

MAR. Whatever you please.

SGAN. I shall go mad!

MAR. I wash my hands of it.

SGAN. Devil take the dreamer!

MAR. As it may be.[17]

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Plague take the rascal! I'll make you change your tune, mad hang-dog of a philosopher!

(*Beats him.*)

MAR. Oh, oh, oh!

SGAN. There is something for your nonsense! And now I am satisfied!

MAR. How! What insolence is this! To outrage me in this manner! To have the audacity to beat a philosopher like me!

SGAN. Pray, correct this manner of speaking. We are to doubt everything; and you ought not to say that I have beaten you, but that it seems I have beaten you.

MAR. Ugh! I shall go and complain to a magistrate[18] of this beating.

SGAN. I wash my hands of it.

MAR. I have the marks on my body.

SGAN. It may be so.

MAR. You know it was you who did it.

SGAN. It is not impossible.

MAR. I will get a summons against you.

SGAN. I know nothing about it.

MAR. And you will be convicted.

SGAN. As it may be.

MAR. Leave me alone for that.

SCENE IX.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

What now? One cannot get a word from that beastly man, and I am as wise at the end as at the beginning. What shall I do in this uncertainty as to the consequences of getting married? Never was a man more perplexed than I. Ah! here come the gipsies: they shall tell me my fortune.

SCENE X.—TWO GIPSIES, SGANARELLE.

The two Gipsies come in, with tabors, singing and dancing.

SGAN. They are very merry. I say, you good women, can you tell me my fortune?

FIRST GIP. Ay, my good sir, both of us here will tell it you.

SECOND GIP. Just give us your hand, and cross ours with a small bit of silver,[19] and we shall tell you something that shall be of service to you.

SGAN. Here: there are both my hands, with what you ask in them.

FIRST GIP. You have a good phiz, master—a good phiz.

SECOND GIP. Ay, a good phiz; the phiz of a man that will be something one of these days.

FIRST GIP. You will be married before long, good master, you will be married before long.

SECOND GIP. You will wed a pretty wife, a pretty wife.

FIRST GIP. Ay, a wife that will be courted and loved by every one.

SECOND GIP. A wife that will make you many friends, good master, many friends.

FIRST GIP. A wife that will bring plenty to your house.

SECOND GIP. A wife that will gain you great repute.

FIRST GIP. You will be esteemed for her sake, good master; you will be esteemed for her sake.

SGAN. That is well. But just tell me, is there fear of my being cuckold?

SECOND GIP. Cuckold!

SGAN. Ay!

FIRST GIP. Cuckold!

SGAN. Ay; is there fear of my being cuckolded? (*The Gipsies sing and dance.*) What the devil! that is no answer. Come here. I ask you whether I shall be a cuckold.

SECOND GIP. A cuckold! You?

SGAN. Ah, shall I be a cuckold?

FIRST GIP. You a cuckold!

SGAN. Yes; shall I, or not?

(*The Gipsies go off, singing and dancing.*)

SCENE XI.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

Plague take the baggages for leaving me in this uncertainty! I must really know the upshot of my marriage; so I shall go and find that great magician of whom everybody is talking, and who, by his marvelous art, enables us to see all that we wish. Upon my word! I believe I have only to go to the magician, and he will show me all that I ask of him.

SCENE XII.—DORIMENE, LYCASTE, SGANARELLE (*out of sight, at the back of the stage*).

LYC. What! lovely Dorimene, do you speak seriously?

DOR. Most seriously.

LYC. You really mean to marry?

DOR. Really.

LYC. And your wedding is to be this evening?

DOR. This evening.

LYC. And you can forget, cruel maid, the love I feel for you, and the kind words you have spoken to me?

DOR. I? By no means. I shall always think the same of you; and this marriage need not trouble you. I am not marrying the man for love; it is only his wealth that makes me resolve to accept him. I have no fortune; no more have you; and you know that, without fortune, it goes hard with us in the world. At whatever cost, therefore, we must try to get it. I have jumped at this opportunity of making myself comfortable; I have done it in the hope of being soon delivered from the old fool that I am marrying. He will shortly die; he has not more than six months to live. I guarantee that he is dead in the time I say; I shall not long have to pray Heaven for the happy state of widowhood. (*Seeing Sganarelle.*) Ah, we were talking of you, and saying much in your praise too.

LYC. Is that the gentleman . . .

DOR. Yes, that is the gentleman who is going to marry me.

LYC. Allow me, sir, to congratulate you on your marriage, and at the same time to offer you my most humble services. Let me tell you that the lady, whom you are marrying, possesses great merits; as for you, Miss Dorimene, I congratulate you also on the happy choice you have made. You could not have found a better, and this gentleman has all the appearance of making a very good husband. Yes, sir, I should be delighted to strike up a friendship with you, and to arrange a slight interchange of visits and entertainments.

DOR. You are doing us too much honor. But come, time presses, and we shall have plenty of opportunities to converse together.

SCENE XIII.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

There, now I am fairly disgusted with my match; I think I shall not do amiss to go and get out of my engagement. It has cost me a little money; but I had better even lose that than run the risk of something worse. I shall try if I cannot be clever enough to get out of this scrape. Within there! (*He knocks at Alcantor's door.*)

SCENE XIV.—ALCANTOR, SGANARELLE.

AL. Ah, son-in-law, you are welcome.

SGAN. Sir, my duty to you.

AL. You come to conclude the marriage?

SGAN. Excuse me.

AL. I promise you that I am as impatient as yourself.

SGAN. I come here for another purpose.

AL. I have given the necessary orders for the entertainment.

SGAN. That is not what I am come about.

AL. The violins are engaged, the feast is bespoke, and my daughter is ready dressed to receive you.

SGAN. It is not that which has brought me.

AL. In short, you are about to have your wish; and nothing can delay your happiness.

SGAN. Good Lord, there is something else to think of.

AL. Come, son-in-law, will you walk in?

SGAN. I have just a word to say to you.

AL. Oh goodness, let us have no ceremony! Enter quickly, if you please.

SGAN. No, I tell you. I wish to speak to you first.

AL. You have something to say to me?

SGAN. Yes.

AL. What is it, then?

SGAN. Mr. Alcantor, it is true I asked your daughter in marriage, and you granted my request; but I find that I am rather old; I think that I am by no means a proper match for her.

AL. Pardon me. My daughter likes you as you are; and I am sure that she will live very happily with you.

SGAN. Nay. I am given to strange whims at times, and she would have too much to endure from my ill humor.

AL. My daughter is of a very mild and obliging disposition; you shall see that she will accommodate herself entirely to you.

SGAN. I have some bodily infirmities which might disgust her.

AL. That is nothing. A virtuous woman is never disgusted with her husband.

SGAN. Must I then speak plainly? I do not advise you to give her to me.

AL. Surely you are jesting? I would rather die than break my word.

SGAN. Oh, dear, I absolve you from it, and I . . .

AL. By no means. I have promised her to you, and you shall have her, in spite of all who are running after her.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) The devil I shall!

AL. Look here. I have a special respect and friendship for you; and I would refuse my daughter to a prince to give her to you.

SGAN. Mr. Alcantor, I am obliged for the honor you do me, but I declare to you that I will not marry.

AL. Not marry, you say?

SGAN. Yes, not marry.

AL. And why?

SGAN. Why? Because I feel I am not fit for marriage; and because I wish to be like my father, and all my ancestors, who never would marry.

AL. Hark ye. Every one to his liking; I am not the man to force anyone. You gave me your word that you would marry my daughter, and everything is prepared for the wedding: but since you wish to withdraw, I shall go and see what can be done in the matter; you shall hear from me presently.

SCENE XV.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

Now he is more reasonable than I expected. I thought I should have much trouble in getting off. Upon my word, when I think of it,

THE FORCED MARRIAGE

SCENE IV.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

IN THE FOREGROUND OF A TREE-BORDERED PATH, HAVING ON ONE SIDE A FOUNTAIN AND ON THE OTHER AN IRON FENCE BETWEEN PILLARS, IS YOUNG DORIMENE, ELEGANTLY DRESSED, CARRYING A FAN AND HOLDING A PARASOL OVER HER HEAD, TURNS AROUND, NOT DEIGNING TO NOTICE SGANARELLE, WHO, HAT IN HAND, BOWS LOW.

DORIMENE (*Speaking to a page, who holds up her train*): "MIND, YOUNGSTER, HOLD UP MY TRAIN PROPERLY, AND DO NOT BE PLAYING YOUR TRICKS."

SGANARELLE (*Going up to her*): "WHERE ARE YOU GOING, PRETTY DARLING, MY DEAR WIFE THAT IS TO BE?"

AL. [illegible] A virtuous wife [illegible] never contented with her husband.

SGAN. Must I then speak plainly? I do not advise you to give her to me.

AL. Surely you are jesting? I would rather die than break my word.

SGAN. Oh, dear, I absolve you from it, and I . . .

AL. By no means. I have promised her to you, and you shall have her, in spite of all who are running after her.

SGAN. [illegible] The devil I shall!

AL. Look here. I have a special respect and friendship for you; and I would refuse my daughter to a prince to give her to you.

SGAN. Mr. Alcantor, I am obliged for the honor you do me, but I declare to you that I will not marry.

AL. What, you say?

[illegible] am not fit [illegible] like [illegible] all my presents who never would marry.

AL. Mark ye! [illegible] give me your word that you would marry my daughter, and everything is prepared for the [illegible] shall go and see what can be done in the matter; you shall hear from me presently.

MY DEAR WIFE THAT IS TO BE?"

SCENE XV.—SGANARELLE (*Alone*).

Now he is more reasonable than I expected. I thought I should have much trouble in getting off. Upon my word, when I think of it,

JACQUES LEMAN.

I have done very prudently in withdrawing from this business. I was going to take a step of which I should perhaps have repented at leisure. But here comes the son, to bring me my answer.

SCENE XVI.—ALCIDAS, SGANARELLE.

ALCID. (*In a mild and complaisant tone.*) Sir, your most obedient servant.

SGAN. Sir, I am entirely yours.

ALCID. My father has told me, sir, that you came to withdraw your promise to marry my sister.

SGAN. Yes, sir. It is with regret; but . . .

ALCID. Oh! sir, there is no harm in that.

SGAN. I am extremely sorry, I assure you, and I could wish . . .

ALCID. That is nothing, I tell you. (*Offers Sganarelle two swords.*) Sir, have the goodness to choose one of these swords.

SGAN. One of these swords?

ALCID. Yes, if you please.

SGAN. For what?

ALCID. Sir, as you refuse to marry my sister, after giving your word, I think you will not take amiss the little compliment I have paid you.

SGAN. How?

ALCID. Other people would make more noise, and get into a rage with you; but we are the sort of people to take things quietly; and I have come to tell you very politely that we must, by your favor, cut each other's throats.

SGAN. That is a sorry compliment.

ALCID. Come, sir, I beg you will make your choice.

SGAN. I am your very humble servant, but I have no throat worth cutting. (*Aside.*) Here is a curvy style of speech!

ALCID. Sir, by your leave, it must be so.

SGAN. My dear sir, a truce, I beg, to this compliment.

ALCID. Let us be quick about it, sir. I have a little business on hand.

SGAN. I have no mind for this, I tell you.

ALCID. You will not fight?

SGAN. I will not, upon my soul.

ALCID. You mean it?

SGAN. I mean it.

ALCID. (*Giving him a few blows with his cane.*) At least, sir, you cannot complain; you see that I do things by rule. You break your word with us, I wish to fight you, you refuse to fight, I cane you,—all that is according to form; and you are too much of a gentleman to find fault with my mode of acting.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Here is a devil of a fellow!

ALCID. (*Again offering the swords.*) Come, sir, do things like a gentleman, before I pull your ears.

SGAN. What! are you determined?

ALCID. Sir, I force no one; but you must either fight or marry my sister.

SGAN. Sir, I assure you, I cannot do either.

ALCID. Really?

SGAN. Really.

ALCID. By your leave then . . . (*Beats him again.*)

SGAN. Oh, oh, oh!

ALCID. Sir, I infinitely regret to be obliged to treat you thus; but if you please I shall not

stop until you have promised to marry my sister. (*Raises his cane.*)

SGAN. Well then, I will marry, I will marry!

ALCID. My dear sir, I am delighted that you have returned to your senses, and that things can go smoothly. For I swear that I esteem you more than any one in the world; and I should have been grieved if you had compelled me to maltreat you. I shall call my father, and let him know that everything is settled.

(*Goes and knocks at Alcantor's door.*)

SCENE XVII.—ALCANTOR, DORIMENE, ALCIDAS, SGANARELLE.

ALCID. Father, this gentleman is now pleased to listen to reason. He has determined to do things with a good grace, and you can give my sister to him.

ALCAN. Sir, here is her hand; you have only to give her yours. Heaven be praised! I have got rid of her; it is for you henceforth to take charge of her character. Let us make merry, and celebrate this happy marriage.

NOTES

[1] Molière played the part of Sganarelle. According to the inventory taken after his death and given by M. Eud. Soulié, in his *Recherches sur Molière*, we find "a dress for *The Forced Marriage*, composed of breeches and cloak of olive-color, lined with green, adorned with violet and plate buttons, and a vest with deep yellow-colored flowers, with the same kind of buttons, and a belt."

[2] It must not be forgotten that *The Forced Marriage* was played in 1664; hence Geronimo counts to "sixty-four."

[3] Molière has evidently been influenced in writing this scene by the ninth chapter of the third book of Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, and by a passage from a Sermon on Widowhood by Jean Raulin, in the *Sermones Paradisi*, Paris, 1524, which has been elegantly rendered, under the name of Fredegonde, in *Bon Denier de Ballads*.

[4] *The Forced Marriage* was originally a Comedy-ballet, and most likely Geronimo said "He should come masked" to announce a masquerade of young people in honor of the wedding of Sganarelle, but probably Molière left it afterwards with an ironical meaning, as if Geronimo wanted to hide his laughter at Sganarelle's ridiculous marriage.

[5] On page 16 Geronimo says, "Sganarelle, you are in about your fifty second or fifty third year," giving to the latter "the benefit of a doubt," but at the end of this scene he states frankly, when Sganarelle has left, that the latter is fifty-three years old.

[6] The original has *loup-garou*, were-wolf, a warlock, who, in the form of a wolf, roamed about devouring men, and whose hide was said to be bullet-proof. It is curious that the French and Germans have a wolf to frighten timorous people, and the English a bugbear.

[7] This is also an imitation of Rabelais' *Panurge*, Book III, Chapters 13 and 14.

[8] The literal translation is: "You err the whole extent of heaven, the whole length of the road;" something like the familiar "You are as wrong as you can be."

[9] Pancrace makes here a scholastic joke. In Molière's time logic used a great many syllogisms, which were called by barbarous names, such as, *Barbara*, *Celerant*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, etc., but the doctor invents a syllogism in *Balordo*, because *balourd* is the French for a "noodle."

[10] With fists and feet, with nails and beak.

[11] This is a hit at the University of Paris, who prosecuted those who differed in opinion from it, and invoked the arms of the magistrates to punish those who were opposed to it. See Introductory Notice.

[12] The original has *impertinent fieffé*, a relic of the feudal times, when a noble who possessed a fief was called *un noble fieffé*, or one who possessed all advantages—namely, title and property; hence *un impertinent fieffé* is a fellow who possesses all the qualifications of impertinence.

[13] Literally, "A vacuum exists in the things of nature." The peripatetic school denied the existence of a vacuum.

[14] In the ninth chapter of the second book of Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, "How Pantagruel found Panurge," whom he loved all his life-time, the first addresses the latter also in a dozen different languages, before speaking to him.

[15] A formula employed by several of Molière's successors. The reverse has also been maintained:—"Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts."

[16] Instead of *metaphysics* the original has again *mathematics*, which appears an error. *Oneiromancy* is the interpretation of dreams; *the speculory art* showed in a mirror the image of absent persons; *hydromancy* interpreted the future through observing thunder, lightning and meteors; *metoposcopy* was the art of predicting what would happen by studying the countenance; *cheiromancy* is divination by looking at the lines in the hand, *geomancy*, by observing the lines, or crevices and undulations of the ground.

[17] This scene is an imitation of the thirty-sixth chapter of the third book of Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, where Panurge asks Trouillogan's advice if he should marry.

[18] The original has *commissaire de quartier*. See *The School for Husbands*.

[19] The original has *avec la croix dedans*, literally, with a cross in it; because formerly some coins had on one side a cross; hence also the French for playing pitch and toss, *jouer à croix ou pile*, and the expression, *loger le diable dans sa bourse*, literally, "to lodge the devil in one's purse," because there was no cross to drive him away.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

THE FORCED MARRIAGE

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THE FORCED MARRIAGE		Jacques Leman	5
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THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

THE

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN AN IRREGULAR FRAME IS SHOWN THE BALLET OF THE GIANTS AND DWARFS OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE PLEASURES OF THE ENCHANTED ISLAND. THE FRAME IS SUPPORTED BY TWO LITTLE FAUNS, WITH TORCHES, STANDING UPON THE ORNAMENTATION.

PRINCESS OF ELIS

THE

PRINCESS OF ELIS

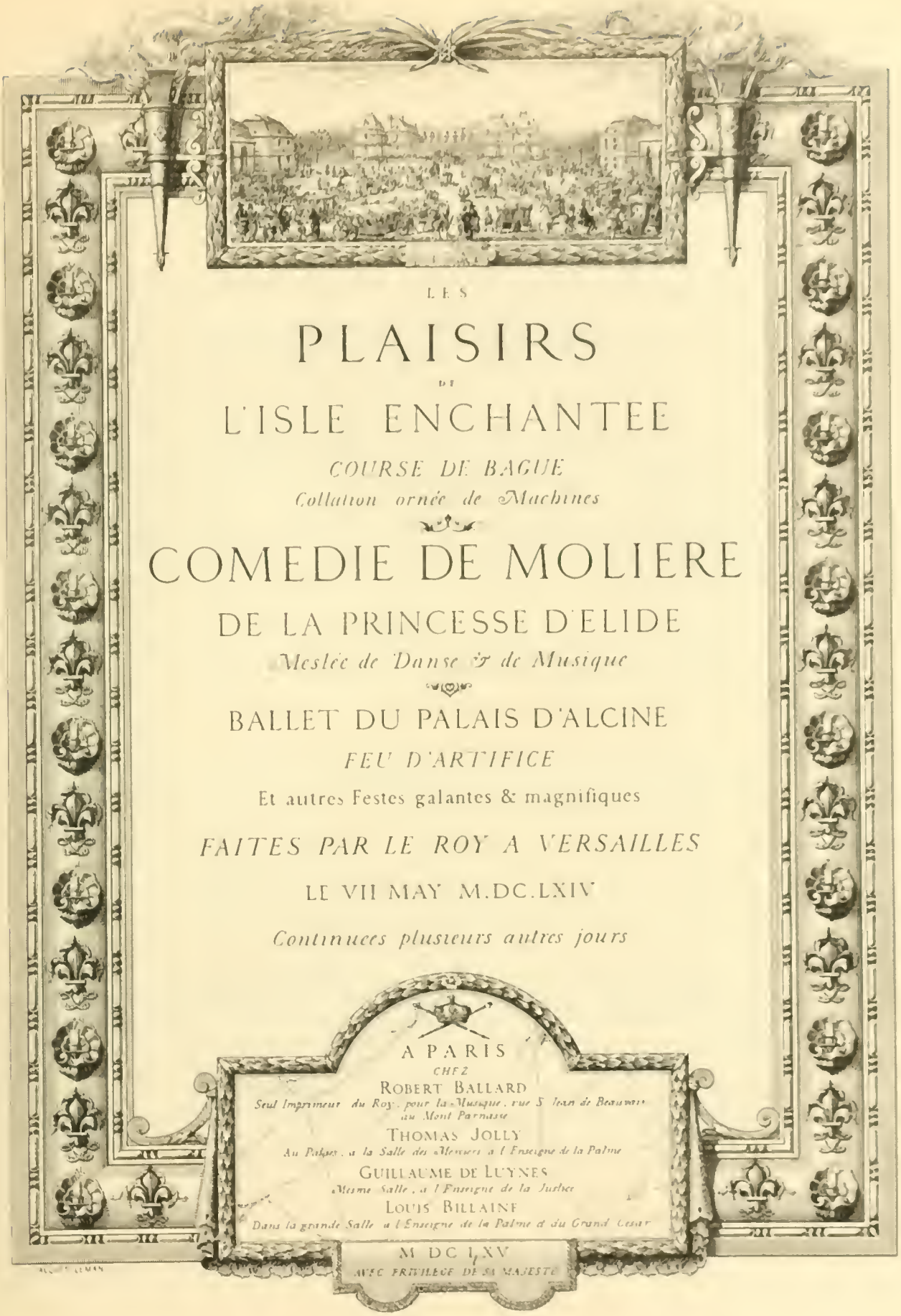
JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

THE FRAME IS COMPOSED OF FLEUR DE LIS ABOVE THE ROYAL "L" ALTERNATED WITH BRACKETS, IN THE SHAPE OF SHELLS, SUPPORTING LIGHTED CANDLES. ABOVE, IN A FRAME, WITH A TORCH ON EITHER SIDE, ONE SEES A VIEW OF THE OLD CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES AND THE MARBLE COURT OF LOUIS XIII., AND IN THE FOREGROUND, THE COACHES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES WHO BETAKE THEMSELVES TO THE FETE.

TITLE OF 1665

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

THE FRAME IS COMPOSED OF FLEUR DE LIS ABOVE THE ROYAL "L" ALTERNATED WITH BRACKETS, IN THE SHAPE OF SHELLS, SUPPORTING LIGHTED CANDLES. ABOVE, IN A FRAME, WITH A TORCH ON EITHER SIDE, ONE SEES A VIEW OF THE OLD CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES AND THE MARBLE COURT OF LOUIS XIII., AND IN THE FOREGROUND, THE COACHES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES WHO BETAKE THEMSELVES TO THE FETE.


LES
PLAISIRS
DE
L'ISLE ENCHANTEE
COURSE DE BAGUE
Collation ornée de Machines
COMEDIE DE MOLIERE
DE LA PRINCESSE D'ELIDE
Meslée de Danse & de Musique
BALLET DU PALAIS D'ALCINE
FEU D'ARTIFICE
Et autres Festes galantes & magnifiques
FAITES PAR LE ROY A VERSAILLES
LE VII MAY M.DC.LXIV
Continuées plusieurs autres jours
A PARIS
CHEZ
ROBERT BALLARD
Seul Imprimeur du Roy, pour la Musique, rue S. Iean de Beauvais au Mont Parnasse
THOMAS JOLLY
Au Palais, a la Salle des Merciers a l'Enseigne de la Palme
GUILLAUME DE LUYNES
Mesme Salle, a l'Enseigne de la Justice
LOUIS BILLAINE
Dans la grande Salle a l'Enseigne de la Palme & du Grand Cesar
M DC LXV
AVEC PRIVILEGE DE SA MAJESTE

Louis, par la Grâce de Dieu Roy de France et de Navarre, à nos Amez et Féaux Conseillers et les Gens tenans nostre Cour de Parlement, Prévost de Paris ou son Lieutenant, Baillifs, Sénéchaux et autres nos Juges, ou leurs Lieutenans, et à chacun d'eux, si comme appartiendra, Salut.

Nostre bien amé Robert Ballard, Nostre seul Imprimeur pour la Musique, Nous a fait remonstrer qu'il luy auroit esté mis un lidre en main et, par Nostre ordre, intitulé : *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle enchantée, contenant Course de Bague, Collation ornée de machines, meslée de danse et musique, Ballet du Palais d'Alcine, Feu d'artifice, la Comédie du Sieur* Molière, *intitulée La Princesse d'Elide, avec les Intermedes et autres Festes galantes et magnifiques que Nous avons fait à nostre Chasteau de Versailles le septième May dernier et continuées plusieurs jours de suite*, lequel il desireroit mettre au jour, au contentement d'un chacun ;

A ces causes, desirant favorablement traitter ledit Exposant, Nous, en considération du labeur et travail, et pour empescher qu'il ne soit frustré d'iceux, luy avons, de nostre grâce spécialle, plein puissance et authorité Royalle, permis et octroyé, permettons et octroyons par ses présentes, d'imprimer ou faire imprimer, en telle marge, volume et caractère qu'il luy plaira, ledit livre, et de l'exposer en vente et le distribuër durant le temps de sept années, á commencer du jour qu'il sera parachevé d'imprimer ;

. . . . . .

Donné à Paris le septiesme jour de Janvier l'an de grâce mil six cent soixante-cinq et de nostre Règne le vingt-deuxiesme.

Par le Roy en son Conseil, Signé : Vincent.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté des Imprimeurs et Marchands Libraires de ceste Ville de Paris, suivant et conformément à l'Arrest de la Cour de Parlement du 8 Avril 1653, et aux charges portées par le présent Privilége. A Paris, ce 3 Febvrier 1665.

Signé : E. Martin, *Scindic.*

Achevé d'imprimer, pour la première fois, le dernier Janvier 1665.

Les exemplaires ont esté fournis.

Ledit Sieur Ballard a cédé et transporté le droit du présent Privilège à Estienne Loyson et Gabriel Quinet, pour en joüir suivant le traité qu'ils ont fait ensemble.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

In the month of May, 1664, Louis XIV. entertained the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and his own wife, Maria Theresa, with a brilliant and sumptuous fête at Versailles. It began on the 7th, and lasted a whole week. The Duke de Saint-Aignan was commissioned to superintend the arrangements; and the plan he adopted was suggested by the materials which he discovered in the 6th and 7th cantos of Ariosto's epic poem, *Orlando Furioso*, which describe the sojourn of Rogero in the isle and palace of the enchantress Alcina. The king was Rogero, whilst the princes and courtiers personified the other characters mentioned in the poem. We shall give a description of this fête further on.

In this fête, the second day was distinguished by the representation of *The Princess of Elis*; and subsequent days saw the production of *The Bores*, *The Forced Marriage*, and the first three acts of *Tartuffe*. For their services on this occasion, Molière's troupe received the sum of 4000 livres.

The Princess of Elis, a comedy-ballet, was intended to represent the struggle between the affections of the male and female sex,—a struggle in which victory often remains with the one who seems the furthest from obtaining it. Shakespeare also attempted to sketch this strife in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in *As You Like It*, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Moliere composed this comedy-ballet at the special request of the king; and it was conceived in a romantic vein suitable to the character of the fête. The author's natural flow of wit and humor was checked by the necessity of accommodating himself to the conventional ties of courtly propriety; and it must be admitted that Molière mingled a good deal of water with his wine, in order to please the fastidious palates of the courtiers. He borrowed his subject from Moreto's Spanish comedy, *El Desden con el Desden* (Scorn for Scorn). The idea is pretty, and there is abundant room for the development of plot and passion; but the genius of the adapter was cramped, and *The Princess of Elis* is certainly not one of his happiest efforts. He has narrowed, rather than improved upon, the treatment of Moreto; he has blunted the edge of the Spaniard's keenness, and taking the situations almost too punctiliously has rendered them bare and barren. He transports the scene to Elis; and the Court of Urgel, the Prince of Bearn, the Count of Foix, are disguised under the princes of Ithaca.

Pylos and Messena. He was hurried in his work; and, almost as if himself craving for relief, sustained the character of the fool Moron,—a coward who gives good advice, and is, on the whole, not unlike Butler's Hudibras.

The piece was again produced in July of the same year at Fontainebleau, before the Pope's Legate; and in November and December, it had a run of twenty-five days at the theatre of the Palais-Royal. It undoubtedly hit the mark with some amongst Molière's contemporaries whose tastes were similar to those of the court. As an ephemeral production, therefore, designed for a temporary purpose, it may be held to have been successful.

James Miller wrote a play called *The Universal Passion*, acted at the Theatre, Drury Lane, on the 28th of February, 1737, which consists of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Molière's *Princess of Elis*. He acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare, but does not say anything about the French dramatist. In the dedication of *The Universal Passion* to Frederick Frankland, Esq., it is stated, that "the strict Regard I have had to Decency and good manners . . . is the principal Merit . . . the World is at present happily inclin'd to support what is produced with that Intention." The Prologue, spoken by Mr. Cibber, harps on the same string:

> "Howe'er, this Merit he at least can claim,
> That sacred Decency's his constant Aim;
> There's naught but what an Anchoret might hear,
> No Sentence that can wound the chastest Ear . . .
> To your Protection Shakespeare's Offspring take,
> And save the Orphan for the Father's Sake."

George Hyde wrote *Love's Victory; or, the School for Pride*, a comedy in five acts, founded on the Spanish of Moreto. As Molière borrowed from the same source, there is a great similarity in the plot of both plays, but Hyde has chiefly followed the arrangement of a German author, West, and can therefore hardly be said to have imitated Molière.

As we have already mentioned, Molière's play formed part of the court entertainment, and was published in *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée: Course de Bague, Collation ornée de Machines, Comédie de Molière de la Princesse d'Elide, meslée de Danse et de Musique Ballet du Palais d'Alcine, Feu d'Artifice: Et autres Festes galantes et magnifiques; faites par le Roy à Versailles, le 7 May, 1664. Et continuées plusieurs autres Jours. Paris, Robert Ballard, 1665.* Although the description of *The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island* was not written by Molière, who wrote only comedy, it is inserted in the first collected edition of our author's works; and I give it here as a specimen of the complimentary style of the official catalogue of entertainments of Louis XIV. I am indebted for the completeness and accuracy of nearly all the notes which illustrate *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée*, to M. Paul Lacroix, well known as the Bibliophile Jacob, who kindly communicated to me the genealogy and short history of the noble ladies and gentlemen who took part in the festivities at Versailles. These fêtes, given nominally in honor of the two queens, but in reality to please the queen,

Mademoiselle de la Vallière, "whom the king delighteth to honor," lasted seven days. The description opens thus:—

"The king, wishing to give to the queen and the whole court the pleasure of some unknown entertainments, in a spot adorned with all the beauties to be admired in a country-seat, chose for that purpose Versailles, four leagues from Paris. It is a seat which may justly be called an enchanted palace, to which have the embellishments of art seconded the care which Nature has taken to render it perfect. It is every way charming; everything pleases both within and without; gold and marble vie there in beauty and splendor, and although it is not so extensive as some of her Majesty's other Palaces, yet all things there are so polished, so well contrived, and so perfect, that nothing can equal them. Its symmetry, the richness of its furniture, the beauty of its walks, and the infinite number of its flowers, as well as of its orange trees, render the neighborhood of that place worthy of its singular rarity. The different animals within the two parks and the menagerie, wherein are several courts, in the figure of stars, with pools for the water fowl, together with great structures, add pleasure to magnificence, and create a palace in which nothing can be found to criticise."[1]

First Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

It was in this beautiful place that on the 5th of May all the court met, and that the king treated above six hundred persons till the fourteenth, not reckoning a great number of persons necessary in the dancing and in the play, besides all kinds of workmen who came from Paris; so that they looked like a small army.

The very heavens appeared to favor his Majesty's designs, since in a season in which it almost always rains there was only a slight wind, which seemed to rise solely in order to show that the king's foresight and power were proof against the greatest inconveniences. High cloths, wooden buildings, run up almost in an instant, and a prodigious number of torches of white wax, to supply daily the place of above four thousand wax candles, resisted the wind, which everywhere else would have rendered these diversions almost impracticable.

Monsieur de Vigarani, a gentleman from Modena, very skillful in all such things, invented and proposed these. The king commanded the Duke de Saint-Aignan, who was then first Gentleman of the Chamber,[2] and who had ere this arranged several very agreeable balls, to plan something which might contain, connect, and group them all, so that they could not fail to please.

He took for his subject the Palace of Alcina,[3] which gave the name to *The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island*, because, according to Ariosto, the brave Rogero, and several other good knights, were detained there by the spell of beauty (though it was artificial), and by the

incantations of that enchantress, and were delivered, after a long time spent in pleasures, by a ring, which destroyed the enchantment. It was the ring of Angelica, which Melissa, under the disguise of old Atlantes, at length placed upon Rogero's finger.

In a few days there was fitted up a round, where four great alleys met between high palisades, with four porticos thirty-five feet high and twenty-two feet square, and several festoons enriched with gold and divers paintings, with his Majesty's arms.

All the court having taken their places on the seventh, there entered at six o'clock in the evening a herald-at-arms, represented by M. des Bardins, dressed after the antique manner, in flame-color, embroidered with silver, and very well mounted.

He was followed by three pages. The king's (M. d'Artagnan)[4] preceded the two others, very richly dressed in flame-color, his Majesty's livery, bearing his lance and shield, whereon sparkled a sun of precious stones, with these words: *Nec cesso, nec erro* (I neither stay nor stray), alluding to his Majesty's application to the affairs of state and his manner of governing; which was likewise represented by these four verses of the President de Périgny, author of the said device:[5]

Not without reason Heaven and earth behold
So rare an object with the utmost wonder,
Who in his no less hard than glorious course,
Does never take repose, nor ever strays.

The two other pages belonged to the dukes de Saint-Aignan and de Noailles, the former marshal of the camp, the latter judge of the course. The Duke de Saint-Aignan's page bore the shield of his device, and was dressed in his livery of silver cloth, enriched with gold, with flesh-colored and black plumes, and ribands of the same. His device was the bell of a clock, with these words: *De mis golpes mi ruido* (From my strokes [proceeds] my noise).

The Duke de Noailles' page was dressed in flame-color, silver and black, and the rest of the livery in harmony. The device on his shield was an eagle, with these words: *Fidelis et audax* (Faithful and bold).

Four trumpeters and two kettle-drummers followed these pages, dressed in flame-color and silver, with plumes of the same, and the caparisons of their horses embroidered in the same colors, with very brilliant suns upon the bandrols of their trumpets[6] and the coverings of the kettle-drums.

The Duke de Saint-Aignan, marshal of the camp, came after them, wearing, in the Greek fashion, a cuirass of silver cloth, covered with little scales of gold, as was also the lower part of his cloak;[7] his helmet was adorned with a dragon and a great number of white feathers mixed with flesh-colored and black ones. He rode a white horse, caparisoned in the same fashion, and represented Guido, the savage.

MADRIGAL FOR THE DUKE DE SAINT-AIGNAN, REPRESENTING GUIDO, THE SAVAGE.

Those combats I fought in the dang'rous isle,
When I so many warriors overcame,
Followed by battles of an am'rous kind,
Showed what my strength as well as heart could do.

My well-known force in lawful fays displayed,
Or in forbidden fields exerted,
Proclaim it, for my glory, at both poles;
None, during war, deals more or better strokes.

FOR THE SAME.

Singly against ten warriors and ten maids,
I am engaged in two peculiar contests.
If I with honor leave this twofold field,
Methinks I'm then a most terrific warrior.

Eight trumpeters and eight kettle-drummers, dressed like the first, walked behind the marshal of the camp.

The king, representing Rogero, followed them upon one of the finest horses in the world, of which the flame-colored trappings shone with gold, silver and precious stones. His Majesty was armed in the Greek fashion, as were all those of his troop, and wore a cuirass of silver plates, covered with a rich embroidery of gold and diamonds. His carriage and whole action were worthy of his rank; his helmet, entirely covered with flame-colored plumes, looked incomparably beautiful; never did a more free or warlike air raise a mortal so much above other men.[9]

SONNET FOR THE KING, REPRESENTING ROGERO.

What shape, what carriage this bold conqu'ror has,
His person dazzles each beholder's eye;
And though by his high post he is distinguished,
Yet something greater sparkles in his mien,
Clearly his brow his future fate foretells.
His virtue outshines all his ancestors!
They are forgotten. If he continues so,
He'll leave them far, yea very far, behind.
His generous heart delights to employ its time,
To act for others and not for himself,
In this his power is chiefly occupied.
All ancient heroes pale compared to him.
Honor's his sole aim; he only draws
The sword for other int'rests than his own.

The Duke de Noailles, judge of the lists, by the name of Ogier the Dane,[10] marched after the king, wearing flame-color and black underneath a rich embroidery of silver; his plumes, as well as the rest of his equipage, were of the same livery.

FOR THE DUKE DE NOAILLES, JUDGE OF THE LISTS, REPRESENTING OGIER THE DANE.

The only business of this paladine
Is well to serve the greatest king on earth,
As he who judges well must act as well,
Methinks none from his sentence will appeal.

The Duke de Guise and the Count d'Armagnac went after him. The former, under the name of Aquilant the Black,[11] wore a black dress embroidered with gold and jet; his horse and his lance being matched in the same colors. The count, representing Gryphon the White,[12] wore on a dress of silver cloth several rubies, and rode on a white horse caparisoned in the same color.

For the Duke de Guise, representing Aquilant the Black.

Night has its beauties, and so has the day;
Black is my color, and I always loved it.
But if obscurity does suit my love,
'T has not extended to my well-known fame.

For the Count d'Armagnac, representing Gryphon the White.

Behold what candor Heaven has placed in me;
Thus no fair maid by me shall be deceived;
When it is time to attack the enemy
My sword will keep my color stainless white.

The dukes de Foix and de Coaslin appeared afterwards, dressed, the one in flesh-color, with gold and silver, and the other in green, with white and silver; their livery and horses were worthy the rest of their equipage.

For the Duke de Foix, representing Rinaldo.[13]

He bears a glorious name, is young and sage,
To speak the truth he lief mounts very high;
What great good fortune at so young an age
To have such fire as well as so much calmness.

For the Duke de Coaslin, representing Dudo.[14]

None can too far in glory's course engage,
Though seven kings I were to conquer bravely,
And see them subject to Rogero's power,
Yet e'en this exploit would not content me.

After them marched the Count de Lude and the Prince de Marsillac, the former dressed in flesh-color and white, and the other in yellow, white and black, enriched with silver embroidery, their livery of the same, and very well mounted.

For the Count de Lude, representing Astolpho.[15]

Of all the paladines this world contains,
No knight more prone to love was ever seen.
Always in fresh adventures he'll engage,
And ever smitten by some youthful fay.

For the Prince de Marsillac, representing Brandimart.[16]

My vows will be content, my wishes crowned,
My fortune at its utmost height arrived,
When, lovely Flordelice, my zeal you know,
Indelibly within my heart imprest.

The marquises de Villequier and de Soyecourt followed. One wore blue and silver, the other blue, white and black, with gold and silver; their plumes and the harness of their horses were of the same color, and equally rich.

For the Marquis de Villequier, representing Richardetto.[17]

No one, like me, with gallantry could quit
An intrigue where, no doubt, some skill was greatly needed,
No one deceived his fair so pleasantly, methinks,
While all the time remaining faithful to her.

For the Marquis de Soyecourt, representing Oliviero.[18]

Behold the honor of the age, compared to whom
E'en giants and ourselves are ordinary men;
This valiant knight, prepared for all that come,
Has aye his lance quite ready for the tilts.

The marquises d'Humières and de la Vallière followed them. The first wore flesh-color and silver, and the other gridelin,[19] white and silver; their whole livery being the richest and best matched in the world.

For the Marquis d'Humières, representing Ariodantes.[20]

Fevered by love, I tremble in my fit,
And without boast elsewhere I ne'er did tremble;
Handsome young Ginevra is the only fair
Young charmer to whose laws I bow.

For the Marquis de la Vallière, representing Zerbino.[21]

Whate'er grand feelings glory may inspire
When we are wholly all-absorbed in love;
To die in the arms of her whom we admire,
Methinks is of all deaths the one most pleasant.

Monsieur the Duke[22] went alone, having for his livery flame-color, white and silver; a great number of diamonds were fastened to the magnificent embroidery with which his cuirass and the lower part of his cloak were covered; his helmet, and the harness of his horse being likewise adorned with them.

For Monsieur the Duke, representing Orlando.[23]

Fame will in distant lands Orlando's name make known,
Glory shall ne'er depart from him;
Descended from a race that e'er desires
To show its valor when war is proclaim'd.
In him, to speak unvarnished truth,
Flows the pure blood of Charlemagne.[24]

A car, eighteen feet high, twenty-four long, and fifteen wide, appeared afterwards shining with gold and divers colors. It represented the chariot of Apollo, in whose honor the Pythian games were formerly celebrated, which those knights intended to imitate in their lists and dresses. The god, radiant with light, was seated on the top of the car, having at his feet the four ages, distinguished by rich habits, and by what they bore in their hands.

The Golden Age, adorned with that precious metal, was also decked with different flowers, one of the principal ornaments of that happy age. The Silver and Brass Ages had also their distinguishing marks. The Iron Age was represented by a warrior of terrible aspect, holding his sword in one hand, and his buckler in the other.

Several other large figures in relief adorned the sides of the magnificent chariot. The celestial monsters, the serpent Python, Daphne, Hyacinth, and the other figures which are suitable to Apollo, with an Atlas bearing the globe, were also elegantly carved upon it. Time, represented by M. Millet,[25] with his scythe, his wings, and that decrepitude in which he is always depicted, was the coachman. The car was drawn by four horses of uncommon size and beauty, abreast, covered with large housings, ornamented with gold-worked suns.

The twelve Hours of the day, and the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, splendidly dressed, as the poets described them, walked in two files on both sides of the chariot. All the knights' pages followed it in pairs, after the duke's, very neatly dressed in their liveries, with a great many plumes, bearing their masters' lances, and the shields with their devices.

The Duke de Guise, representing Aquilant the Black, having for his device a lion sleeping, with these words: *Et quiescente pavescunt* (They fear me even when asleep).

The Count d'Armagnac, representing Gryphon the White, having for his device an ermine, with these words: *Ex candore decus* (My beauty proceeds from my whiteness).

The Duke de Foix, representing Rinaldo, having for his device a ship on the sea, with these words: *Longe levis aura feret* (A slight breeze will carry it far).

The Duke de Coaslin, representing Dudo, having for his device a sun and a sunflower, with these words: *Splendor ab obsequio* (Its splendor arises from its obedience).[26]

The Count de Lude, representing Astolpho, having for his device a cipher in the form of a knot, with these words: *Non fia mai sciolto* (It shall never be broken).

The Prince de Marsillac, representing Brandimart, having for his device a watch in relief, of which all the springs were visible, with these words: *Chieto fuor, commoto dentro* (Calm without, agitated within).

The Marquis de Villequier, representing Richardetto, having for his device an eagle soaring before the sun, with these words: *Uni militat astro* (He fights for a single star).[27]

The Marquis de Soyecourt, representing Oliviero, having for his device Hercules' club, with these words: *Vix æquat fama labores* (His fame is scarce equal to his labors).

The Marquis d'Humieres, representing Ariodantes, having for his device all sorts of crowns, with these words: *No quiero menos* (Less will not content me).

The Marquis de la Valliere, representing Zerbino, having for his device a phœnix on a pile set on fire by the sun, with these words: *Hoc juvat uri* (It is pleasant to be so burnt).

The duke, representing Orlando, having for his device a dart, wreathed with laurel, with these words: *Certo ferit* (It strikes surely).

Twenty shepherds, carrying different pieces of the barrier to be set up for the tilting, formed the last troop that entered the lists. They were dressed in short jackets of flame-color, adorned with silver, and caps of the same.

As soon as these troops entered the camp, they went round it, and, after having paid their obeisance to the queen, they separated, and each took his post. The pages who were in front, the trumpeters and kettle-drummers crossed, and stationed themselves at the wings. The king advancing towards the middle, placed himself opposite to the high canopy; the duke near his Majesty; the dukes de Saint-Aignan and de Noailles on the right and left; the ten knights in a line on both sides of the chariot; their pages in the same order behind them; the Hours and the Signs of the Zodiac as they entered.

When they had thus stopped, a profound silence, which arose from attention and respect, gave Mademoiselle Debrie,[29] who represented the Age of Brass, an opportunity to recite these verses, in praise of the queen addressed to Apollo, represented by M. de la Grange.

THE BRASS AGE (*to Apollo*).

Thou dazzling father of the day, whose power
Does by its various aspects give us birth;
Hope of the earth, and ornament of Heaven,
Thou fairest and most necessary god;
Thou, whose activity and sovereign bounty,
In every place makes itself seen and felt,
Say by what destiny, or what new choice,
Thy games are solemnized on Gallia's shores.[30]

APOLLO.

If all th' address, the glory, valor, merit,
Which made Greece shine, are found on these blest shores,
Then justly hither are those games transferred,
Which, to my honor, earth has consecrated.
I ever did delight to pour on France
The balmy influence of my gentle rays;
But the bright dame whom Hymen there enthrones,
Makes me for her disdain all other realms.
Since for the wide creation's good so long
I've made the boundless tour of seas and earth
I ne'er saw aught so worthy of my fires,

Such noble blood, so generous a heart,
Never such lustre with such innocence,
Never such youth with so much sound discretion;
Never such grandeur with such condescension,
Never such wisdom joined to so much beauty.
The thousand various climates which are ruled
By all those demi-gods from whom she springs,
Led by their own devoir and her high merit,
United, will one day confess her power.
Whatever grandeur France or Spain might boast,
The rights of Charles the Fifth, and Charlemagne,
Auspiciously transmitted in her blood,
Will to her throne subject the universe:
But a yet greater title, nobler lot,
Which lifts her higher, and which charms her more,
A name which in itself all names outweighs,
Is that of consort to the mighty Louis.

SILVER AGE.

By what unjust decree has fate produced,
A star so kindly in the age of iron?

GOLDEN AGE.

Ah! Do not murmur at the gods' appointment.
This age which has the hate of Heav'n deserv'd,
Instead of growing proud with that rare blessing,
Ought thence to augurate its approaching ruin,
And think a virtue which it can't corrupt,
Comes rather to destroy than to ennoble it.
As soon as she appeared on this blest earth,
She chased away the furious raging war;
From that same day labor unwearied hands
To render happy all humanity.
See by what hidden springs a Hero strives,
To banish from a barbarous age its horrors,
And kindly to assist my resurrection,
With all those joys which innocence desires.

IRON AGE.

I know what enemies have planned my ruin,
Their plots are known, their stratagems are traced;
But yet my courage is not so far sunk . . .

APOLLO.

Should all hell's monsters join in thy defence,
Feeble and vain would their resistance prove
Against such grandeur and against such virtue:

Long with thy galling yoke the world oppressed
Shall by thy flight a happier lot enjoy.
'Tis time that thou give way to the high law
Which an august and mighty queen imposes.
It is time to yield to the illustrious labors
Of a great king, favored by Heaven and Earth;
But here too long this quarrel made me stay;
These lists invite to much more gentle combats,
Let us ope them just now, and laurels wreathe
To bind the brows of our most famous warriors.

After all these verses were spoken, the running at the ring began; wherein, after they had admired the king's skill and gracefulness in that exercise, as in all others, and after several fine courses of all these knights, the Duke de Guise, the marquises de Soyecourt and de la Vallière remained the last. The last bore off the prize, which was a golden sword enriched with diamonds, with very valuable buckles for the belt, which the queen-mother gave, and wherewith she honored him with her own hand.

They began their running in such good time, that just when it was finished, darkness came on; when a great number of lights illuminated this beautiful place, and thirty-four musicians, who were to precede the Seasons, entered very well dressed, and performed the most pleasant music in the world.

Whilst the Seasons were taking up the delicious viands they had to carry for the magnificent entertainment of their Majesties, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac and the four Seasons danced in the ring one of the finest *entrées* ever seen.

Spring, represented by Mademoiselle Duparc, afterwards appeared on a Spanish horse. She showed the skill of a man, as well as womanly attractions. Her dress was green, with silver embroidery, adorned with flowers.

M. Duparc, who represented Summer, followed upon an elephant covered with rich housings.

Next came M. de la Thorillière, representing Autumn, as splendidly dressed, and mounted on a camel.

Winter, represented by M. Bejart, followed on a bear.

Forty-eight persons followed them, carrying on their heads large basins for the lunch.

The first twelve, covered with flowers, carried, like gardeners, baskets painted green and silver, containing a great many china dishes, so full of preserves and many other delicious things of the season, that they bent beneath the agreeable load.

Twelve others, like reapers, clothed in garments which suited their profession, but very rich, carried basins of that incarnadine color which may be observed at sunrise, and followed Summer.

Twelve others, dressed like vine-dressers, were covered with vine-leaves, and bunches of grapes, and bore in baskets of filemot color,[31] full of little basins of the same, various other fruits and preserves. These followed Autumn.

The last twelve were old men, nearly frozen to death, whose furs and gait showed how they felt the inclemency of the weather, as well as their weakness, bearing, in basins covered with

ice and snow so well imitated that they might have been taken for the very things they were intended to represent, that which was to contribute to the collation. These followed Winter.

Fourteen musicians preceded the two divinities, Pan and Diana, with an agreeable harmony of flutes and bagpipes.

Pan and Diana then appeared upon a very ingenious carriage, shaped like a little mountain or rock, shaded by several trees, and so wonderfully constructed, that the machinery which held it in the air, and put it in motion, could not be perceived.

Twenty other persons followed, carrying viands, the produce of Pan's menagerie and of Diana's chase.

Eighteen pages of the king, very richly clad, who were to wait upon the ladies at table, came last. The whole troop then placed themselves in order. Pan, Diana, and the Seasons presented themselves before the queen, whilst Spring first, and the others afterwards, addressed her in the following words:

SPRING (*to the Queen*).

Of all the new-born flowers that deck my gardens,
Scorning the jessamine, the pinks and roses,
These lilies I have chosen to pay my tribute,
Which in your earliest years you so much cherished.
Louis has made them shine from east to west,
Whilst the charmed world at once respects and fears them,
But still their reign's more soft and powerful too,
When, brilliant-like, they beam on your complexion.

SUMMER.

Seized with too hasty a surprise, I bring
A slender ornament to grace this feast;
Yet know, before my season's passed away,
Your warriors in the fields of Thrace,
Shall reap an ample crop of laurels.

AUTUMN.

The Spring, proud of the beauty of those flowers
Which to his lot have fortunately fallen,
Thinks to have all th' advantage of this feast,
And quite obscure us by his lively colors.
But you, you matchless Princess, well remember
What precious fruit my season has produced,
Which in your house does one day mean to prove
The darling and the blessing of mankind.[32]

WINTER.

The snow and icicles I hither bring,
Are viands far from being rare or precious;
But they're most necessary in a feast,
Where with their killing eyes, a thousand objects,
Replete with charms, so many flames create.

DIANA (*to the Queen*).

Our woods, our rocks, our mountains, all our hunters,
And my companions who have to me always
Paid sovereign honors, since they have beheld
Your presence here, will know me now no more;
And laden with their presents, come with me
To bring this tribute to you, as a mark
Of their allegiance.
The swift inhabitants of those blessed groves,
Make it their choice to fall into your nets,
And only wish to perish by your hands.
Love, whose address and countenance you wear,
Alone with you this wondrous secret shares.

PAN.

Be not surprised, young deity, that we
In this famed festival approach to offer
The choice of what our pastures can bestow.
For if our flocks their herbage taste in peace,
'Tis to your charms that happiness we owe.

After these verses had been spoken, a great table was seen, shaped like a half moon, concave on the side on which they were to serve, and adorned with flowers on the convex side.

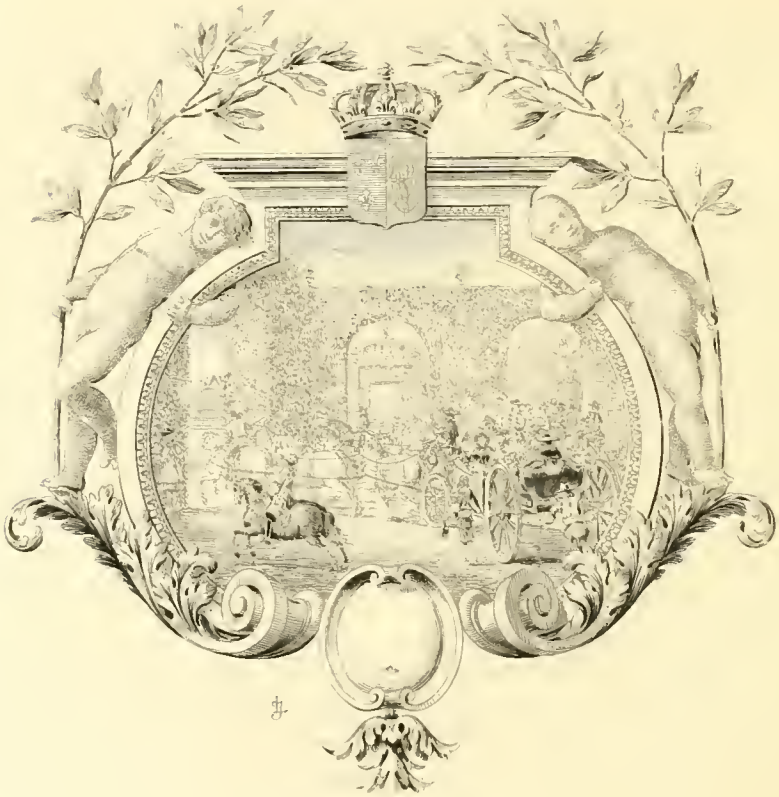
Thirty-six violin players, very well dressed, were behind on a little stage, whilst Messieurs de la Marche and Parfait, father, brother and son, controllers-general, by the names of Plenty, Joy, Cleanliness and Goodcheer, caused the aforesaid table to be covered by Pleasures, Sports, Smiles and Delights.

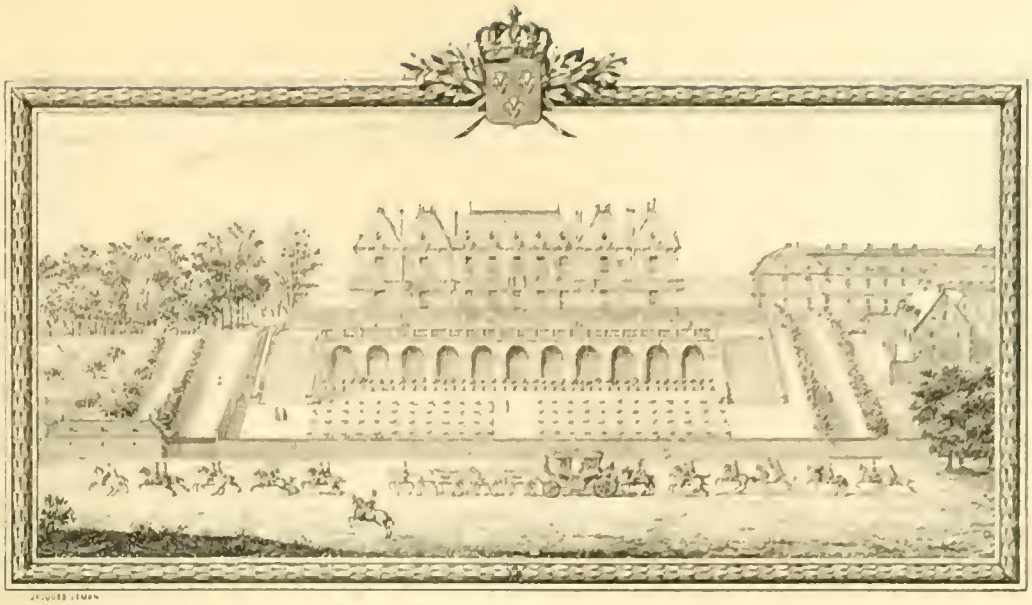
Their Majesties sat down in the following order, which prevented all the confusion that might have arisen about precedence.

The Queen-mother[33] was seated in the middle of the table, and had at her right hand—The King, Mademoiselle d'Alençon,[34] Madame la Princesse,[35] Mademoiselle d'Elbeuf,[36] Madame de Béthune,[37] Madame la Duchesse de Créqui,[38] Monsieur,[39] Madame la Duchesse de Saint-Aignan,[40] Madame la Maréchale du Plessis,[41] Madame la Maréchale d'Etampes,[42] Madame de Gourdon,[43] Madame de Montespan,[44] Madame d'Humières,[45] Mademoiselle de Brancas,[46] Madame d'Armagnac,[47] Madame la Comtesse de Soissons,[48] Madame la Princesse de Bade,[49] Mademoiselle de Grancey.[50]

On the other side were seated the Queen,[51] Madame de Carignan,[52] Madame de Fleix,[53] Madame la Duchesse de Foix,[54] Madame de Brancas,[55] Madame de Froulay,[56] Madame la Duchesse de Navailles,[57] Mademoiselle d'Ardennes,[58] Mademoiselle de Coetlogon,[59] Madame de Crussol,[60] Madame de Montausier.[61] Madame,[62] Madame la Princesse Bénédicte,[63] Madame la Duchesse,[64] Madame de Rouvroy,[65] Mademoiselle de la Mothe,[66] Madame Marsé,[67] Mademoiselle de la Vallière,[68] Mademoiselle d'Artigny,[69] Mademoiselle du Bellay,[70] Mademoiselle de Dampierre,[71] Mademoiselle de Fiennes.[72]

The splendor of this collation surpasses all that could be written of it, as well for its abundance, as for the delicacy of the things that were served up. It formed, likewise, the finest object for the gratification of the senses; for, in the night-time, near the verdure of those palisades, a great number of candlesticks painted green and silver, each of them holding twenty-four tapers, and two hundred flambeaux of white wax, held by as many masked persons, gave a light almost as great as and more agreeable than daylight. All the knights, with their helmets covered with plumes of different colors, and their tilting dresses, leaned on the barriers; and the great number of officers, richly clad, who waited at table, enhanced its beauty, and rendered that ring an enchanted place; whence, after the collation, their Majesties and all the court went out by a portico opposite the lists, and in a great number of very comfortable carriages, took their way to the castle.



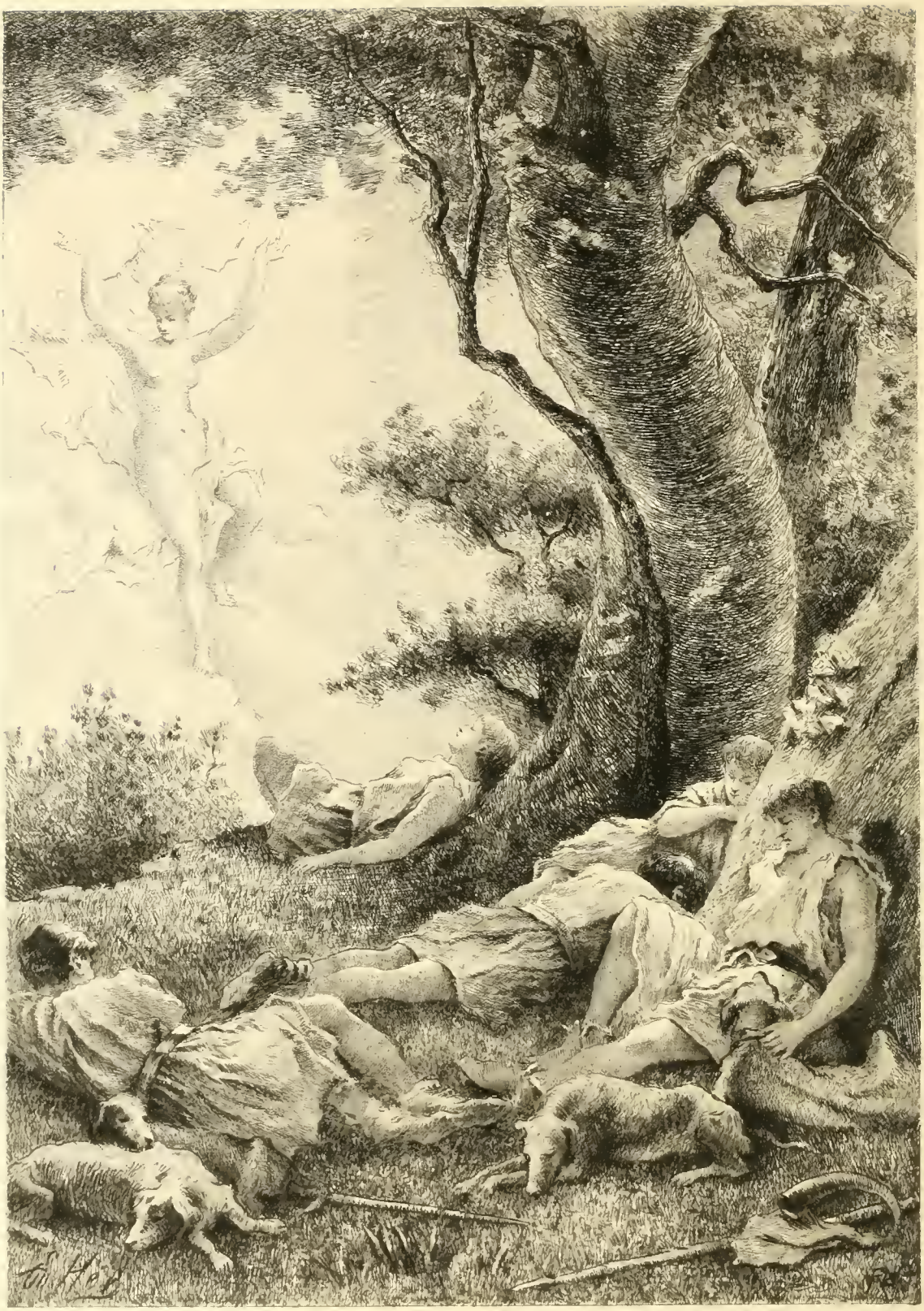


The Second Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

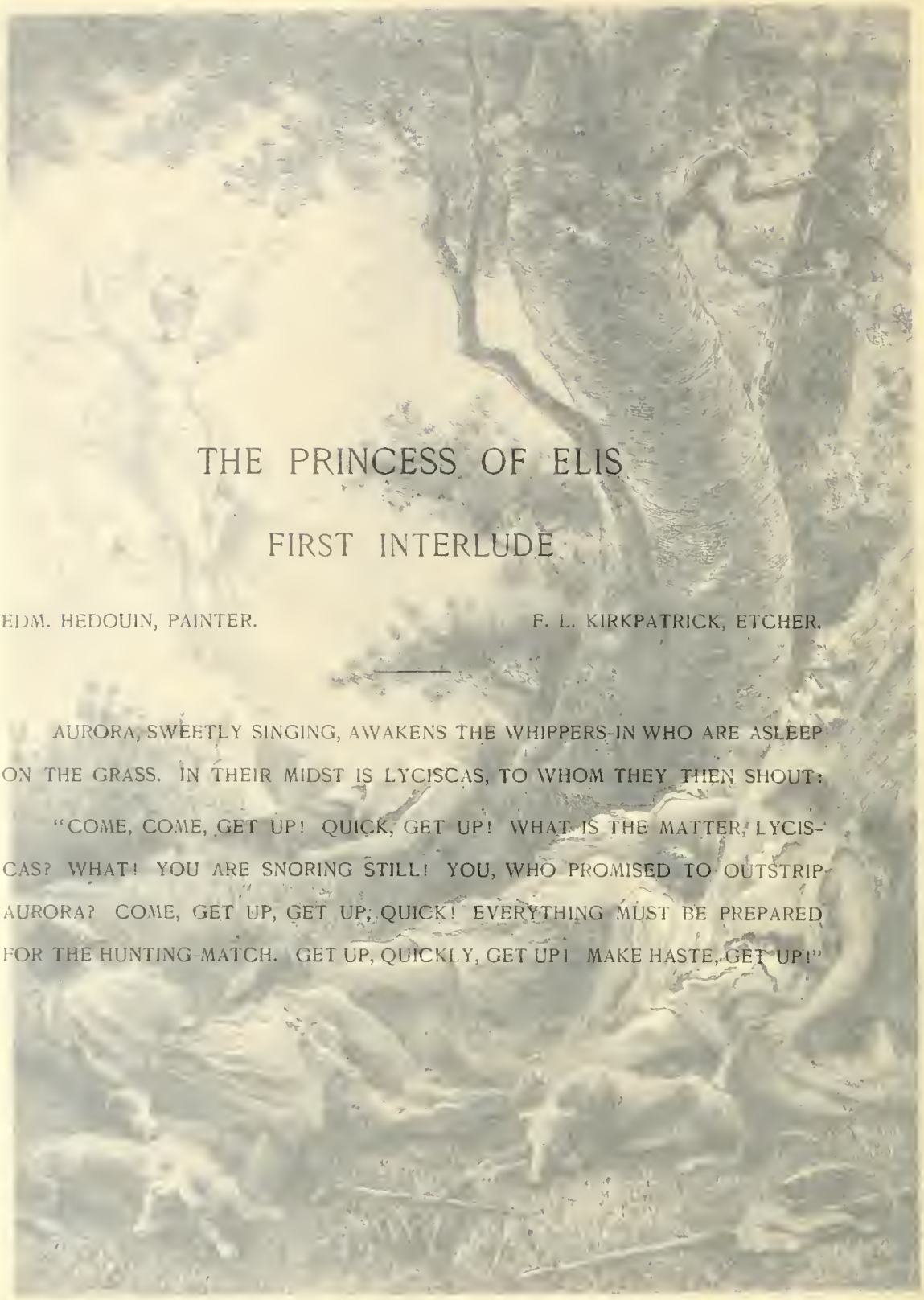
On the evening of the second day, their Majesties went to another ring, surrounded by palisades like the former, and in the same line still projecting towards the lake, where the palace of Alcina was supposed to be built.

The plan of this second feast was that Rogero and the knights of his troop, after having performed wonders in the lists, which by order of the fair magician had been held in honor of the queen, should continue in the same manner, the following diversion; and that the floating island not having left the French shore, they might afford her Majesty the pleasure of a comedy, of which the scene was laid in Elis.

The king then caused, with surprising expedition, the whole ring to be covered with cloths, shaped like a dome, to protect against the wind the great number of flambeaux and wax lights which were to light up the theatre, of which the decorations were very pleasing. They then represented *The Princess of Elis*, as well as six interludes.



FIRST
INTERLUDE



THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

FIRST INTERLUDE

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

AURORA, SWEETLY SINGING, AWAKENS THE WHIPPERS-IN WHO ARE ASLEEP ON THE GRASS. IN THEIR MIDST IS LYCISCAS, TO WHOM THEY THEN SHOUT:

"COME, COME, GET UP! QUICK, GET UP! WHAT IS THE MATTER, LYCISCAS? WHAT! YOU ARE SNORING STILL! YOU, WHO PROMISED TO OUTSTRIP AURORA? COME, GET UP, GET UP, QUICK! EVERYTHING MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE HUNTING-MATCH. GET UP, QUICKLY, GET UP! MAKE HASTE, GET UP!"

SCENE I.—AURORA.

When Love presents a charming choice
Respond to his flame, oh, youthful fair!
Do not affect a pride which no one can subdue,
Though you've been told such pride becomes you well.
When one is of a lovely age
Naught is so handsome as to love.
Breathe freely sighs for him who faithful loves
And challenge those who wish to blame your ways.
A tender heart is lovely; but a cruel maid
Will never be a title to esteem.
When one is fair and beautiful
Naught is so handsome as to love.

SCENE II.—WHIPPERS-IN *and* MUSICIANS.

Whilst Aurora was singing these verses, four Whippers-in were asleep on the grass, one of whom, called Lyciscas, represented by M. de Molière, an excellent actor, who had invented the verses and the whole comedy, was lying between two, whilst the third was at his feet. The other huntsmen were Messrs. Estival, Don and Blondel, musicians of the king, who had admirable voices, and who awoke at Aurora's call, and, as soon as she had finished, sang in recitativo.

Hullo! hullo! get up, get up, get up! Everything must be prepared for the hunting-match. Hullo! get up; get up quickly.

FIRST WHIP. Day to the darkest spots imparts its light.

SECOND WHIP. The air distils its pearls on flowers.

THIRD WHIP. The nightingales begin their warbling notes, and with their little concerts thrill the air.

ALL THREE. Come, come, get up! quick, get up! (*To Lyciscas asleep.*) What is the matter, Lyciscas? What! you are snoring still! you, who promised to outstrip Aurora?

Come, get up, get up, quick! Everything must be prepared for the hunting-match. Get up quickly, get up! Make haste, get up!

LYCISCAS. (*Waking.*) Zounds, you are terrible brawlers! You open your throats early in the morning.

MUSICIANS. Do you not see the light beams everywhere! Come, get up, Lyciscas, get up.

LYC. Oh! let me sleep yet a little while, I entreat you.

MUS. No, no, get up, Lyciscas, get up.

LYC. I only ask about a quarter of an hour.

MUS. Not at all, not at all; get up, quick, get up.

LYC. Alas! I pray you.

MUS. Get up.

LYC. A moment.

MUS. Get up.

LYC. I beseech you.

MUS. Get up.

LYC. Oh!

MUS. Get up.

LYC. I . . .

MUS. Get up.

LYC. I shall have done immediately.

MUS. No, no, get up, Lyciscas, get up. Everything has to be prepared for the hunting-match. Quickly, get up; make haste, get up.

LYC. Well, be quiet; I shall rise. You are strange people to torment me thus. You will be the cause of my being unwell all day; for, do you see, sleep is necessary to man, and when one does not sleep one's fill, it happens . . . that . . . one is not . . . (*He falls asleep again.*)

FIRST MUS. Lyciscas!

SECOND MUS. Lyciscas!

THIRD MUS. Lyciscas!

ALL. Lyciscas!

LYC. To the deuce with these brawlers! I wish your throats were stopped with scalding porridge.[73]

ALL. Get up, get up; make haste; get up, quick, get up.

LYC. Oh! how wearisome not to sleep one's fill!

FIRST MUS. Soho, ho!

SECOND MUS. Soho, ho!

THIRD MUS. Soho, ho!

ALL. Soho, ho!

LYC. Ho! ho! ho! ho! Plague take the fellows with their howlings. May the devil take me if I do not give you a good drubbing for this. But what deuced enthusiasm possesses them to come and caterwaul in my ears at this rate?

ALL. Get up!

LYC. Again?

ALL. Get up!

LYC. The devil take you!

ALL. Get up.

LYC. (*Getting up.*) What! again! Was there ever such a passion for singing? Zounds! I shall go mad! Since I am disturbed, I will not let the others sleep. I shall torment them as they have done me. Come, soho! gentlemen, get up, get up, quick; you have been sleeping too long. I shall make a devil of a noise everywhere. (*He shouts with all his might.*) Get up, get up, get up! Come quick! Soho, ho! get up, get up! Everything must be prepared for the hunt; get up, get up! Lyciscas, get up! Soho! ho! ho! ho!

Lyciscas having at length risen with the greatest difficulty, and having shouted as loud as he could, several horns and hunting-horns are blown, which, together with the violins, begin an entrée-tune, to which six whippers-in dance with great precision and order, whilst winding their horns at certain periods.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PERSONAGES IN THE COMEDY.

IPHITAS, Father to the Princess of Elis.
Le Sieur Hubert.

EURYALUS, Prince of Ithaca.
Le Sieur de La Grange.

ARISTOMENES, Prince of Messena.
Le Sieur Du Croisy.

THEOCLES, Prince of Pylos.
Le Sieur Bejart.

ARBATES, Governor to the Prince of Ithaca.
Le Sieur de La Torilliere.

LYCAS, Attendant on Iphitas.
Le Sieur Prevost.

MORON, The Princess's fool.
Le Sieur de Moliere.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.[74]
Mademoiselle de Moliere.

AGLANTA, Cousin to the Princess.
Mademoiselle Duparc.

CYNTHIA, Cousin to the Princess.
Mademoiselle Debrie.

PHILLIS, Attendant on the Princess.
Mademoiselle Bejart.

PERSONAGES IN THE INTERLUDES.

First Interlude.

AURORA.
LYCISCAS, A huntsman.[75]
THREE HUNTSMEN, Singing.
WHIPPERS-IN, Dancing.

Second Interlude.

MORON.
HUNTSMEN, Dancing.

Third Interlude.

PHILLIS.
MORON.
A SATYR, Singing.
SATYRS, Dancing.

Fourth Interlude.

PHILLIS.
TIRCIS, A singing shepherd.
MORON.

Fifth Interlude.

THE PRINCESS.
PHILLIS.
CLIMENE.

Sixth Interlude.

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES, Singing.
SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES, Dancing.

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

WITHIN THE FRAME IS A LIST OF THE PERSONAGES, WITH THE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS AND ACTRESSES WHO PLAYED THE PARTS; THERE IS ALSO A LIST OF THE PERSONAGES IN THE INTERLUDES. FOUR ARROWS, WHICH SERVE AS LUPRICHTS, ARE SUPPORTED BY TWO CHILDREN. BETWEEN THE ARROWS ARE TWO MEDALLIONS WITH THE HEADS, IN HELMETS, OF THE TWO PRINCES. ABOVE ARE THE DIADEM, THE QUIVERS, THE SPEARS, THE BOW AND THE CRESCENT OF DIANA. BELOW, IN A FRAME, IS A LANDSCAPE WITH A BOAR, MOUNTED BY A MOCKING CUPID; WHO WATCHES THE PRINCESS WALKING IN A REVERIE.

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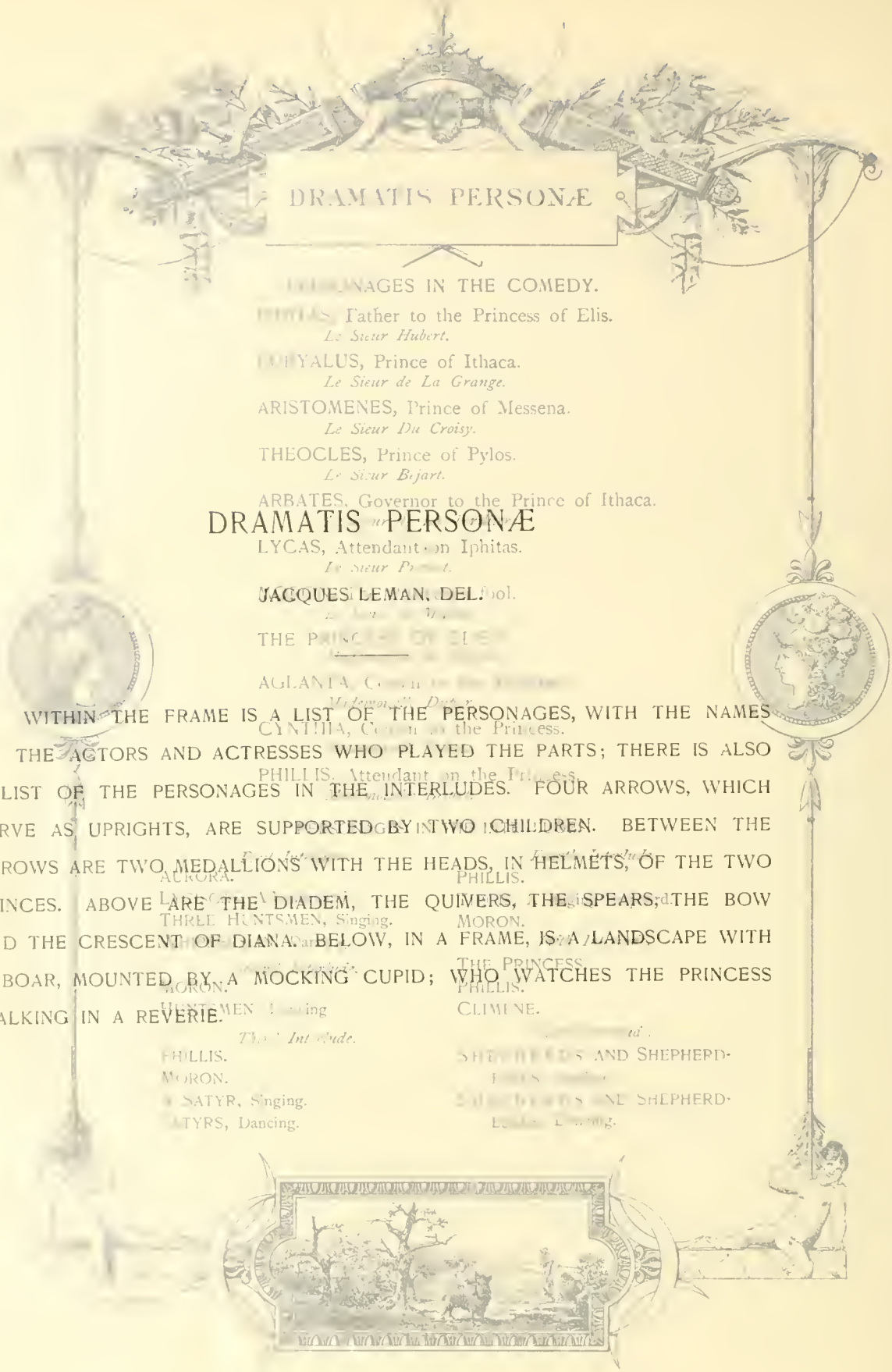

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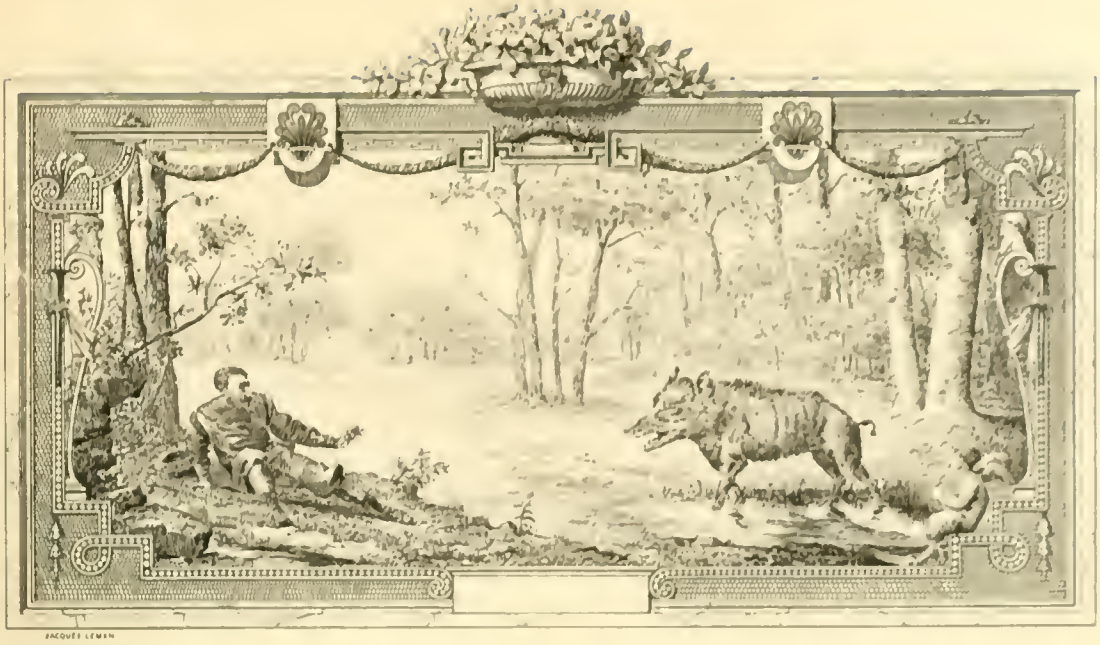

ACT I.

ARGUMENT

This hunt was prepared by the Prince of Elis, who, being of a gallant and magnificent disposition, and desirous that the princess, his daughter, would think of marriage, to which she was very much averse, had invited to his court the princes of Ithaca, Messena and Pylos, thinking that whilst hunting, which she loved much, or during other sports, chariot-races, and the like displays, one of these princes might perhaps please her, and so become her husband.

SCENE I.

Euryalus, Prince of Ithaca, in love with the Princess of Elis: Arbates, his governor, who, indulgent to the prince's passion, praises him in elegant phraseology, instead of blaming him.

EURYALUS, ARBATES.

ARB. This dreamy silence, to which you have accustomed yourself so dolefully, makes you continually seek solitude; those deep sighs which come from your heart, and that gaze so full of languor, certainly say much to one of my age. I believe, my lord, I understand the language; but, for fear of running too great a risk, I dare not be so bold as to explain it without your leave.

EUR. Explain, explain with all freedom, Arbates, these sighs, these looks, and this

mournful silence. I give you leave to say that love has subjected me to its laws, and defies me in its turn. I further admit that you make me ashamed of the weakness of a heart which suffers itself to be overcome.

ARB. What, my lord, shall I blame you for the tender emotions with which I now see you inspired? The sourness of old age cannot embitter me against the gentle transports of an amorous flame. Although my life is near its close, I maintain that love suits well such men as you; that the tribute paid to the charms of a beautiful face is a clear proof of a beautiful mind; and that it is not easy for a young prince to be great and generous without being in love. It is a quality I admire in a monarch. Tenderness of heart is a sure sign that everything may be expected from a prince of your age as soon as we perceive that his soul is capable of love. Yes, that passion, the most beautiful of all others, draws a hundred virtues in its train. It urges the heart to noble deeds, and all great heroes have felt its ardor. Your infancy, my lord, was spent under my eyes. I have seen realized the expectations formed from your virtues. I observed in you qualities which told of the blood from which you sprang; I discovered in you a fund of wit and brightness; I found you handsome, great and noble; your courage and your abilities shone forth every day; but I was concerned because I did not perceive any traces of love. Now that the pangs of an incurable wound show that your soul is insensible to its strokes, I triumph, and my heart, full of joy, looks upon you as a finished prince.[76]

EUR. If, for a time, I defied the power of love, alas! my dear Arbates, it takes ample vengeance for it now. If you knew the ills into which my heart is plunged, you yourself would wish that it had never loved. For this is the fate that awaits me; I love—I ardently love the Princess of Elis; you know that that pride which lurks beneath her charming aspect arms her youthful sentiments against love; and that she avoids, during this grand feast, the crowd of lovers who strive to obtain her hand. Alas! how little truth is there in the saying that the being we love charms us at first sight, and that the first glance kindles in us those flames to which Heaven at our birth destined our souls. On my return from Argos, I passed this way, and then saw the princess. I beheld all the charms with which she is endowed, but looked on them as one would look on a fine statue. Her brilliant youth, which I observed carefully, did not inspire my soul with one secret desire; I quietly returned to the shores of Ithaca, without so much as recalling her to my mind for two years. In the meantime, the rumor spread to my court that she was known to entertain a contempt for love; it was published everywhere that her proud spirit had an unconquerable aversion to marriage, and that, with a bow in her hand, and a quiver on her shoulder, she roamed through the woods like another Diana, loved nothing but hunting, and caused all the young heroes of Greece to sigh in vain. Admire our tempers and fate! What her presence and beauty failed to do, the fame of her boldness produced in my heart. An unknown transport was born within me, which I could not master. Her disdain so bruited about had a secret charm, which made me carefully call to remembrance all her features. Looking upon her with new eyes, I formed an image of her so noble, so beautiful—picturing to myself so much glory, and such pleasures, if I could but triumph over her coldness, that my heart, dazzled by such a victory, saw its

glorious liberty fade away. It in vain resisted such a bait; the sweetness of it took such complete possession of my senses that, impelled by an invisible power, I sailed at once from Ithaca hither, concealing my ardent passion under the pretence of wishing to be present at these renowned sports, to which the illustrious Iphitas, father of the princess, has invited most of the princes of Greece.

ARB. But of what use, my lord, are the precautions you take; and why are you so anxious to keep it a secret? You love this illustrious princess, you say, and come to signalize yourself before her; yet neither looks, words nor sighs have informed her of your ardent passion? I cannot, for my part, understand this policy, which will not allow you to open your heart; nor do I see what fruit can be expected of a love which avoids all modes of discovering itself.

EUR. And what should I gain, Arbates, by avowing my pangs, but draw down on myself the disdain of her haughty soul, and throw myself into the rank of those submissive princes, whose title of lovers causes her to look on them as enemies? You see the kings of Messena and Pylos in vain lay their hearts at her feet; the lofty splendor of their virtues, accompanied by the most assiduous respect, is useless. This repulse of their homage makes me conceal, in sad silence, the warmth of my love. I account myself condemned in seeing her behavior towards these famous rivals, and read my own sentence in the contempt she shows to them.

ARB. And it is in this contempt and haughty humor that your love should see its brightest hope, since fortune presents to you a heart to conquer, which is defended only by mere coldness, and does not oppose to your passion the deep-rooted tenderness of some other engagement. A heart already occupied resists powerfully; but when the soul is free, it is easily overcome, and only a little patience is needed to triumph over all the pride of indifference. Conceal no longer from her the influence which her eyes have upon you, openly display your passion, and, far from trembling at the example of others, fortify yourself with the hope that you will be successful because they have been repulsed. Perhaps you may possess the secret of touching her obdurate heart, which these princes have not. And if, through her imperious and capricious pride, you should not meet with a more propitious destiny, it is at least a happiness in misfortunes of this kind to see one's rivals rejected with one's self.

EUR. I am glad to find that you approve a declaration of my passion; by combating my reasons, you delight my soul. I wished to see, by what I said, whether you could approve what I had done. In short, since I must take you into my confidence, there is one who is to explain my silence to the princess, and perhaps, at the very moment I am talking to you here, the secret of my heart is revealed. This chase, to which she went, you know, this morning early, in order to avoid the crowd of her adorers, is the opportunity which Moron has chosen to declare my passion.

ARB. Moron, my lord?

EUR. My choice rather astonishes you; you misjudge him because he is a court fool; but you must know that he is less of a fool than he wishes to appear, and that, notwithstanding his present employment, he has more sense than those who laugh at him.[7] The princess amuses herself with his buffooneries: he has obtained her favor by a hundred jests, and can thus say, and persuade her to, what others dare not hazard. In short, I think him fit for

my purpose; he says he has a great affection for me, and, having been born in my country, will assist my love against all rivals. A little money given him to sustain his zeal . . .

SCENE II.

Moron, represented by M. de Molière, arrives, and, being haunted by the remembrance of a furious wild boar, before which he had taken flight in the chase, asks for assistance. Meeting with Euryalus and Arbates, he places himself between them for greater safety, after having given proofs of his terror and cracked a hundred jokes about his want of courage.

EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MOR. (*Behind the scenes.*) Help, help! save me from this cruel animal.

EUR. I think I hear his voice.

MOR. (*Behind the scenes.*) Come to me! for mercy's sake, come to me!

EUR. It is he. Where is he running in such a fright?

MOR. (*Appearing without seeing anyone.*) How shall I avoid this frightful boar? Ye gods! preserve me from his horrid tusks, and I promise you, if he does not catch me, four pounds of incense and two of the fattest calves. (*Meeting Euryalus, whom in his fright he takes for the boar from which he is flying.*) Oh! I am dead.

EUR. What ails you?

MOR. I took you for the animal, whose throat I beheld ready to swallow me. My lord, I could not recover from my fright.

EUR. What is it?

MOR. Oh! what a strange taste the princess has; and, in following the chase and her extravagances, what foolishness we must put up with. What pleasure can these hunters find in being exposed to many thousand terrors? Now, if a man hunted only hares, rabbits, or young does, it would be sensible; they are animals of a very gentle nature and always run away from us. But to go and attack these unmannerly beasts, who have not the least respect for a human face, and who hunt those who come to hunt them, that is a foolish pastime that I cannot endure.

EUR. Tell us what is the matter.

MOR. (*Turning round.*) What a whim of the princess to take exercise under such difficulties! I could have sworn she would play this trick. As the chariot-race came on to-day, she must needs go hunt to show her open contempt for these sports, and to make it appear . . . . But, mum, let me finish my tale, and resume the thread of my discourse. What was I saying?

EUR. You were talking of an exercise under difficulties.

MOR. Ah! yes. Well, then, fainting under this horrible labor (for I was up at break of day fitted out like a famous hunter), I slunk away from them all like a hero, and, finding a good place to take a nap in, I laid me down, and, composing myself, already began to snore comfortably, when suddenly a frightful noise made me open my eyes, and I beheld, coming out from behind an old thicket of the leafy wood, a boar of enormous size for . . .

EUR. What now?

MOR. Nothing. Do not be afraid, but let me get between you, for a reason; I may then be better able to tell you the whole thing. I was saying I beheld the boar, which, being

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

ACT I. SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS, IN CORSAGE OF BLACK, SHORT PETTICOAT AND BUSKINS DECORATED WITH RIBBONS, WALKS, BOW IN HAND, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO LARGE GREYHOUNDS, ON THE BANK OF A POND. THE PRINCESS AND ONE OF HER DOGS ARE ATTENTIVELY WATCHING A BOAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POND; WHICH WILL BE THE OBJECT OF HER FUTURE HUNT AND THE PRIZE OF HER VICTORY.

[illegible] What is it?

MOR. Oh! what a strange taste the princess has; and, in following the chase and her extravagances, what foolishness we must put up with. What pleasure can these hunters find in being exposed to many thousand terrors? Now, if a man hunted only hares, rabbits, or young does, it would be sensible; they are animals of a very gentle nature and always run away from us. But to go and attack these unmannerly beasts, who have not the least respect for a human face, and who hunt those who come to hunt them, that is a foolish pastime that I cannot endure.

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EUR. You were talking of an exercise under difficulties.

MOR. Well, then, [illegible] under this horrible labor (for I was up at break of day fitted out like a famous hunter), I slunk away from them all like a hero, and, finding a [illegible] and, composing myself, already began to [illegible] when suddenly a frightful [illegible] and I beheld, coming out from behind an old thicket of the [illegible] enormous size for . . .

EUR. What now?

MOR. Nothing. Do not be afraid, but let me get between you, for a reason: I may then be better able to tell you the whole thing. I was saying I beheld the boar, which, being

SCENE II.

[illegible] *by M. de Molière* [illegible] *haunted by the remem-* [illegible] *wild boar, before which he* [illegible] *with Euryalus and Arcates.*

GERY RICHARD, ETCHER.

EURYALUS, ARCATES, MORON.

(*Behind the scenes.*) Help, help, [illegible] from this cruel animal.

[illegible] I think I hear his voice.

[illegible] It is he. Where is he running in [illegible] I avoid this frightful boar? Ye [illegible] serve me from his horrid tusks, and [illegible] if he does not catch me. [illegible] rise and two of the fattest [illegible] *Euryalus, whom* [illegible] *far from which he is flying.*

[illegible] you?

[illegible] for the animal, whose [illegible] swallow me. My lord, [illegible] right.

JACQUES LEMAN

pursued by our people, set up all his bristles with a hideous air; his glaring eyes darted only threats, his mouth with an ugly grin showed through the foam certain tusks, for those who ventured near him . . . I leave you to imagine it. At this terrible sight I seized my weapons; but the treacherous brute without the slightest fear rushed straight at me, without my speaking a word to him.

ARB. And you stood your ground?

MOR. I was not such a fool! I threw down my arms and ran like a dozen.

ARB. What! Having weapons, and yet fly from a boar! That was not a valiant action, Moron.

MOR. I confess it was not valiant, but sensible.

ARB. But if one does not immortalize one's self by some exploit . . .

MOR. I am your servant. I had rather people should say, it was here that Moron, by flying without much pressure, saved himself from the fury of a wild boar, than that they should say, here is the famous spot where the brave Moron, with heroic boldness facing the furious rush of a wild boar, lost his life by a wound from his tusk.

EUR. Very good.

MOR. Yes. Without offense to glory, I would rather live two days in the world, than a thousand years in history.

EUR. Your death would indeed grieve your friends; but if your mind has recovered from its fright, may I inquire if the passion which consumes me . . .

MOR. My lord, I will not dissemble with you. I have done nothing yet, not having had the opportunity to speak with the princess as I desired. The office of court buffoon has its prerogatives, but we must often turn aside from our free attempts. To talk of your flame is a delicate matter; it is a state affair with the princess. You know in what title she glories, and that her brain is full of a philosophy which wars against marriage, and treats Cupid as a minor god. I must manage the thing skillfully for fear of rousing her tyrer humor. One must be careful how to speak to great folk, for they are very ticklish sometimes. Let me manage it by degrees. I am full of zeal for you. I was born your subject. Some other obligations may also contribute to the happiness I design for you. My mother was esteemed handsome in her day, and was not naturally cruel; that generous prince, your late father, was dangerously gallant, and I have heard that Elpénor, supposed to be my father because he was my mother's husband, related to the shepherds that he was occasionally honored by a visit from the prince, and that, during that time, he had the advantage of being bowed to by all the village. That is sufficient! Be that as it may, I intend by my labors . . . But here is the princess and two of her rivals.

SCENE III.

The Princess of Elis appears afterwards with the princes of Messena and Pylos, who show that their characters are very different from that of the Prince of Ithaca which procured for him, in the heart of the princess, all the advantages he could desire. This amiable princess did not show, however, that the merit of this prince had made any impression on her mind, or that she had

so much as observed him. She always professed that, like Diana, she only loved the chase and the forests; and when the Prince of Messena wished to mention the service he had rendered her by rescuing her from a huge boar which had attacked her, she told him that, without diminishing in aught her gratitude, she considered his assistance so much the less considerable, as she, unaided, had killed many as furious, and might, perhaps, have overcome that one.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, EURYALUS, PHILLIS, ARBATES, MORON.

ARIS. Do you upbraid us, madam, for saving your charms from this peril? For my part, I should have thought that to overcome the boar which was about to attack you so furiously was an adventure (not knowing of the hunt) for which we ought to have thanked our happy fate; but, by your coldness, I see plainly that I ought to be of another opinion, and quarrel with that fatal power of chance which made me take part in an affair that has given you offense.

THEO. For my part, madam, I esteem myself very happy in having performed this action for which my whole heart was anxious, and, notwithstanding your displeasure, cannot consent to blame fortune for such an adventure. I know that when one is disliked everything one does displeases; but even were your anger greater than it is, it is an extreme pleasure, when one's love is extreme, to be able to rescue from peril the object of one's love.

PRIN. And do you think, my lord, since I must speak, that there would have been anything in this danger to terrify me so greatly? That the bow and arrow, which I love so much, would have been a useless weapon in my hands? And that I, accustomed to traverse our mountains, our plains, our woods, might not dare hope to suffice for my own defense? Surely I have made but little use of my time and the assiduous labors of which I boast, if, in such an emergency, I could not have triumphed over a wretched animal. At least, if, in your opinion, my sex in general is unable for such actions, allow me the glory of a higher sphere, and do me the favor, both of you, to believe that, whatever the boar of today may have been, I have conquered fiercer ones without your help, my lords.

THEO. But, madam . . .

PRIN. Well, be it so. I see that your desire is to show me that I owe my life to you. I grant it. Yes, without you I had lost my life. I heartily thank you for your grand assistance, and will go at once to the prince to inform him of the kindness with which your love has inspired you for me.

SCENE IV.—EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MOR. Well! was there ever seen such an untamed spirit? The well-timed death of that ugly boar vexes her. Oh! how willingly would I have rewarded anyone who would have rid me of him just now!

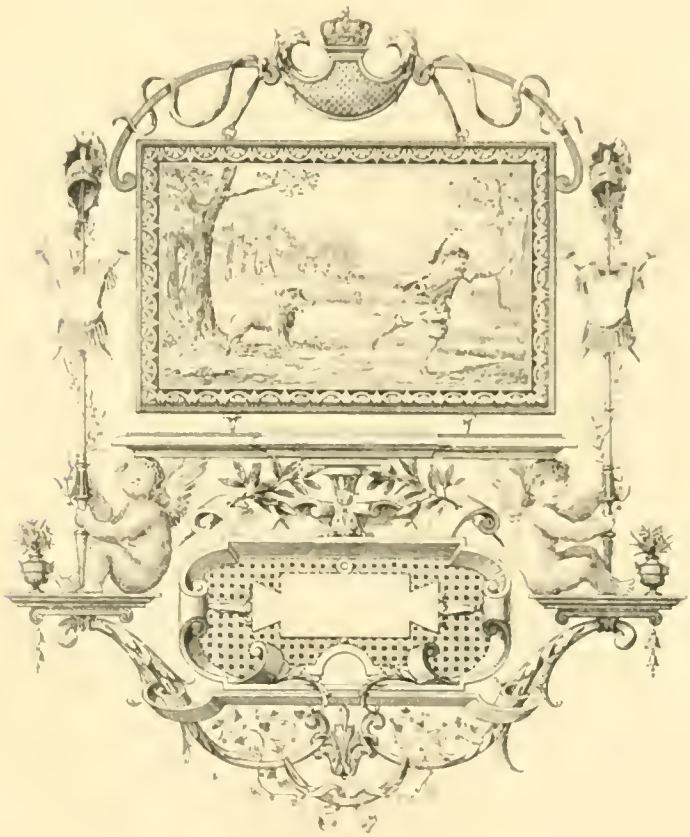
ARB. (*To Euryalus.*) I see, my lord, her disdain renders you pensive; but it ought not to retard in the least the execution of your plans. Her hour must come, and perhaps it is to you that the honor of conquering her is reserved.

MOR. She must know of your passion before the race, and I . . .

EUR. No, Moron, I do not wish it so any longer. Be careful to say nothing, and leave me to act; I have resolved to take quite a different course. I see plainly she is resolved to despise all who think to gain her heart by deep respect; and the deity who induces me to sigh for her has inspired me with a new way to conquer her. Yes, it is he who has caused this sudden change, and from him I await its happy conclusion.

ARB. May one know, my lord, by what means you hope . . .

EUR. You shall see it. Follow me and keep silence.



ARGUMENT

The agreeable Moron leaves the prince to go and talk of his growing passion to the woods and the rocks, uttering everywhere the beautiful name of his shepherdess Phillis. A ridiculous echo answers him whimsically; he takes so great a pleasure in it, that, laughing in a hundred ways, he makes the echo answer as often, without seeming at all tired of it. But a bear interrupts this fine amusement, and surprises him so much by the unexpected sight, that he shows visible signs of terror, which causes him to make before the bear all the bows he can think of to mollify him. At length he is going to run up a tree; but seeing that the bear is also going to climb, he cries out for help so loudly that eight peasants armed with pointed sticks and spears appear, whilst another bear comes after the first. A battle then begins, which ends with the death of one of the bears and the flight of the other.

SCENE I.—MORON (*alone*).

Good-bye, till I see you again; as for me, I shall stay here, and have a little conversation with these trees and rocks. Woods, meadows, fountains, flowers, that behold my pale countenance, if you do not know it, I tell you I am in love. Phillis is the charming object who has fixed my heart. I became her lover by seeing her milk a cow; her fingers, quite full of milk, and a thousand times whiter, squeezed the udder in an admirable manner. Ouf! the thought of it will drive me crazy. Ah! Phillis! Phillis! (*echo*, Phillis!) ah! (*echo*, ah!) hem! (*echo*, hem!) ah! (*echo*, ah!) oh! (*echo*, oh!) oh! (*echo*, oh!) This is a funny echo! Hom! (*echo*, hom!) ha! (*echo*, ha!) ha! (*echo*, ha!) hu! (*echo*, hu!) This is a funny echo.

SCENE II.—A Bear, Moron.

Mor. (*Seeing a bear approaching.*) Oh, master bear, I am your very humble servant. Pray, spare me; I assure you I am not worth eating; I am only skin and bone, and I see certain people yonder who would serve your turn much better. Eh! eh! eh! my lord, gently, if you please. There (*he caresses the bear and trembles with fear*), there, there, there. Ha, my lord, how handsome and well-made your highness is! You look quite stylish, and you have the prettiest shape in the world. Ah! what beautiful bristles! what a beautiful head! what beautiful, sparkling and large eyes! Ah! what a pretty little nose! what a pretty little mouth! what darling little teeth! Ah! what a beautiful throat! what beautiful little paws! what well-shaped little nails! (*The bear gets on his hind legs.*) Help! help! I am dead! Have mercy! Poor Moron! Oh! good heavens! Oh! quick, I am lost. (*The huntsmen appear and Moron climbs up a tree. He addresses the huntsmen.*) Oh! gentlemen, take pity upon me. (*The huntsmen fight with the bear.*) That is right, gentlemen, kill that ugly beast for me. Assist them, kind Heaven! All right; he runs away. There he stops and falls upon them. That is right—there is one who has given him a thrust in his throat. They all surround him. Courage—stand to it! well done, my friends! That is right! go on! again! Oh! there he is on the ground; it is all over with him; he is dead. Let us come down now and give him a hundred blows. (*Moron comes down the tree.*) Your servant, gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for having delivered me from this animal. Now that you have killed him, I am going to finish him, and triumph with you.

These fortunate huntsmen had no sooner gained this victory, than Moron, grown bold by the danger being remote, wishes to go and give a thousand blows to the animal, no longer able to defend himself, and does all that a braggart, not over-bold, would have done on such an occasion. The huntsmen, to show their joy, dance a very fine entrée.

ACT II.

ARGUMENT

The Prince of Ithaca and the princess had a very gallant conversation about the chariot-race which was in preparation. She had ere this told one of the princesses, her relatives, that the insensibility of the Prince of Ithaca disturbed her, and was disagreeable to her; that, although she did not wish to love any one, it was very sad to see that he loved nothing, and that, although she had resolved not to go to see the races, she now would go, in order to endeavor to triumph over the liberty of a man who was so fond of it. It might easily be perceived that the merit of this prince produced its ordinary effect; that his fine qualities had touched her proud heart, and had begun partly to thaw that ice which had resisted until then all the ardor of love. Advised by Moron, whom he had gained over, and who knew well the heart of the princess, the more the prince pretended to be insensible, although he was but too much in love, the more the princess resolved to win his affections, though she did not intend to return his love. The princes of Messena and Pylos took their leave of her, to go to prepare for the races and spoke of the expectation they had of being conquerors, because they desired to please her. The Prince of Ithaca, on the contrary, told her that, having never been in love with anything, he was going to try to obtain the prize for his own satisfaction. This made the princess all the more anxious to subdue a heart, already sufficiently subdued, but which knew how to disguise its sentiments in a wonderful manner.

SCENE I.—The Princess, Aglanta, Cynthia, Phillis.

Prin. Yes, I love to dwell in these peaceful spots. There is nothing here but what enchants the eye; and all the noble architecture of our palaces must yield the palm to these simple beauties formed by nature. These trees, these rocks, these waters, this fresh turf, have charms for me of which I never tire.

Agl. Like you, I love tranquil retreats where one avoids the bustle of the city. Such places are adorned with a thousand charming objects; and what is surprising is that, at the very gates of Elis, those gentle souls who hate a crowd may find so vast and beautiful a solitude. But, to tell you the truth, in these days of rejoicing your retreat here appears somewhat unseasonable, and puts a slight on the magnificent preparations made by each prince for the public entertainment. The grand spectacle of the chariot-race merits the honor of your notice.

Prin. What right have they to desire my presence, and what do I owe, after all, to their magnificence? They take these pains on purpose to win me, and my heart is the only prize for which they all strive. But with whatever hope they may flatter themselves, I am greatly mistaken if either of them carries it off.

Cyn. How long will this heart be provoked at the innocent designs which are formed to touch it? and regard the trouble which people give themselves as so many offenses against your person? I know that in pleading the cause of love, I am exposed to your displeasure, but as I have the honor to be related to you, I oppose myself to the harshness which you show, and cannot feed by flattery your resolution of never loving. Is anything more beautiful than the innocent flame which brilliant merit kindles in the soul? What happiness would there be in life, if love were banished from among mortals? No, no, the delights which it affords are infinite, and to live without loving is, properly speaking, not to live at all.[78]

Agl. For my part, I think that this passion is the most agreeable business of life; that, in order to live happily, it is necessary to love, and that all pleasures are insipid unless mingled with a little love.

Prin. Can you two, being what you are, talk thus? And ought you not to blush for countenancing a passion which is nothing but error, weakness and extravagance, and of which all the disorders are so repugnant to the glory of our sex? I intend to maintain its honor until the last moment of my life, and will never trust those men who pretend to be our slaves, only to become in time our tyrants. All these tears, all these sighs, all this homage, all these respects, are but snares laid for our hearts, and which often induce them to act basely. For my part, when I behold certain examples, and the hideous meannesses to which that passion can debase persons who are under its sway, my whole heart is moved. I cannot bear that a soul which possesses ever so little pride should not feel horribly ashamed of such weaknesses.

Cyn. Ah, madam, there are certain weaknesses that are not at all shameful, and which it is beautiful to have in the highest degree of glory. I hope that one day you will change your mind; and, if Heaven please, we shall shortly see your heart . . .

Prin. Hold. Do not finish that strange wish. I have too unconquerable a horror of such debasement. If I should ever be capable of sinking so low, I should certainly never forgive myself.

AGL. Take care, madam! Love knows how to revenge himself for the contempt shown him, and perhaps . . .

PRIN. No, no. I defy all his darts. The great power which is attributed to him is nothing but an idle fancy, and an excuse for feeble hearts, who represent him as invincible to justify their weakness.

CYN. But all the world recognizes his power, and you see that the gods themselves are subject to his empire. We are told that Jupiter loved more than once, and that Diana herself, whom you so much affect to imitate, was not ashamed to breathe sighs of love.

PRIN. Public opinions are always mixed with error. The gods are not such as the vulgar make them out to be, and it is a want of respect to attribute to them human frailties.

SCENE II.—THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

AGL. Come hither, Moron; come, help us to defend love against the princess's opinion.

PRIN. Your side is strengthened by a grand defender truly!

MOR. Upon my word, madam, I believe that after my example there is no more to be said, and that none should doubt any longer the power of love. I for a long time defied his arms, and acted like a rogue, just as any other; but at length my pride was cowed, and you have a traitress (*pointing to Phillis*) who has made me tamer than a lamb. After that, you ought to have no scruples to love; and, since I have submitted to him, others may do the same.

CYN. What! Moron in love?

MOR. Yes, indeed.

CYN. And is he beloved?

MOR. And why not? Am I not well enough made for that? I think this face is passable enough; and as to elegant manners, thank Heaven, we yield to none.

CYN. Without doubt, it would be wrong to . . .

SCENE III.—THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON, PHILLIS, LYCAS.

LYC. Madam, the prince, your father, is coming hither to seek you. He brings with him the princes of Pylos, of Ithaca, and of Messena.

PRIN. Heavens! what does he mean by bringing them to me? Has he resolved on my ruin, and would he force me to choose one of them?

SCENE IV.—IPHITAS, EURYALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

PRIN. (*To Iphitas.*) My lord, I beg you to give me leave to prevent, by two words, the declaration of the thoughts which you may

perhaps foster. There are two truths, my lord, the one as certain as the other, of which I can assure you: the one is, that you have an absolute power over me, and that you can lay no command upon me which I would not blindly obey; the other is, that I look upon marriage as death, and that it is impossible for me to conquer this natural aversion. To give me a husband and to kill me are the same thing. But your will takes precedence, and my obedience is dearer to me than life. After this, my lord, speak; say freely what you desire.

IPH. Daughter, you are wrong to be so alarmed; and I am grieved that you can think me so bad a father as to do violence to your sentiments, and to use tyrannically the power which Heaven has given me over you. I wish, indeed, that your heart were capable of loving some one. All my desires would be satisfied if that were to happen; and I proposed to celebrate the present fêtes and sports only to assemble all the illustrious youth of Greece, that amongst them you might meet one who would please you and determine your choice. I say, I ask of Heaven no other happiness than to see you married. To obtain this favor, I have this morning again offered up sacrifice to Venus; and if I know how to interpret the language of the gods, the goddess promised me a miracle. But, be this as it may, I will act like a father who loves his daughter. If you can find one on whom to fix your inclination, your choice shall be mine, and I shall consider neither interests of state nor advantages of alliance. If your heart remains insensible, I shall not attempt to force it. But at least be polite in answer to the civilities offered to you, and do not oblige me to make excuses for your coldness. Treat these princes with the esteem which you owe them, and receive with gratitude the proofs of their zeal. Come and see this race in which their skill will appear.

THEO. (*To the princess.*) Every one will do his utmost to gain the prize of this chariot-race. But to tell you the truth, I care little for the victory, since your heart is not to be contended for.

ARIS. For my part, madam, you are the only prize I propose to myself everywhere. It is you whom I imagine to be the reward in these combats of skill; I aspire honorably to gain this race only to obtain a degree of glory which may raise me nearer to your heart.

EUR. As for me, madam, I do not go with any such thought. As I have all my life professed to love nothing, I take pains, but not with the same object as the other princes. I do not pretend to obtain your heart, and the honor of gaining the race is the sole advantage to which I aspire.

SCENE V.—THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

PRIN. Whence proceeds this unexpected haughtiness? Princesses, what do you say of this young prince? Did you observe what an air he assumed?

AGL. It is true it was somewhat haughty.

MOR. (*Aside.*) Oh! what a fine trick he has played her!

PRIN. Do you not think it would be pleasant to humble his pride, and to abase a little that hectoring heart?

CYN. As you are accustomed to receive nothing but homage and adoration from the whole world, such a compliment as his must indeed surprise you.

PRIN. I confess it has caused me some emotion; and I should much like to find a way to chastise this pride. I had no great desire to go to this race, but now I shall go on purpose, and do all I can to inspire him with love.

CYN. Take care, madam, the enterprise is dangerous; and when one tries to inspire love, one runs a risk of receiving it

PRIN. Oh, pray apprehend nothing. Come, I shall answer for myself.

THIRD INTERLUDE

SCENE I.—MORON, PHILLIS.

MOR. Phillis, stay here.

PHIL. No, let me follow the rest.

MOR. Oh! cruel creature! If Tircis had asked you, you would have stayed fast enough.

PHIL. That may be. I own I love much better to be with him than with you, for he amuses me with his voice, and you deafen me with your cackle. When you sing as well as he does, I promise to listen to you.

MOR. Oh, stay a little.

PHIL. I cannot.

MOR. Pray do.

PHIL. No, I tell you.

MOR. (*Holding Phillis.*) I will not let you go . . .

PHIL. What a bother!

MOR. I only ask to be one instant with you.

PHIL. Well, I shall stay, provided you promise me one thing.

MOR. What?

PHIL. Not to speak at all.

MOR. Oh, Phillis.

PHIL. If you do, I shall not stay.

MOR. Will you . . .

PHIL. Let me go.

MOR. Well, stay; I shall not say a word.

PHIL. Take care you do not, for at the first word I shall run.

MOR. Be it so . . . (*Making some gestures.*) Ha, Phillis! Ha! . . .

SCENE II.—MORON (*Alone*).

She runs away, and I cannot overtake her. That is the mischief. If I could but sing, I might do my business better. Most women nowadays are caught by the ear; that is the reason why every one learns music; no one succeeds with them but with little songs and little verses that are warbled to them. I must learn to sing that I may act like others. Oh! here is the very man.

SCENE III.—A SATYR, MORON.

SAT. (*Sings.*) La, la, la.

MOR. Ah, friend satyr, you know what you promised me, ever so long ago. Pray teach me to sing.

SAT. I will; but first listen to a song I have just made.

MOR. (*Aside and in a whisper.*) He is so used to sing that he cannot speak otherwise. (*Aloud.*) Come, sing, I am listening to you.

SAT. (*Sings.*) I was carrying . . .

MOR. A song, do you say?

SAT. I was . . .

MOR. A song to be sung?

SAT. I was . . .

MOR. A lover's song? Hang it!

SAT. I was carrying in a cage two sparrows I had caught, when young Chloris, in a dark grove, showed to my astonished eyes her blooming and lovely countenance. When I beheld her gaze, so skilled in conquering, I said to the sparrows, "Alas! console yourselves, poor little animals, he who caught you is much more caught than you are."

Moron was not satisfied with this song, though he thought it very pretty; he asked for one with more passion in it, and, begging the satyr to sing him the one he had heard him sing some days before, the satyr thus continued:

"In your songs so sweet, sing to my fair one, oh, birds; sing all my mortal pain. But if the cruel maid gets angry when she hears the true story of the pangs I endure for her sake, then, birds, be silent."

This second song having moved Moron very much, he desires the satyr to teach him to sing it.

MOR. Ah! this is fine; teach it me.

SAT. La, la, la, la.

MOR. La, la, la. la.

SAT. Fa, fa, fa, fa.

MOR. Fa yourself.[79]

The satyr gets angry, and by degrees places himself in an attitude as if he was coming to fisticuffs; the violins begin to play, and several satyrs dance an agreeable entrée.[80]

ACT III.

ARGUMENT

In the meantime, the Princess of Elis was very uneasy; the Prince of Ithaca had gained the prize at the races; afterwards the princess had sung and danced in an admirable manner; and yet it did not seem that these gifts of nature and art had been even observed by the Prince of Ithaca; she complains of it to the princess, her relative; she also speaks of it to Moron, who calls that unfeeling prince a brute. At last, seeing him herself, she cannot refrain from making some serious allusions to it; he candidly answers that he loves nothing except his liberty, and the pleasures of solitude and the chase, in which he delights.

SCENE I.—THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS.

CYN. It is true, madam, that this young prince showed uncommon skill, and that his bearing was surprising. He is the conqueror in this race; but I doubt much if he leaves with the same spirit with which he came, for you aimed such blows at him that it was difficult

to defend himself, and, without mentioning anything else, your graceful dancing and the sweetness of your voice had charms to-day to touch the most insensible.

PRIN. There he comes, conversing with Moron. We shall know what he is talking of. Let us not interrupt them, but turn this way, to meet them again by-and-bye.

SCENE II.—EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

EUR. Ah, Moron! I confess I was enchanted. Never have so many charms together met my eyes and ears. She is, in truth, adorable at all times; but she was at that moment more so than ever. New charms enhanced her beauty. Never was her face adorned with more lively colors, nor were her eyes armed with swifter or more piercing shafts. The sweetness of her voice showed itself in the perfectly charming air which she deigned to sing; and the marvelous tones she uttered went to the very depth of my soul, and held all my senses so enraptured that they could not recover. She then showed an agility altogether divine; her lovely feet upon the enamel of the soft turf traced such delightful steps as put me quite beside myself, and bound me by irresistible bonds to the easy and accurate motion with which her whole body followed those harmonious strains. In short, never did soul feel stronger emotions than mine. More than twenty times have I thought to give up my resolution, cast myself at her feet, and declare to her frankly the ardor which I felt for her.

MOR. Take my advice, my lord, and be careful how you do that. You have discovered the best method in the world, and I am greatly deceived if it does not succeed. Women are animals of a whimsical nature. We spoil them by our tenderness; and I verily believe we should see them run after us, were it not for the respect and submission whereby men allure them.

ARB. My lord, here comes the princess, a little in advance of her retinue.

MOR. At least continue as you have begun. I shall go and see what she will say to me. In the meantime, walk you in these alleys without showing any desire to join her, and if you do accost her, stay as little with her as you can.

SCENE III.—THE PRINCESS, MORON.

PRIN. You are intimate, Moron, with the Prince of Ithaca?

MOR. Ah, madam! we have known each other a long time.

PRIN. What is the reason that he did not walk so far as this, but turned the other way when he saw me?

MOR. He is a whimsical fellow, and only loves to converse with his own thoughts.

PRIN. Were you present just now when he paid me that compliment?

MOR. Yes, madam, I was, and thought it rather impertinent, under favor of his princeship.

PRIN. For my part, I confess, Moron, this avoidance of me offends me. I have a great desire to make him fall in love with me, that I may bring down his pride a little.

MOR. Upon my word, madam, you would not do ill; he deserves it: but, to tell you the truth, I have great doubts of your success.

PRIN. How so?

MOR. How? Why, he is the proudest little rogue you ever saw. He thinks no one in the world is like him, and that the earth is not worthy to bear him.

PRIN. But has he not yet spoken of me?

MOR. He? No.

PRIN. Did he say nothing to you of my singing and dancing?

MOR. Not the least word.

PRIN. This contempt is shocking. I cannot bear this strange haughtiness, which esteems nothing.

MOR. He neither esteems nor loves any one but himself.

PRIN. There is nothing I would not do to humble him as he deserves.

MOR. We have no marble in our mountains harder or more insensible than he.

PRIN. There he comes.

MOR. Do you see how he passes without noticing you?

PRIN. Pray, Moron, go and tell him I am here, and oblige him to come and speak to me.

SCENE IV.—THE PRINCESS, EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MOR. (*Going up to Euryalus and whispering to him.*) My lord, I tell you everything is going on well. The princess wishes you to come and speak to her; but take care to continue to play your part. For fear of forgetting it, do not stay long with her.

PRIN. You are very solitary, my lord; and it is an extraordinary disposition of yours to renounce our sex in this manner, and to avoid at your age that gallantry upon which your equals pride themselves.

EUR. This disposition, madam, is not so extraordinary but that we may find examples of it at no great distance. You cannot condemn the resolution I have taken of never loving anything, without also condemning your own sentiments.

PRIN. There is a great difference. That which becomes well our sex does not well become yours. It is noble for a woman to be insensible, and to keep her heart free from the flames of love: but what is a virtue in her is a crime in a man; and as beauty is the portion of our sex, you cannot refrain from loving us without depriving us of the homage which is our due, and committing an offense which we ought all to resent.

EUR. I do not see, madam, that those who will not love should take any interest in offenses of this kind.

PRIN. That is no reason, my lord; for although we will not love, yet we are always glad to be loved.

EUR. For my part, I am not of that mood; and as I design to love none I should be sorry to be beloved.

PRIN. Why so?

EUR. Because we are under an obligation to those who love us, and I should be sorry to be ungrateful.

PRIN. So that, to avoid ingratitude, you would love the one who loved you?

EUR. I, madam? Not at all. I say I should be sorry to be ungrateful; but I would sooner be so than be amorous.

PRIN. Perhaps such a person might love you that your heart . . .

EUR. No, madam; nothing is capable of touching my heart. Liberty is the sole mistress whom I adore; and though Heaven should employ its utmost care to form a perfect beauty, in whom should be combined the most marvelous gifts both of body and mind; in short, though it should expose to my view a miracle of wit, cleverness and beauty, and that person should love me with all the tenderness imaginable, I confess frankly to you I should not love her.

PRIN. (*Aside.*) Was ever anything seen like this?

MOR. (*To the princess.*) Plague take the little brute! I have a great mind to give him a slap in the face.

PRIN. (*Aside.*) This pride confounds me! I am so vexed that I am beside myself!

MOR. (*In a whisper to the prince.*) Courage, my lord; everything goes as well as can be.

EUR. (*To Moron.*) Ah, Moron, I am exhausted! I have made strange efforts.

PRIN. (*To Euryalus.*) You must be very unfeeling, indeed, to talk as you do.

EUR. Heaven has not made me of another disposition. But, madam, I interrupt your walk, and my respect ought to inform me that you love solitude.

SCENE V.—THE PRINCESS, MORON.

MOR. He is not inferior to you, madam, in hardness of heart.

PRIN. I would willingly give all I possess in the world to triumph over him.

MOR. I believe you.

PRIN. Could not you serve me, Moron, in such a design?

MOR. You know well, madam, that I am wholly at your service.

PRIN. Speak of me to him in your conversation. Cunningly praise my charms and my lofty birth; try to shake his resolution by encouraging him to hope. I give you leave to say all you think fit, to try to make him in love with me.

MOR. Leave it to me.

PRIN. It is a thing I have set my heart on. I ardently wish he may love me.

MOR. It is true, the little rascal is well made; he has a good appearance, a good countenance, and I believe would suit very well a certain young princess.

PRIN. You may expect anything from me, if you can but find means to inflame his heart for me.

MOR. Nothing is impossible; but, madam, if he should come to love you, pray what would you do?

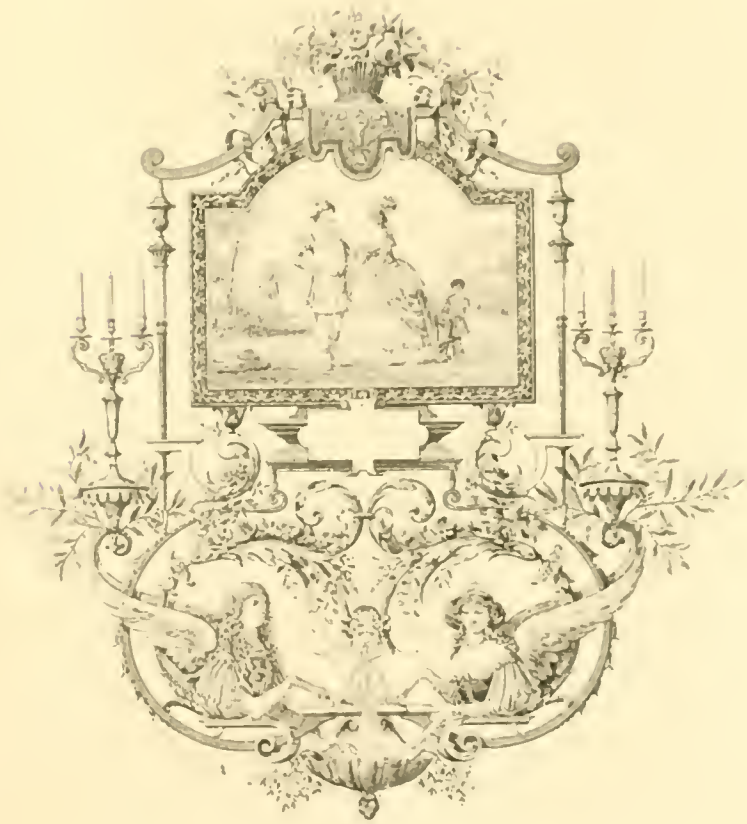
PRIN. Oh, then I would take delight in fully triumphing over his vanity; I would punish his disdain by my coldness, and practise on him all the cruelties I could imagine.

MOR. He will never yield.

PRIN. Ah! Moron, we must make him yield.

MOR. No, he will not; I know him; my labor will be in vain.

PRIN. We must, however, try everything, and prove if his soul be entirely unreasonable. Come, I will speak to him, and follow an idea which has just come into my head.



SCENE I.—PHILLIS, TIRCIS.

PHIL. Come, Tircis, let them go, and depict to me your sufferings, in the manner you know. Your eyes have spoken to me for a long time, but I should be more glad to hear your voice.

TIR. (*Sings.*) Alas! you listen to my sad complaints; but, O matchless fair one, I am not the better for it; I make an impression on your ears, but not on your heart.

PHIL. Well, well, it is something to touch the ear; time will produce the rest. Meanwhile, sing me some little ditty that you have made for me.

SCENE II.—MORON, PHILLIS, TIRCIS.

MOR. Oh! have I caught you, cruel one? You slink away from the company to listen to my rival?

PHIL. Yes, I slink away for that reason. I repeat it to you, I find a pleasure in his company. We hearken willingly to lovers when they complain so agreeably as he does. Why do you not sing like him? I should then take a delight in listening to you.

MOR. If I cannot sing, I can do other things; and when . . .

PHIL. Be silent, I wish to hear him. Tircis, say what you like.

MOR. Ah! cruel one . . .

PHIL. Silence, I say, or I shall get angry.

TIR. (*Sings.*) Ye tufted trees! and ye enameled meads! that beauty winter stripped you of is restored to you by spring. You resume all your charms; but, alas! my soul cannot resume the joy it has lost!

MOR. Zounds! why cannot I sing? Oh! stepmotherly nature, why did you not give me the means of singing like any other?

PHIL. Really, Tircis, nothing can be more agreeable, and you bear away the bell from all your rivals.

MOR. But why can I not sing? Have I not a stomach, a throat, and a tongue, as well

as any other man? Yes, yes, come on then. I too will sing, and show you that love enables one to do all things. Here is a song I made for you.

PHIL. Come, sing it then; I shall listen to you for the novelty of the thing.

MOR. Pluck up your courage, Moron, there is nothing like boldness. (*He sings.*) Your extreme severity cruelly wounds my heart. Ah! Phillis, I am dying; deign to lend me some assistance. Will you be the stouter for it, because you have allowed me to die? . . . Well said, Moron.

PHIL. That is very well. But, Moron, I should like very much the glory of having some lover die for me! It is an advantage I have not yet enjoyed. I find I should love with all my heart a person who would love me sufficiently to kill himself.

MOR. You would love the person that would kill himself for you?

PHIL. Yes.

MOR. That is the only thing to please you?

PHIL. Ay.

MOR. It is done then. I will show you that I can kill myself when I have a mind to it.

TIR. (*Sings.*) Ah! how pleasant it is to die for the object one loves.

MOR. (*To Tircis.*) It is a pleasure you may have when you like.

TIR. (*Sings.*) Take courage, Moron, quickly die, like a generous lover.

MOR. (*To Tircis.*) Pray, mind your own business, and let me kill myself as I like. Come, I will shame all lovers. (*To Phillis.*) Behold, I am not a man who makes many compliments. Do you see this dagger? Pray, observe how I shall pierce my heart. (*Laughing at Tircis.*) I am your servant; I am not such a fool as I look.

PHIL. Come, Tircis, repeat to me, in an echo, what you have sung.

ACT IV.

ARGUMENT

The Princess of Elis, hoping by a stratagem to discover the sentiments of the Prince of Ithaca, confides to him that she loves the Prince of Messena. Instead of seeming concerned at it, he gives her tit-for-tat, and tells her that he is enamored of the princess, her relative, and that he will demand her in marriage of the king, her father. At this unexpected news, the Princess of Elis loses all firmness, and although she tries to restrain herself before him, yet, as soon as he is gone, she so earnestly entreats her cousin not to listen favorably to this prince, and never to marry him, that she cannot refuse. The princess complains even to Moron, who, having freely told her that it was a sign she loved the Prince of Ithaca, is driven from her presence on account of his remark.

SCENE I.—THE PRINCESS, EURYALUS, MORON.

PRIN. Prince, as hitherto we have shown a conformity of sentiment, and Heaven seems to have imbued us both with the same affection for liberty and the same aversion to love, I am glad to open my heart to you, and to entrust you with the secret of a change which will surprise you. I have always looked upon marriage as a frightful thing, and have vowed rather to abandon life than to resolve ever to lose that liberty of which I was so fond; but now, one moment has dispersed all these resolutions. The merit of a certain prince has to-day become obvious to me. My soul suddenly, as it were by a miracle, has become sensible to that passion which I have always despised. I presently found reasons to authorize this change. I may attribute it to my willingness to satisfy the eager solicitations of a father, and the wishes of a whole kingdom; but, to tell you the truth, I dread the judgment you may pass upon me, and would fain know whether or not you will condemn my design of taking a husband.

EUR. You may make such a choice, madam, that I should certainly approve of it.

PRIN. Whom do you think, in your opinion, I intend to choose?

EUR. If I were in your heart I could tell you; but as I am not, I do not care to answer you.

PRIN. Guess; name some one.

EUR. I am too much afraid of making a mistake.

PRIN. But for whom would you wish that I should declare myself?

EUR. I know well, to tell you the truth, for whom I could wish it; but, before I explain myself, I must know your thoughts.

PRIN. Well, prince, I will disclose it to you. I am sure you will approve of my choice; and, to hold you no longer in suspense, the Prince of Messena is he whose merit has made me love him.

EUR. (*Aside.*) Oh, heavens!

PRIN. (*Aside to Moron.*) My invention has succeeded, Moron. He is disturbed.

MOR. (*To the princess.*) Good, madam. (*To the prince.*) Take courage, my lord. (*To the princess.*) He is hit hard. (*To the prince.*) Do not be disheartened.

PRIN. (*To Euryalus.*) Do you not think that I am in the right, and that the prince possesses very great merit?

MOR. (*Aside to the prince.*) Recover yourself and answer.

PRIN. How comes it, prince, that you do not say a word, and seem thunderstruck?

EUR. I am so, indeed, and I wonder, madam, that Heaven could form two souls so alike in everything as ours; two souls in which are seen the greatest conformity of sentiment, which have shown, at the same time, a resolution to brave the power of love, and which, in the same instant, have shown an equal facility in losing the character of insensibility. For, in short, madam, since your example authorizes me, I shall not scruple to tell you that love, this very day, has mastered my heart, and that one of the princesses, your cousins, the amiable and beautiful Aglanta, has overthrown with a glance all my proud projects. I am overjoyed, madam, that we cannot reproach each other, as we are equally defeated. I do not doubt that, as I praise your choice greatly, you shall also approve mine. This miracle must become apparent to all the world, and we ought not to delay making ourselves both happy. For my part, madam, I solicit your influence, so that I may obtain her I desire. You will not

object that I go immediately to ask her hand of the prince, your father.

MOR. (*Aside to Euryalus.*) Ah, worthy heart! ah, brave spirit!

SCENE II.—THE PRINCESS, MORON.

PRIN. Ah, Moron! I am undone. This unexpected blow absolutely triumphs over all my firmness.

MOR. It is a surprising blow, it is true. I thought at first that your stratagem had taken effect.

PRIN. Ah! this vexation is enough to drive me mad! Another has the advantage of subduing a heart which I wished to conquer.

SCENE III.—THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

PRIN. Princess, I have one thing to beg of you, which you absolutely must grant me. The Prince of Ithaca loves you, and designs to ask your hand of the prince, my father.

AGL. The Prince of Ithaca, madam!

PRIN. Yes, he has just now told me so himself, and asked my consent to obtain your hand; but I conjure you to reject this proposal, and not lend an ear to what he may say.

AGL. But, madam, if it be true that the prince really loves me, and as you have yourself no design to gain his affections, why will you not suffer . . .

PRIN. No, Aglanta, I desire it of you. I beg you to gratify me so far; and, as I have not the advantage of subduing his heart, let me have the pleasure of depriving him of the joy of obtaining yours.

AGL. Madam, I must obey you; but I should think the conquest of such a heart no contemptible victory.

PRIN. No, no, he shall not have the pleasure of braving me entirely.

SCENE IV.—THE PRINCESS, ARISTOMENES, AGLANTA, MORON.

ARIS. Madam, at your feet I come to thank love for my happy fate, and to testify to you, by my transports, how grateful I am for the surprising goodness with which you deign to favor the most humble of your captives.

PRIN. How?

ARIS. The Prince of Ithaca, madam, just now assured me that, with regard to that celebrated choice which all Greece awaits, your heart had been kind enough to declare itself in my favor.

PRIN. He told you that he had it from my mouth?

ARIS. Yes, madam.

PRIN. He is thoughtless, and you are a little too credulous, prince, to believe so hastily what he told you. Such news, in my opinion,

should have been doubted for some time; and you could have done no more than believe it, if I myself had told it you.

ARIS. Madam, if I have been too ready in persuading myself . . .

PRIN. Pray, my lord, let us break off this conversation; and, if you will oblige me, let me enjoy a moment's solitude.

SCENE V.—THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

PRIN. With what strange severity Heaven uses me in this adventure! At least, princess, remember the request I have made to you.

AGL. I have already told you, madam, that you shall be obeyed.

SCENE VI.—THE PRINCESS, MORON.

MOR. But, madam, if he loved you, you would not have him, and yet you will not let him be another's. It is just like the dog in a manger.[81]

PRIN. No, I cannot bear that he should be happy with another. If such a thing is to be, I believe I shall die with vexation.

MOR. Come, madam, confess all. You would fain have him for yourself; and in all your actions it is easily seen that you rather love this young prince.

PRIN. I, I love him? Oh, heavens! I love him? Have you the insolence to pronounce those words? Out of my sight, impudent man, and never let me see you again.

MOR. Madam . . .

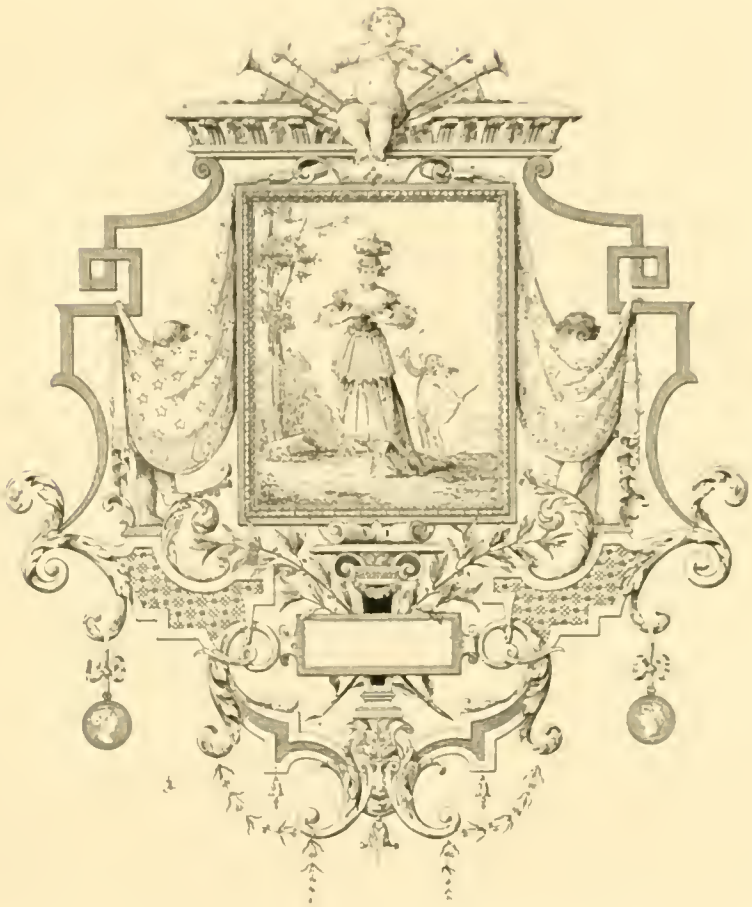
PRIN. Begone, I say, or I shall make you leave in another manner.

MOR. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, her heart is no longer free, and . . . (*The princess casts a look upon him which sends him away.*)

SCENE VII.—THE PRINCESS (*Alone*).

What unknown emotion do I feel in my heart! What secret uneasiness suddenly disturbs the tranquillity of my soul! Is it not what I have just been told, and do I love this young prince without knowing it? Ah! if it were so, I should be in despair. But it is impossible it should be so, and I plainly perceive that I can never love him. What! I be capable of that baseness! I have seen the whole world at my feet with the utmost insensibility. Respect, homage, submission, could never touch my soul; and shall haughtiness and disdain triumph over it? I have despised all those who have loved me, and shall I love the only one who despises me! No, no, I

know well I do not love him; there is no reason for it. But if this is not love which I now feel, what can it be? And whence comes this poison which runs through all my veins, and will not let me rest? Out of my heart, whatever you may be, you enemy who lurk there! Attack me openly, and appear before me as the most frightful monster of all our forests, so that with my darts and javelins I may rid myself of you.



FIFTH INTERLUDE

SCENE I.—The Princess (*Alone*).

O, you admirable ones, who by your sweet songs can calm the greatest uneasiness, draw near, I pray you, and try to soothe, with your music, the sorrow which I feel.

SCENE II.—The Princess, Climene, Phillis.

(*Climene and Phillis sing this duet.*)

Clim. Tell me, dear Phillis, what think you of love?

Phil. Tell me, what think you, my dear trusty friend?

Clim. They say its flame is worse than vulture's gnawing, and that great pangs are suffered when one loves.

Phil. They say no fairer passion e'er existed, and that we live not, if we do not love.

Clim. Which of us two shall be victorious here?

Phil. Must we believe love to be good or ill?

Both. Let's love, and then we'll know what we ought to believe.

Phil. Chloris praises love and its flames everywhere.

Clim. For its sake, Amarant sheds always tears.

Phil. If it fills every heart with so much pain, whence comes it that we like to yield to it?

Clim. If, Phillis, its flame is so full of charms, why forbid us its pleasures to enjoy?

Phil. Which of us two shall be victorious here?

Clim. Must we believe love to be good or ill?

Both. Let's love, and then we'll know what we ought to believe.

Prin. (*Interrupting them here, says.*) Finish alone, if you like. I cannot remain at rest; and however agreeable your songs are, they do but redouble my uneasiness.

ACT V.

ARGUMENT

The heart of the Prince of Messena was agitated by various feelings; the joy which the Prince of Ithaca had caused by maliciously informing him that he was beloved by the princess had compelled him to go to her, with a want of consideration which nothing but extreme love could excuse; but he was received in a manner very different from what he hoped for. She asked him who had told him that news; and when she knew that it was the Prince of Ithaca, that knowledge cruelly increased her disease, and made her nearly beside herself. She replied, "He is thoughtless." This so confounded the Prince of Messena that he departed without being able to answer. On the other hand, the princess went to the king, her father, who came with the Prince of Ithaca, and told the latter not only how delighted he should be to see him allied to him, but even the opinion he entertained that his daughter did not hate him. No sooner was the princess in her father's presence than, casting herself at his feet, she asked him, as the greatest favor she could ever receive, that the Prince of Ithaca might not marry the Princess Aglanta. This he solemnly promised her; but he told her that if she did not wish him to belong to another, she should take him herself. She answered "that the prince did not desire it," but in such a passionate manner that it was easy to see the sentiments of her heart. Then the prince, abandoning all disguise, avowed his love for her, and the stratagem which, knowing her disposition, he had made use of, in order to attain the object he had now reached. The princess giving him her hand, the king turned towards the two

princes of Messena and Pylos, and asked them if his two relatives, whose merit was equal to their rank, were incapable of consoling them in their disgrace. They answered that, the honor of his alliance being all they wished for, they could not expect a happier lot. This occasioned so great a joy in the court, that it spread over the whole neighborhood.

SCENE I.—IPHITAS, EURYALUS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON.

MOR. (*To Iphitas.*) Yes, my lord, it is no jest; I am what they call in disgrace. I was forced to pack up my traps as quickly as I could. You never saw any one more suddenly in a passion than she was.

IPH. (*To Euryalus.*) Ah, prince! how grateful I ought to be for your amorous stratagem, if it has found the secret of touching her heart!

EUR. Whatever, my lord, you may have been told, I dare not, for my part, yet flatter myself with that sweet hope; but if it is not too presumptuous in me to aspire to the honor of your alliance, if my person and dominions . . .

IPH. Prince, let us not enter upon these compliments. I find in you all that a father could desire; and if you have gained the heart of my daughter, you want nothing more.

SCENE II.—THE PRINCESS, IPHITAS, EURYALUS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON.

PRIN. Oh, Heaven! what do I see here!

IPH. (*To Euryalus.*) Yes, the honor of your alliance is of the highest value to me; and without any further difficulty I consent to your request.

PRIN. (*To Iphitas.*) My lord, I throw myself at your feet to beg a favor of you. You have always shown great tenderness to me; I owe you much more for your kindness than for my birth. But if ever you had any affection for me, I now ask the greatest proof of it which you can show. My lord, do not listen to that prince's request and do not permit the Princess Aglanta to marry him.

IPH. And why, daughter, would you oppose that union?

PRIN. Because I hate the prince, and will, if I can, cross his designs.

IPH. You hate him, daughter?

PRIN. Yes, from my heart I confess it.

IPH. And what has he done to you?

PRIN. He has despised me.

IPH. And how?

PRIN. He did not consider me handsome enough to pay his addresses to me.

IPH. What offense does that give you? You will accept no one's hand.

PRIN. No matter. He ought to have loved me like the rest, and at least have left me the glory of refusing him. His love for Aglanta is an insult to me; he disgraces me when, in my presence and in the midst of your court, he has sought the hand of any other but me.

IPH. But what interest can you have in him?

PRIN. My lord, I wish to revenge myself for his disdain; and as I know he is very much in love with Aglanta, with your permission I shall prevent him from being happy with her.

IPH. Then you take this to heart?

PRIN. Without doubt, my lord; and if he obtains his desires, I shall die before your eyes.

IPH. Come, come, daughter, make a frank confession. This prince's merit has made

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

ACT V. SCENE II.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

THE SCENE REPRESENTS THE COURT OF THE PALACE OF KING IPHITAS. ON THE LEFT ARE THE COUSINS, AGLANTA AND CYNTHIA; IN FRONT OF THEM IS THE PRINCESS, WHO THROWS HERSELF ON HER KNEES AT THE FEET OF HER FATHER, SAYING:

"MY LORD, I THROW MYSELF AT YOUR FEET TO BEG A FAVOR OF YOU . . . DO NOT LISTEN TO THAT PRINCE'S REQUEST AND DO NOT PERMIT THE PRINCESS AGLANTA TO MARRY HIM."

TO THE RIGHT ARE EURYALUS AND IPHITAS. THE LATTER GRANTS THE PRINCESS' REQUEST, SAYING:

"SO THAT YOU ACCEPT THE PRINCE FOR A HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER."

IN THE BACKGROUND IS MORON, LEANING AGAINST A PILLAR.

SCENE I.—IPHITAS' [illegible] AGLANTA, CYNTHIA [illegible]

Mon[illegible] lord, it is ne[illegible] I [illegible] what [illegible] disgrace. I was [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] you more suddenly [illegible] s.

Al[illegible] ow [illegible] to be for your amorous [illegible] found the secret of touch-[illegible] r, my lord, you may have [illegible] not, for my part, yet flatter [illegible] sweet hope; but if it is not [illegible], let us not enter upon these [illegible] I find in you all that a father [illegible] have gained the [illegible] daughter, you want nothing more.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS

ACT V. SCENE II.

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[illegible] Yes, the honor of [illegible] the highest value to me; [illegible] difficulty I consent to [illegible]

[illegible] My lord, I throw [illegible] of you. [illegible] great tenderness to me; I owe you much more for your kindness than for my birth. But if ever you had any affection for me, I now ask the greatest proof of it which you can show. My lord, do not listen to that prince's request and do not permit the princess Aglanta to marry him.

IPH. And why, daughter, would you oppose that union?

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EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER.

IPH. You [illegible] daughter?

PRIN. Yes, from my heart I confess it.

IPH. And what has he done to you?

PRIN. He has despised me.

PRIN. He did not consider me handsome enough to pay his addresses to me.

IPH. What offense does that give you? You will [illegible]

PRIN. No matter. He ought to have loved me like the rest, and at least have left me the [illegible] love. [illegible] glanta [illegible] he [illegible] me when, in my presence and in the midst of your court, [illegible] has sought the hand of any other but me.

IPH. [illegible] have in him?

PRIN. My lord, [illegible] myself for his disdain, and as I [illegible] is very much in love with Aglanta, with your permission I shall prevent him from being happy with her.

IPH. Then you take this to heart?

PRIN. Without doubt, my lord; and if he obtains his desires, I shall die before your eyes.

IPH. Come, come, daughter, make a frank confession. This prince's merit has made

you open your eyes; and in short, you love him, say what you will.

PRIN. I, my lord?

IPH. Yes, you love him.

PRIN. I love him, say you? Do you impute such baseness to me? Oh, heavens! how great is my misfortune! Can I hear these words and live? And must I be so unhappy as to be suspected of loving him? Oh! if it were anyone but you, my lord, who spoke thus to me, I know not what I should do.

IPH. Well, well, you do not love him. You hate him, I grant; and I am resolved to content you, so that he shall not wed the Princess Aglanta.

PRIN. Oh! my lord, you give me life.

IPH. But to prevent his ever being hers, you must take him for yourself.

PRIN. You are joking, my lord, and that is not what he desires.

EUR. Pardon me, madam, I am rash enough to aspire so high, and I take to witness the prince, your father, if it was not your hand I asked of him. I have deceived you too long; I must throw off the mask, and, though you use it against me, discover to your eyes the real sentiments of my heart. I have never loved anyone but you, and never shall I love any other. It is you, madam, who took from me that want of feeling which I always affected. All I said to you was only a feint which I adopted, inspired by some secret motive which I did not follow up without doing the greatest violence to my feelings. It must soon have ceased, no doubt, and I am only astonished that it lasted for half a-day; for I was dying, my soul was burning within me, when I disguised my sentiments to you. Never did a heart suffer a constraint equal to mine. If this feint, madam, has given you offense, I am ready to die to avenge you. You have only to speak, and my hand will immediately glory in executing the decree you pronounce.

PRIN. No, no, prince, I do not take it ill that you have deceived me, and would rather that all you have said to me were a feint than not the truth.

IPH. So that you accept the prince for a husband, my daughter?

PRIN. My lord, I do not yet know what I shall do. Pray give me time to think of it, and spare a little the confusion I am in.

IPH. Prince, you may guess the meaning of this; and you can now see what you may expect.

EUR. I shall wait as long as you please, madam, for this decree of my destiny; and, if it condemns me to death, I shall obey without murmuring.

IPH. Come, Moron, this is a day of peace, and I restore you to favor with the princess.

MOR. My lord, I shall be a better courtier for the future, and shall take very good care not to say what I think.

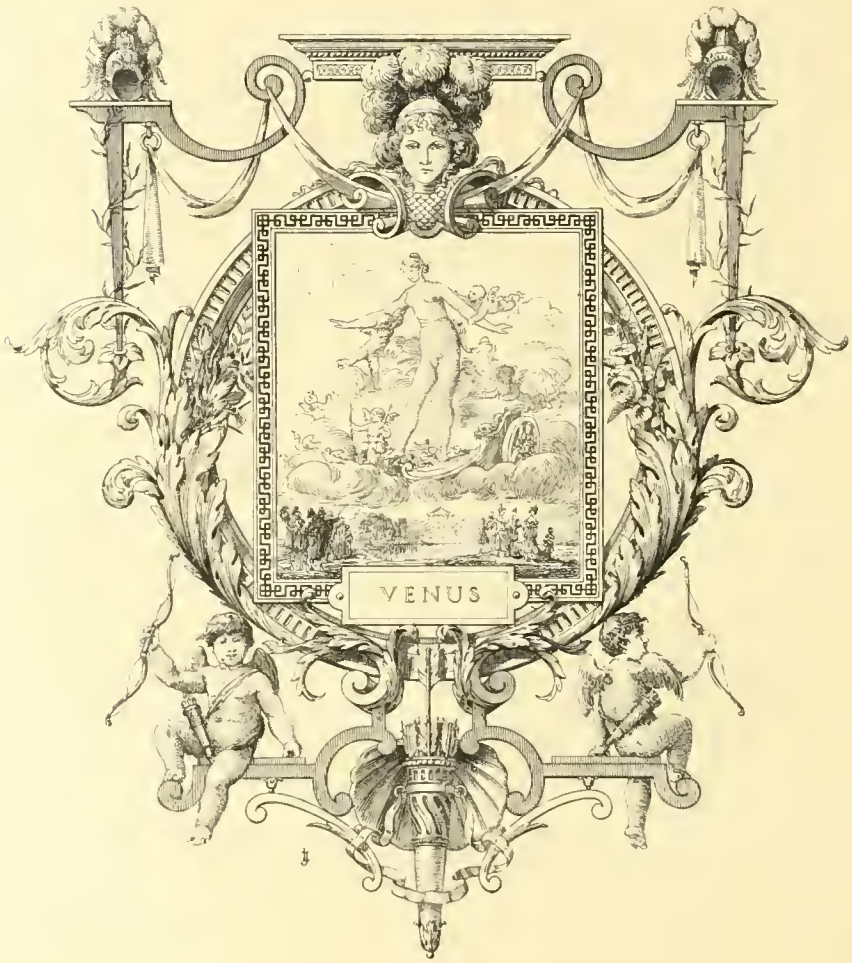
SCENE III.—ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, IPHITAS, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON.

IPH. (*To the princes of Messena and Pylos.*) I am afraid, princes, that my daughter's choice is not in your favor; but there are two princesses who may console you for this trifling misfortune.

ARIS. My lord, we have made up our minds; and, if these amiable princesses have not too great contempt for hearts which have been repulsed, we may, through them, attain to the honor of your alliance.

SCENE IV.—IPHITAS, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, EURYALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, MORON.

PHIL. (*To Iphitas.*) My lord, the goddess Venus has proclaimed everywhere the change in the princess's heart. All the shepherds and two shepherdesses testify their joy for it by dances and songs; and, if it is not a spectacle which you despise, you may see the public rejoicings extend as far as this.



SIXTH INTERLUDE

A chorus of SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES, *who dance.*

Four shepherds and two shepherdesses, dressed in heroic style, and holding each other's hands, sing this song, to which the rest answer.

Proud fair, employ in better way
The power of charming all;
Love, darling rustic maidens:
Our hearts are made to love.
However much we e'er may try
One day comes when we love.
Naught does exist but yet it yields
To the sweet charms of love.
In pristine youth, oh follow
The ardent love's delight.
A heart only begins to live
The day it knows to love.
However much, etc., etc.

Whilst the shepherds and shepherdesses were singing and dancing at the end of the sixth interlude, there rose, from underneath the stage a great tree, on which were sixteen fauns, eight of whom played on the flute, and the others on the violin, with the most agreeable harmony. Thirty violins answered them from the orchestra, as well as six harpsichords and theorbos.

Four shepherds and shepherdesses came and danced a very fine entrée,[3] *in which the fauns, who had come down from the tree, mingled from time to time. This whole scene was so grand, so busy, and so agreeable, that no more beautiful ballet was ever seen.*

Thus the amusements of this day, which all the court praised no less than those of the preceding, ended most advantageously, every one going away well satisfied, and having great expectations of the sequel of so complete a festival.

The Third Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

The more they advanced towards the great round water, representing the lake on which formerly the palace of Alcina was built, the nearer they came to the end of the amusements of the Enchanted Island, as if it had not been fit that so many valiant knights should remain away any longer in an idleness which would have wronged their glory.

Therefore, always following the first plan, it was pretended that, Heaven having resolved to set free these warriors, Alcina had some forebodings of it, which filled her with terror and uneasiness. She resolved to do all she could to prevent such a misfortune, and to fortify, by all possible means, a place which might secure her entire repose and joy.

Within this round lake, of which the size and shape were extraordinary, was a rock situated in the middle of an island, filled with different animals, as if they would forbid the entry of it.

Two other islands, longer, but not so wide, were on both sides of the first, and all three, as well as the banks of the lake, were so well lit up that there seemed to arise a new day amidst the darkness of the night.

As soon as their Majesties had arrived and taken their places, one of the two islands which were by the sides of the first was wholly filled with violin-players, very well dressed. The opposite island was at the same time filled with trumpeters and kettle-drummers, whose dresses were no less rich.

But what was more surprising was to see Alcina (Mademoiselle Duparc) issue from behind a rock, borne by a sea monster of prodigious size. Two of her nymphs, called Celia (Mademoiselle Debrie) and Dirce (Mademoiselle Molière), followed her; and, placing themselves on each side upon large whales, approached the bank of the lake; while Alcina began to recite the following verses, which her companions answered, and which were in praise of the queen, mother of the king:

ALCINA, CELIA, DIRCE.

ALCINA.

You who both share my happy lot,
Come weep with me in this extremity.

CELIA.

Why such alarms so unexpectedly?
What draws such floods of tears from those bright eyes?

ALCINA.

I can't even think to speak on't without trembling.
'Midst the dark horrors of a threatening dream,
A spectre with a hideous voice declared
That hell no longer aids me with its force,
That a celestial power arrests its aid,
And that this day for me shall be the last.
All the malignant influence of the stars,
Which adverse reigned ascendant at my birth,
And all misfortunes which my heart had promised,
This dream foreshadowed in such lively colors
That ceaseless to my waking eyes it offers
Melissa's power and Bradamant's good fortune.
These evils I foresaw; but the dear pleasures,
Which here seemed even to forestall our wishes—
Our lofty palaces, our fields, our gardens,
The pleasing converse of our dear companions,
Our songs and sports, the concerts of the birds,
The zephyr's fragrant breath, the murmuring waters,
The sweet adventures of our tender loves,
Made me forget those fatal auguries,
When that dire dream, which still distracts my senses,

With so much fury brought 'em to my mind
Methinks I see my troops each moment routed,
My guards all slaughtered, and my prison forced,
A thousand lovers by my art transformed,
Who bent on my destruction full of rage,
Quit, all at once, their trunks and leafy dwellings
To take a righteous vengeance upon me;
And last methinks I see my dear Rogero
Ready to shake off my despised chains.

CELIA.

Fear in your breast has gained the upper hand.
You reign sole here; for you alone they sigh;
Naught interrupts the course of your contentment,
But plaintive accents of your mournful lovers.
Logistilla's[84] troops driven from our fields
Still quake with fear, hidden in their far mountains;
And even Melissa's name, unheard of here,
Is only by your aug'ries known to us.

DIRCE.

Ah! let us not deceive ourselves. This phantom
Held, this last night, the same discourse with me.

ALCINA.

Alas! who then can doubt of our misfortunes?

CELIA.

I see a sure and easy remedy.
A queen appears, whose most auspicious aid
Will guard us from the efforts of Melissa.
The goodness of this queen is highly praised.
'Tis said her heart, whose constancy despised
The insolence of the rebellious waves,[85]
Is ever open to her subjects' vows.

ALCINA.

'Tis true; I see her. In this pressing danger
Let us endeavor to engage her succor.
Let's tell her that the public voice proclaims
The charming beauties of her royal soul;
Say that her virtue, higher than her rank,
Adorns the lustre of her noble blood;

And that our sex's glory she has borne
So far, that times to come will scarce believe it.
That her great heart, fond of the public good,
Gives her a generous contempt of dangers.
Proof against aught that may befall herself,
She apprehends for nothing but the state.
Say that her benefits profusely poured
Gain her the love and rev'rence of mankind;
That even the shadow of an ill that threats her
Is cause enough to put the world in mourning.
Say that at the acme of an absolute power
Her grandeur without pride or pomp appears;
That in most dangerous times her constant prudence
Has fearless the prerogative supported;[86]
And in the happy calm gained by her labors
Restores it to her son without regret.
Say, with what great respect, with what complaisance,
That glorious son rewards her for her cares.
Let's laud the just laws and the life-long labors
Of that same son, the greatest of all monarchs;
And how that mother, fortunately fruitful,
Giving but twice, gave so much to the world.[87]
In fine, the more to move her to compassion,
Let's use the eloquence of sighs and tears;
Then we amidst our greatest pangs may find
A peaceful refuge at her royal feet.

DIRCE.

I know her heart, magnificently generous,
Does kindly listen to the voice of misery.
But yet she ne'er exerted all her power,
Unless to shield the innocent from wrong.
I know she all things can, but dare not think
She'll stoop so low as to defend our cause.
She may have been informed of our soft errors,
And nothing is more clashing with her conduct.
Her well-known zeal for piety will render
Our interests odious to her spotless virtue.
And far from growing less at her approach
My fear redoubling chills my troubled spirits.

ALCINA.

Oh! my own fear's sufficient to afflict me.
Do not augment my grief, but try to soothe it,
To furnish my dejected soul with means

Of warding off the ills that threaten it.
Meanwhile let all the palace guards be doubled,
And if there be no sanctuary for us,
Let us in our despair our comfort seek,
Nor yield ourselves at least without resistance.

When they had finished, and Alcina had gone out to double the guards of the palace, a concert of violins was heard, during which the front of the palace opened with wonderful art, and towers rose to view, whilst four giants of great size appeared with four dwarfs, who, by the contrast of their little stature, made that of the giants seem still more excessive. To these giants was committed the guard of the palace, and by them began the first *entrée*.

BALLET OF THE PALACE OF ALCINA

The first *entrée* was composed of four giants and four dwarfs; the second, of eight Moors, to whom the guard of the interior was entrusted by Alcina, and who carefully visited it, each having two flambeaux.

The third *entrée*. Meanwhile, some lover's quarrel prompted six of the knights whom Alcina kept near her to attempt to get out of the palace; but fortune not seconding the endeavors they made in their despair, they were overcome, after a sharp combat, by as many monsters which attacked them.

Fourth *entrée*. Alcina, alarmed by this accident, invokes anew all her spirits, and demands their aid; two of them present themselves before her, leaping with wonderful force and agility.

Fifth *entrée*. Other demons came, and seemed to reassure the enchantress that they shall not forget anything that may contribute to her repose.

Sixth and last *entrée*. But hardly had she begun to reassure herself, when she saw the wise Melissa appear under the form of Atlant, near Rogero and some knights of his train. She immediately hastened to hinder her from executing her intention; but she came too late. Melissa had already placed on the finger of that brave knight the famous ring which destroys enchantments. Then thunderclaps, followed by several flashes of lightning, portended the destruction of the palace, which was immediately reduced to ashes by fireworks, which put an end to this adventure, and to the amusements of the Enchanted Island.*

It looked as if Heaven, Earth and Water were all in a flame, and as if the destruction of the splendid palace of Alcina, as well as the liberation of the knights she there kept in prison, could be effected only amidst prodigies and miracles. The height and number of rockets,—those which fell on the shore, and those which came out of the water after having fallen into it,—formed a spectacle so grand and magnificent that nothing could better terminate the enchantments than these fireworks: which, ending at last after an extraordinary length and noise, redoubled the loud reports which had begun it.

Then all the court withdrew, and confessed that nothing could be more perfect than these three feasts. It is sufficient acknowledgment of this perfection to say that, as each of the three days had its partisans, as every one of them had its particular beauties, none could agree which ought to bear away the bell; although they all agreed that they might justly dispute it with all those that ever had been seen till then, and perhaps surpass them.

The Fourth Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

But although the feasts properly belonging to the pleasures of the Enchanted Island were ended, yet all the diversions of Versailles were not so. The magnificence and gallantry of the king had reserved some for other days, which were no less agreeable.

On Saturday, the 10th, his Majesty had a mind to run at heads,—an exercise of which few people are ignorant, which has come to us from Germany, and is well adapted for showing a cavalier's skill, as well in managing his horse in times of war, as in rightly using a lance, a dart and a sword. If there are any who never saw them run, being not so common as the ring, and brought hither only of late, they may here find a description of it; while those who have had the pleasure of seeing them, may bear with so short a narrative.

The knights enter the lists one after another with lance in hand, and a dart under the right thigh; and after one of them has run and borne off a head of thick pasteboard painted, and like a Turk's, he gives his lance to a page, and, turning the horse partly round, he returns at full gallop to the second head, which is like a Moor's and as black, bears it off with the dart, with which he strikes it as he passes, then taking a javelin a little different in form from a dart, in a third turn he plants it in a buckler, whereon is painted a Medusa's head; and ending his demi-volt, he draws his sword, wherewith, as he gallops past, he bears off a head raised half a foot from the ground; then giving way to another. He who in his running bears off most gains the prize.

All the courtiers having arranged themselves behind a balustrade of iron gilt, which went quite round the agreeable house of Versailles, and which looks into the trench where the lists and the barriers were, the king repaired thither, followed by the same knights that ran at the ring. The dukes de Saint-Aignan and de Noailles continued in their former offices, one of marshal of the camp, and the other of judge of the course. Of these, many were run very handsomely and successfully; but the king's skill gained him not only the prize of the ladies' course, but likewise that which was given by the queen. It was a rose of diamonds of great value, which the king won, but freely gave to be run for by the other knights, and for which the Marquis de Coaslin contended with the Marquis de Soyecourt, and gained.

The Fifth Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

On Sunday, at the king's levee, almost all the conversation turned on the fine running of the preceding day, and occasioned a grand challenge between the Duke de Saint-Aignan, who had not yet run, and the Marquis de Soyecourt. The running was deferred till the next day,

because the marshal Duke de Grammont, who bet for the marquis, was obliged to go to Paris, whence he was not to return till that time.

On that afternoon, the king took all the court to his aviary, which excited great admiration, both by its particular beauties, and by the almost incredible number of birds of all sorts, amongst which were many of great rarity. It would be useless to mention the collation which followed this diversion, since, for eight successive days, every repast might be esteemed one of the greatest feasts that could be made.[90]

In the evening, his Majesty caused to be represented, on one of those double theatres of his Salon which his boundless ingenuity had invented, the very clever comedy of *The Bores*, written by the sieur de Molière, with *entrées de ballet*.

The Sixth Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

The rumor of the challenge which was to be run on Monday, the 12th, caused an infinite number of bets of great value to be laid; although that of the two knights was but a hundred pistoles. And as the duke, by a happy boldness, gave one head to that dexterous marquis, several bet on the latter, who, coming somewhat late to the king, found a challenge to hasten him. This challenge, being only in prose, we have not inserted here.

The Duke de Saint-Aignan had likewise shown to some of his friends, as a happy omen of his victory, these three verses:

TO THE LADIES.

If, O ye fair, your sentiments agree
With mine, you shall confess this day that he
Who conquers Soyecourt conquers ten besides—

still alluding to his name of Guido, the savage, whom the adventure of the dangerous island made conqueror over ten knights.[91] As soon as the king had dined, he conducted the queens, the duke and duchess of Orleans, and all the ladies, to a place where a lottery was to be drawn, that nothing might be wanting to the gallantry of these entertainments. The prizes were precious stones, furniture, plate and similar things; and though chance decided these presents, yet it certainly fell in with his Majesty's desire, when it gave the great prize to the queen. Every one left that place very well pleased, to go to see the running which was about to begin.

At length Guido and Oliviero appeared in the lists, at five o'clock in the evening, very handsomely dressed and well mounted.

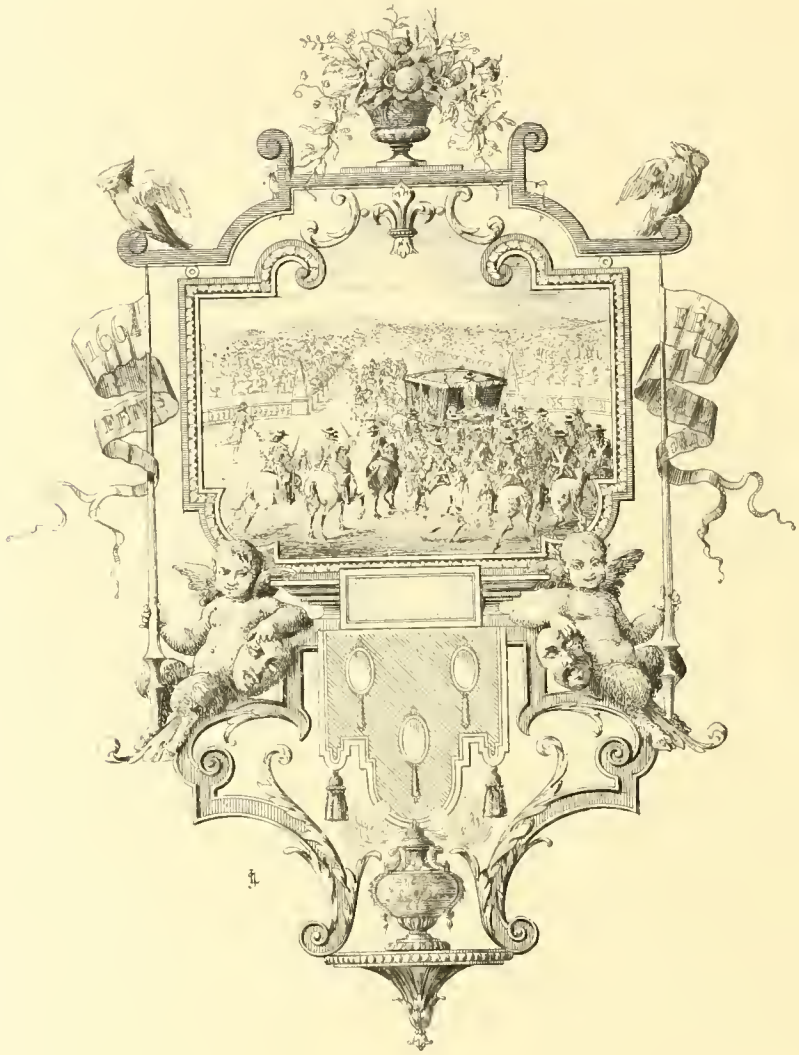
The king and all the court honored them with their presence, and his Majesty himself read the conditions of the running, that there might be no difference between them. The Duke de Saint-Aignan was fortunate, for he gained the day.

At night, his Majesty caused to be performed the first three acts of a comedy called *Tartuffe*, which the sieur de Molière had made against the hypocrites. But although the king thought it very diverting, he found so much conformity between those whom a true devotion leads in the way to heaven, and those whom a vain ostentation of good works does not hinder from committing evil ones, that his extreme delicacy in point of religion could hardly bear that resemblance of vice and virtue which might be mistaken for one another. And although he did not doubt the good intentions of the author, he forbade its being acted in public, and deprived himself of that pleasure, so as not to deceive others, who were less capable of a just discernment.

The Seventh Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

On Tuesday, the 13th, the king was pleased again to run at heads, as a common sport, wherein he who hit most was to win. His Majesty gained anew the prize of the course of the ladies, the Duke de Saint-Aignan that of the sport; and having had the honor to enter the next time into competition with his Majesty, the incomparable skill of the king gained him that praise also. It was not without unavoidable astonishment that the king was seen to gain four whilst running twice to the head. On the same night was played the comedy of *The Forced Marriage*, which was likewise the work of the same Molière. The king then took his way to Fontainebleau on Wednesday, the 14th. All the court was so satisfied with what they had seen that every one was of opinion that it ought to be put in writing, to give some idea of it to those who did not see such varied and agreeable entertainments; wherein were at once to be admired the project and the success, the liberality with the politeness, the multitude with order, and the satisfaction of all; wherein the indefatigable pains of Monsieur Colbert were employed through all these diversions, notwithstanding his important affairs; wherein the Duke de Saint-Aignan acted, as well as invented the designs; wherein the fine verses of the president de Périgny in praise of the queens were so justly conceived, so agreeably turned, and repeated with so much art; wherein those which M. de Benserade made for the knights were generally approved; wherein the great care of M. Bontemps,[97] and the application of

M. de Launay,[93] let nothing that was necessary be wanting; wherein every one so advantageously testified his design of pleasing the king, at a time when his Majesty himself thought of nothing but pleasing; and wherein, in a word, all that was seen will forever continue in the memory of the spectators, even if care had not been taken to preserve in writing the remembrance of all these wonders.



NOTES

[1] I am, of course, not answerable for the peculiar style of the official catalogue. A "Collation adorned with machines" would be rather hard to digest in the present times. One statement in the opening paragraph is also startling: "Nature has taken care to render it (Versailles) perfect." Now Nature has taken no care to render Versailles perfect; and it is said to have cost so much money, that Louis XIV. did not like the fabulous sums spent on it to be known, but threw the accounts into the fire. The palace and garden of Versailles were begun in 1661, and not finished until 1684. The king did not reside there until 1682, and according to Mme. Lafayette, *Versailles ancien et moderne*, in 1664 the palace was still in the same state as Louis XIII. had left it.

[2] Francis I. instituted in 1545 the post of *Gentilhomme de la chambre du roi*, of which there were two at the first, and afterwards four. Each served a year, and received 9500 livres, besides considerable perquisites, and a pension of 4500 livres. Their duties were to give orders that the king's first incurring garments should be made, as well as his ball, ballet and theatrical dresses; they also regulated the mourning of the members and officers of the royal household and family, the ordinary and extraordinary expenses for the king, his entertainments, etc.

[3] Alcina, who changed her lovers into trees, stones, fountains, or beasts, according to her fancy, is, in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the personification of carnal pleasure.

[4] It is not easy to say who M. d'Artagnan was, for many of the Montesquiou family bore the name and arms of d'Artagnan. The best known, however, and the one who enjoyed the king's confidence, was the son of Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan and of Jeanne de Gassion (a sister of a marshal of France of the same name), who was called Charles de Bats, *capitaine-lieutenant* of the first company of the king's musketeers. To him was entrusted the guard of Foquet (see Preface to *The Bores*) until the latter was condemned. The well known pamphleteer, Courtilz de Sandraz, wrote in 1700 the *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*, after some curious notes left by that nobleman; and the late Alexandre Dumas has partly followed these memoirs in *The Three Musketeers*.

[5] De Périgny, *président aux enquetes* at the Parliament of Paris, was reader to the king in 1663, teacher to the dauphin in 1666, and died in 1670. He had a wholly literary office at court. In 1664 he wrote in verse the ballet of the *Amours déguisés*, and at the same time, under the eye of Louis XIV., his Journal and Memoirs.

[6] According to Ash's "Dictionary of the English Language," London, 1775, a bandrol is "a little flag or streamer, the fringed flag hung on to a trumpet."

[7] In the original, *son bas de soie*, translated by my predecessors as "his silk stockings," in mistake for *bas de soie*.

[8] Francois de Beauvillier, first Duke de Saint-Aignan, born in 1610, was peer of France, gentleman of the king's chamber, and lieutenant general. His county had been erected into a *duché-pairie* in December, 1663. He was a lover of literature, a patron of Moliere, a member of the French Academy, and died in 1679.—Gurlo, the savage, is, in Ariosto, a son of Constantia and Amon, and a younger brother of Rinaldo. Being wrecked on the coast of the Amazons, he was doomed to fight their ten male champions, and having killed them all, was obliged to marry ten amazons; hence the allusion. At last he succeeds in escaping with his favorite wife Alena, and joins the army of Charlemagne.—These verses and the following were written by Benserade.

[9] Rogero, the brother of Marphisa, was, on the death of his mother, Galaciella, nursed by a lioness. Brought up by Atlantes, the magician, who gave him a shield of such dazzling splendor that every one quailed who set eyes on it, and which shield he threw into a well, he deserted from the Moorish army, was baptized, married Bradamant, Charlemagne's niece, and became King of Bulgaria.—I wish to draw attention to the official flatteries about Louis le Grand's "carriage," "action," and "air;" even his horse and helmet come in for their share.

[10] Ogier the Dane, a paladin, married Ermellina, the daughter of Namus, Duke of Bavaria, of whom was born Dudon.—Anne de Noailles was the first duke, his county, d'Ayen, having been erected into a *duché-pairie* in 1663. He was first captain of the king's life-guards, lieutenant general of Auvergne, and had married in 1645

Louise Boyer, *dame d'atours* of the Queen Anne of Austria. He died in 1678. Madame de Sévigné's letters are filled with details about him and his family.

[11] Aquilant, a knight in Charlemagne's army, always wore black armor. Whilst Martano was strutting about in Gryphon's white armor, he met Aquilant, who took him prisoner to Damascus.—The Duke de Guise, Henri de Lorraine, second of that name, peer and grand chamberlain of France, was born in 1614, and died twenty days after the fêtes of the *Isle Enchantée*, on the 2d of June, 1664. He had been one of the first patrons of Molière, when the latter acted at the *Illustre Théatre* in 1645. This prince, who had attempted rashly to become King of Naples, in 1647, died unmarried.

[12] Gryphon, a brother of Aquilant, ever wearing white armor, overthrew the eight champions of the King of Damascus. Whilst asleep Martano stole Gryphon's armor, and he was obliged to put on the coward's; hence he was hooted and jostled by the crowd. At last everything is discovered, and the right man is put in the right place.—Louis de Lorraine, Count d'Armagnac, son of Henri de Lorraine, Count d'Harcourt, was *grand écuyer* of France, sénéschal of Bourgogne, and governor of Anjou.

[13] Rinaldo, in Ariosto's poem, was the son of the fourth marquis of Este, the rival of his cousin Orlando for the love of Angelica, who detested him, and the leader of a corps of Scotch and English auxiliaries in Charlemagne's army.—Gaston-Jean Baptiste de Foix and de Candale, peer of France, eldest son of the Countess de Fleix, was called Duke de Foix, because his county of Randan had been raised by the king into a *duché-pairie*. He died in 1665, at the age of twenty-seven, and his brother and heir, Henri Francois de Foix, then took the title.

[14] Dudo was the admiral commanding the fleet of Orlando and Astolpho,—Armand du Cambout, Duke de Coaslin, peer of France, *chevalier des ordres du roi*, lieutenant-general, had, only in the beginning of 1664, been made a duke and peer; he was formerly a marquis.

[15] Astolpho, an English duke, the son of Otho, joined Charlemagne against the Saracens; he was carried upon the back of a whale to the island of Alcina, who soon tired of him and changed him into a myrtle. His descent into the infernal regions, and his flight to the moon, are among the best parts of the *Orlando Furioso*.—Henri de Daillon, Count de Lude, first gentleman of the king's chamber, grand master of the artillery, captain of the castles of St. Germain and Versailles, was made duke and peer in 1675, and died without issue in 1685. He is often mentioned in Madame de Sévigné's letters.

[16] The Prince de Marsillac was Francois de la Rochefoucauld, eighth of that name, and son of the famous Duke de la Rochefoucauld, author of the *Maxims*. He was born in 1639 and died in 1714. He married, in 1659, his cousin, Jeanne Charlotte du Plessis Liancourt, daughter of the Count de la Roche-Guyon.—Brandimart, one of the bravest knights in Charlemagne's army, was slain by Gradasso, King of Sericana; he was the brother-in-law of Orlando, and the lover of Flordelice, daughter of Dolistone. According to Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, Cant. xlii., St. 14), he thus spoke to Orlando, when dying:—"Ne men ti raccomando la mio Fiordi . . . Ma der non puote ligi: e qui finio." Rendered by Rose in his translation:—"Nor recommend to thee less warmly my—"—Flordelice would, but could not, say—and died.

[17] Richardetto was the son of Aymon and brother of Bradamant, and was mistaken by Flordespine for his sister Bradamant. This rather free story may be read in the twenty-fifth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*.—Louis Marie-Victor d'Aumont, Marquis de Villequier, eldest son of the Duke d'Aumont, born in 1632, was first gentleman of the king's chamber. At his father's death, in 1669 he became duke, peer, and marshal of France.

[18] Oliverio of Burgundy was a famous paladin, son of Rinieri of Vienna, brother of Alda, and father of Gryphon and Aquilant. The descriptive verses contain an allusion to the Marquis de Soyecourt's prowess, of which the curious may find the details in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Louis XIV.'s age.—Maximilien Antoine de Belleforière, Marquis de Soyecourt or Saucourt, was grand master of the king's wardrobe, and became afterwards master of the hunt to the king; he died in 1679. He is the Dorante of *The Bores* (see Introductory Notice).

[19] According to several old dictionaries, "gridelin" is a color mixed of white and red.

[20] Ariodantes, an Italian knight at the court of Scotland, Duke of Albany, married Ginevra, the daughter of that king.—Louis de Crevant, fourth of that name, Marquis d'Humières, lieutenant-general, was made a duke and peer in 1688, and at the same time was appointed marshal of France and grand master of the artillery. Madame de Sévigné mentions his name several times in her letters.

[21] Zerbino, Duke of Ross-shire, was the son of the King of Scotland, and the intimate friend of Orlando. He died in the arms of the sorrowing Isabel.

[22] The "Duke" was the name given to the Duke of Enghien, the son of the Prince de Condé.

[23] Orlando was Lord of Anglant, and through his mother, a nephew of Charlemagne. Although a married man, he fell in love with Angelica, daughter of the infidel king of Cathay; but she fled with Medoro, the Moor,

to India; whereupon Orlando became mad, or rather lost his wits, which were deposited in the moon. Astolpho went to fetch them in Elijah's chariot, and St. John gave them to him in an urn. Orlando recovers his wits by sniffing at the urn.

[24] An allusion to the Prince de Condé being a Bourbon.

[25] M. Millet was the coachman in ordinary to Louis XIV., and celebrated for his skill.

[26] These words were flattering to Louis XIV., whose device was the sun.

[27] The same remark can be applied to the Marquis de Villequier's device.

[28] These words were very ingenious, because the sun was the device of Louis XIV., the lover of Mademoiselle de la Valliere. The marquis, her brother, could therefore not do less than delicately allude to it by stating that "it is pleasant to be burnt by the sun." The noble marquis became Duke de la Valliere and peer in 1667, after his sister had taken her vows in the Carmelite convent.

[29] For the actors and actresses of Moliere's troupe, see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*.

[30] The President de Perigny is the author of the following verses, as well as those pronounced by the other Ages, by Apollo, the Seasons, Diana, and Pan. I have taken them from some older translations and corrected and modified them, when necessary.

[31] The original has *feuille morte*, the color of a dead leaf.

[32] An allusion to the dauphin, born on the 1st of November, 1661. What Summer has said before about the "ample crop of laurels" your warriors shall reap in the fields of Thrace, I cannot elucidate, because in 1664 there was neither war nor rumors of war. The last line Pan states, "'Tis to your charms that happiness we owe" refers to the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659, and the subsequent marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain, in 1660.

[33] See note 1, *The School for Wives criticised*.

[34] Mademoiselle d'Alencon, daughter of Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans, and of Marguerite de Lorraine, was born in 1646, married, in 1667, Louis Joseph de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, and died in 1696.

[35] Madame la Princesse was the name given at court to Claire Clémence de Maille, Marchioness of Brézé, who had married, in 1641, Louis II., Prince de Condé, called the Grand Condé. Since the sixteenth century, the princes of Condé were called *Monsieur le Prince*.

[36] Mademoiselle d'Elbeuf, Anne Elizabeth de Lorraine, was the daughter of Charles de Lorraine, third of that name, Duke d'Elbeuf, and of his first wife, Anne Elizabeth de Lannoi, widow of the Count de la Roche Guyon. Mademoiselle d'Elbeuf, born in 1649, married, in 1669, Charles Henri de Lorraine, Count de Vaudemont.

[37] Anne Marie de Beauvillier was the wife of Hippolyte de Béthune, Count de Selles and Marquis de Cabris, and *dame d'atour* to the queen. She died in 1688, a widow, at the age of seventy-eight years.

[38] Armande de Saint Gelais, a daughter of the Lord de Lansac, Marquis de Balon, was the wife of Charles III., Duke de Créqui, peer of France, Prince de Poix, first gentleman of the chamber to the king, and governor of Paris.

[39] Monsieur was the title of the eldest brother of the king. He married, first, Henrietta of England, a sister of Charles II., and, after her death (1670), Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria. He was said to be a good general, and gained a brilliant victory over the Prince of Orange at Cassel, in 1676, which made Louis XIV. so jealous that he never gave his brother any other military command. He died suddenly at Saint-Cloud in 1701.

[40] Madame la Duchesse de Saint-Aignan, whose maiden name was Antoinette Servien, was the first wife of Francois de Beauvillier, Duke of Saint-Aignan, whom she married in 1633. She died in 1680, and her husband married again six months after her death. Madame de Sévigné speaks of this in her letters.

[41] Colombe de Charron was the wife of César de Choiseul, Count, and afterwards, Duke de Plessis-Praslin, marshal of France, who died in 1675, seventy-eight years old. This lady, known as the *maréchal du Plessis*, had great influence at court, because her husband had been governor of Philip of France, Duke of Orleans.

[42] Madame la Maréchale d'Etampes, the eldest daughter of the Marquis de Praslin, marshal of France, and whose maiden name was Catherine Blance de Choiseul, had married, in 1610, Jacques d'Etampes, called the Marshal de la Ferté d'Imbault, who died in 1668, seventy-eight years old. She was nearly as old as her husband, was called at court *la maréchale d'Estampes*, and was first maid of honor to Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans.

[43] Madame de Gourdon belonged to the household of Madame, Duchess of Orleans, after whose death she was falsely accused of having poisoned her.

[44] Francoise Athénais de Rochechouart, daughter of Gabriel de Rochechouart, Duke de Mortemart, married, in 1663, Henri Louis de Pardaillan de Gondrin, Marquis de Montespan, and became soon after this *dame du palais* to the queen. She was first the confidante, and afterwards the rival, of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. In 1668, Madame de Montespan became the mistress of the king, and lived long enough "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

[45] Louise Antoinette Thérèse de la Chatre, daughter of Edme de la Chatre, Count of Nancei, married, in 1653, Louis de Crevant, Marquis d'Humières, who was lieutenant-general, and became, in 1668, marshal of France. Madame de Sévigné mentions him in her letters.

[46] Mademoiselle de Brancas, according to the researches of the eminent French *littérateur*, Paul Lacroix, made kindly and specially for this edition, is Marie de Brancas, daughter of Count Charles de Brancas, who married, in 1667, Alphonse-Henri-Charles de Lorraine, Prince d'Harcourt, and became then *dame du palais*.

[47] Madame d'Armagnac, whose maiden name was Marguerite-Phillipe de Cambout, was the widow of Antoine de l'Age, Duke de Puy-Laurens, and had married again Henri de Lorraine, Count d'Armagnac, second son of Charles de Lorraine, first of that name, Duke d'Elbeuf. She died in 1674.

[48] Madame la Comtesse de Soissons, Olympe Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, was born at Rome in 1640. She inspired a great passion in Louis XIV., when he was very young, but she married, in 1657, the Count de Soissons. In 1664, she was made grand-mistress of the household of the queen, and was exiled from the court the following year, on account of an intrigue which she had planned against Mademoiselle de la Vallière, whom she could never forgive for having become mistress to the king.

[49] Madame la Princesse de Bade was Louise Christine de Savoie, daughter of Thomas de Savoie, Prince de Carignan, and of Marie de Bourbon-Soissons. She married, in 1655, Ferdinand Maximilien, Marquis of Baden, who left her and her son behind in France, five years after his marriage. She was called *Princesse de Bade*, as being a daughter of the Prince of Carignan.

[50] Mademoiselle de Grancey, the eldest daughter of Jacques Rouxel, Count de Grancey, marshal of France, was afterwards known as Countess de Grancey.

[51] Maria Theresa of Austria, born at the Escurial, in Spain, in 1638, daughter of Philip IV., King of Spain, and of Elizabeth of France, married Louis XIV. in 1660, and suffered all her life long her husband's marital infidelities without complaining. She was appointed regentess in 1672, when the king started for the Dutch wars, and died in 1683. Of her six children, only one survived her.

[52] Madame de Carignan's name was Marie de Bourbon, daughter of Charles, Count de Soissons. She had married, in 1624, Thomas Francois de Savoie, Prince de Carignan, who died in 1656. She returned then to the court of France, and died in 1692. Her eldest son continued the branch of the princes of Carignan; her second son, Eugène Maurice, the branch of the Soissons.

[53] Marie-Claire de Baufremont, first lady of honor to the Queen Anne of Austria, married, in 1637, Jean-Baptiste-Gaston de Foix, Count de Fleix, after whose death, in 1646, she was always called Countess de Fleix. She was held in great consideration by Louis XIV.

[54] There was no Duchess de Foix in 1664; but there was a Countess of Foix, who took the title of Duchesse, —a title which no one disputed with her. Her maiden name was Madeleine Charlotte d'Albert, daughter of Henri-Louis, Duke de Chaulnes, and she was married to Gaston-Baptiste de Foix et de Candale, whom she preceded to the tomb by four months.

[55] It is not easy to state exactly who was the real Madame de Brancas, for at that time there were two branches of the family of Brancas, the Forcalquier-Céreste and the Brancas-Villars, who both figured at the entertainments given by Louis XIV. We believe, however, that the lady mentioned here was Suzanne Garnier, wife of Charles, Count de Brancas, uncle and father-in-law of Louis de Brancas, Duke de Villars.

[56] Madame de Froulay, widow of Charles, Count de Froulay, *grand-maréchal des logis* of the king, was a very intriguing busybody, who at last rendered herself obnoxious to Louis XIV.

[57] Madame la Duchesse de Navailles was the daughter of Charles de Beauveau, Count de Neuillan, and married, in 1651, Philippe de Montault-Bénac, Duc de Navailles, peer and marshal of France. She was one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen Anne of Austria.

[58] Mademoiselle d'Ardennes belonged certainly to the family of the Rommillés in Brittany, who were lords d'Ardennes. She was most likely maid of honor to the queen.

[59] Mademoiselle Louise Philippe de Coetlogon, maid of honor to the queen, was afterwards married to the Marquis de Cavoye.

[60] Madame de Crussol was married, March 16th, 1664, to Emmanuel de Crussol, a son of the Duke d'Usez; she was the only daughter of the Duke de Montausier, and her maiden name was Julie Marie de Sainte Maure.

[61] Madame de Montausier, the celebrated Julie of the hotel Rambouillet, whose real name was Julie Lucie d'Angennes, Marchioness of Rambouillet and Pisani, governess of the dauphin, and lady of honor to the queen.

[62] For Madame, see Introductory Notice to *The School for Wives*.

[63] Madame la Princesse Bénédicte belonged most probably to some branch of the house of France. I have, however, not been able to discover who she was.

[64] Madame la Duchesse had been, for a year (1663), the wife of Henry Jules de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, and was called, according to custom, Madame la Duchesse. She was the daughter of Edward of Bavaria, palatine of the Rhine.

[65] Madame de Rouvroy was unmarried in 1663, when the fêtes at Versailles were given, and belonged to the family of the Duke of St. Simon. She was maid of honor to the queen, and married the Count de Saint Vallier in 1675. Madame de Sévigné speaks of her and her mother in her letters.

[66] Mademoiselle de la Motte, daughter of the marshal Antoine de la Motte, Marquis d'Hauncourt, was maid of honor to the queen, and afterwards Duchess de la Meuville.

[67] Madame de Marsé. I have been unable to discover who this lady was, but probably she was a lady in waiting on the queen. In Burgundy there was a lordship de Marzé, belonging to the noble family of Nanton.

[68] Mademoiselle Louise Françoise de La Baume Le Blanc de la Vallière, the king's present mistress, had, only five months before, been confined of her first child, and sought, afterwards, by a central prince of twenty years, to redeem the mistake of having loved that coarse and egotistical voluptuary, Louis XIV. She was born at Tours in 1644, and was maid of honor to *Madame* in 1664. In 1667, the property of La Vallière was made a *duché pairie* in favor of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and of her child *par les comtes de France*, who afterwards became Princess de Conti. Charles II., King of England, who liked to imitate Louis XIV. as well as he could, bestowed a similar reward upon Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemain, for similar services rendered (see Introductory Notice to *Love is the Best Doctor*). Louis le Grand appears to have acquired the name of "great," solely on account of his indomitable will, which showed itself above all in a disregard for the feelings of others, in his voracious appetite, in the repeated gratification of his brutal passions, in the number of his mistresses and bastards, in his cravings for swallowing medicine, and finally, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his devotee drivelings, by which he seemed to wish to cheat heaven, as he had cheated posterity, out of the nickname of "Grand," by a sham assumption of dignity. In justice to Mons. Paul Lacroix, who in I know to entertain other opinions in regard to Louis XIV., I beg to state these remarks on the *Grand Monarque* are mine.

[69] Mademoiselle d'Artigny belonged probably to the family de Guast, who came from the Comtat Venaissin, in which the name and lordship of d'Artigny are found. She was most likely one of the maids of honor to the queen.

[70] Mademoiselle du Bellay, or rather de Belloy, was probably one of the maids of honor to the queen, and belonged to the ancient and illustrious family of de Belloy, of which a great many representatives were in the king's and queen's retinue.

[71] Mademoiselle de Dampierre was a maid of honor to the queen, and afterwards married to Alphonse de Moreuil, first gentleman of the chamber to the Prince de Condé.

[72] Mademoiselle de Fienne's real name was Mademoiselle de Fruges; but she took the first title because she belonged to that noble house. She married Henri Garnier, Count des Chapelles, governor of Montargis, and would never take the name of her husband. She was maid of honor to the queen.

[73] In Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*, chapter xxxii., Bailie Nicol Jarvie says: "And I wish Mr. Jarvie's boots had been fu' o' boiling water when he drew them on for sic a purpose."

[74] It has been said in the pamphlet *la Fameuse comédienne* (see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*) that Madame Molière, whilst acting the part of the Princess of Elis, attracted the attention and afterwards responded to the flame, of the Count de Lauzun, and also, perhaps, to those of the Abbé de Richelieu and the Count de Guiche. Several of Molière's biographers have repeated this accusation. M. Bazin, in his *Notes historiques sur la Vie de Molière*, has proved that one of the accused noblemen was at that time in Hungary, and the other in Poland.

[75] This short part was created by Molière himself. Molière acted also the part of Moron.

[76] These verses, spoken in a festival given by Louis XIV. to please Mademoiselle de la Vallière, contain a very transparent allusion to the monarch's passion. Of course, many things may be brought forward to excuse Molière; yet, after all, although we admire the dramatist, we have not the same feelings for the courtier.

[77] The office of court fool was, at the time Molière wrote, not wholly abolished; Louis XIV. still kept one, called l'Angeli, who formerly belonged to the Prince de Condé. Very little is known of him except that he was biting in his remarks, and at last obliged to leave the court. I do not think any court fool was represented on the French stage from the time of *The Princess of Elis* until Victor Hugo's Triboulet in *Le Roi s'Amuse*.

[78] As far as this line the play is, in the original, in verse; but in the printed edition, Molière inserted the following notice: "The design of the author was to treat thus the whole comedy. But an order of the king, who hurried on this affair, compelled him to finish the remainder in prose, and to pass lightly over several scenes, which he would have extended if he had had more leisure."

[79] In the original there is a play on words which cannot be rendered into English. The musical scale consisted formerly of the notes ut, rè, mi, fa, sol, la, si, ut; hence when Moron answers the Satyr *Fat toimeme;* it may mean "fa yourself," or "dandy yourself."

[80] Shakespeare, in his *Merchant of Venice* (Act V., Scene 1), has also given a kind of musical interlude, in the scene between Lorenzo and Jessica; but in it the sparkling poetry sometimes soars to the highest realms of lyric enthusiasm; Molière wished only to give a comic scene, interspersed with some songs.

[81] A dog in a manger cannot himself eat the corn and straw that are there, but barks if any other animal approaches, and will not allow it to eat in peace; this is called in French *faire comme le chien du jardinier*—because a dog cannot eat cabbage, and does not permit others to eat it.

[82] The hands of the two princesses, Aglanta and Cynthia, seem to be right royally disposed of: they have not even been courted, but the answers of the two princes denote also royal causes for alliance.

[83] See Prefatory Memoir, Volume I.

[84] Logistilla is a good fairy, and the sister of the wicked enchantress Alcina.

[85] This is an allusion to the troubles of the Fronde during the minority of Louis XIV.

[86] Another allusion to the troubles of the Fronde.

[87] Louis XIV. had only one brother, the Duke of Orleans.

[88] The names of all the dancers are given in the official description; but we have omitted them, as not possessing the smallest interest at the present time. Amongst them appears, however, a certain Molière, who was a professional dancer and singer, and several times displayed his talents before the king. He was in Paris at least ten years before Molière, and has composed a collection of songs, which is printed. For more details about this namesake of our author, see a note by the Bibliophile Jacob in the *Catalogue Soleinne*, Volume III., 9282. There had also been another Molière, called Francois, who died in 1623, and whose novel *Polixène*, published only in 1632, and to be found in the British Museum, caused a certain sensation in those times. See Prefatory Memoir, Volume I.

[89] The official account of the feast no longer separates the days, but as nearly all old editions of Molière do so, I have followed them.

[90] It must not be forgotten that Louis XIV. was an omnivorous eater. As an example of this, I shall give a passage from one of the letters of the *Princesse palatine*, Duchess of Orleans: "I have often seen the king eat four plates-full of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate-full of salad, some mutton roasted, with garlic, two good slices of ham, a plate-full of pastry, and then fruits and sweets." When Louis XIV. was seventy years old (1708), he dieted himself as follows, according to the *Journal de la santé du Roy:* "with some soup, with either some pigeons or a fowl boiled in it, and three roast fowls, of which he ate four wings, the breasts, and one leg." Of course the courtiers tried to imitate him; hence the repeated mention of repasts.

[91] There is in these lines an allusion to the Marquis de Soyecourt's well-known prowess in other fields. See also note 18.

[92] Mons. Bontemps was the first *valet de chambre* of the king, and afterwards became governor of the castles of Versailles and Marly. He was the confidant and favorite of Louis XIV., to whom he rendered many secret services. St. Simon praises him in his *Mémoires*.

[93] M. de Launay was the *intendant des menus plaisirs et affaires de la chambre*.

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